

A Christmas present

To Father and Mother

From May and Marceline

Dec. 25. 1883. Bangor Maine

BLUE AND GRAY.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

A GRAPHIC HISTORY

OF THE

Army of the Potomac and that of Northern Virginia,

INCLUDING

THE BRILLIANT ENGAGEMENTS OF THESE FORCES

FROM 1861 TO 1865.

THE CAMPAIGNS OF THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY AND THE ARMY OF THE JAMES,
TOGETHER WITH REMINISCENCES OF TENT AND FIELD, ACTS OF PERSONAL
DARING, DEEDS OF HEROIC SUFFERING AND THRILLING ADVENTURE,
COUPLED WITH WHICH, WILL BE FOUND MANY TALES OF INDIVIDUAL
ACHIEVEMENTS, ARMY YARNS, AND PEN PICTURES OF OFFICERS
AND PRIVATES.

A COMPLETE ROSTER OF THE TWO GREAT ARMIES,

AND TWENTY FULL PAGE MAPS.

BY REV. THEODORE GERRISH,

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AND

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WITH INTRODUCTIONS BY

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IN DEDICATING
"THE BLUE AND THE GRAY," IT IS NOT EXPECTED THAT WE WILL
PLEASE EVERY ONE; BUT FOR THOSE WHO ARE DESIROUS
OF SEEING THE OLD WOUNDS OF THE NORTH AND
SOUTH PERMANENTLY HEALED, THIS
WORK IS INTENDED. IT IS
IN HONORABLE

Memory of our Dead Comrades,

AND FOR THE EDIFI-
CATION OF THE SURVIVORS OF THE
LATE WAR, THAT IT IS INSCRIBED, ALSO WITH
AN HONEST AND EARNEST DESIRE THAT "BYGONES MAY
BE BYGONES," AND ALL SECTIONAL PREJUDICE BE FORGOTTEN.

RESPECTFULLY,

The Authors.

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PREFACE.

THREE objects have been sought in preparing this work for the public: The first being to give a full and impartial history of the campaigns which were endured and fought by the rank and file of the Armies of the Potomac and Northern Virginia; to preserve a record of the skillful officers who led the two armies named, upon so many fields of conflict; to give the dates of the various movements; to hand down to posterity the names of those who were conspicuous participants; to show the actual strength of the forces engaged at various periods of the war; to give official reports of the actual losses on the battlefield as well as elsewhere; and an official roster of the opposing forces as taken from authentic sources. That the foregoing object might be reliably accomplished, the authors have had access to Lossing, Swinton, Scribner, Pollard, and Southern Historical Society Papers, to all of whom they acknowledge their indebtedness. As a result, a carefully compiled record has been attained, which can be relied on as being as nearly correct as is possible for the impartial historian to produce.

The second object has been to preserve, in permanent form, the incidents, reminiscences, and many amusing anecdotes of the private soldier's life, and it is a source of gratification to us that we have been enabled to produce so many reminiscences of the classes named, which may recall to the memory of our former comrades the associations of the past, and which may impress upon the minds of the present and future generations, the characters of those who took part in the great rebellion.

The last, although not least, object has been to show the fraternal feeling which existed between those who were members of the opposing forces, and the honorable example set to coming generations by the soldiers of both sides after the close of hostilities.

Grateful for the many words of encouragement received from all sections of the Union, we only hope that our effort may be found deserving of the respect of the public, and that we have at least partially succeeded in our honest endeavor.

LETTER FROM COL. AUGUSTUS C. HAMLIN.

BANGOR, MAINE, Sept., 1883.

GENTLEMEN:—

I have examined with care many of the pages of your new book relating to the campaigns of the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia, and I may add, with much pleasure, for the spirit which seems to animate and govern the minds of the authors is characterized by candor, fairness and good humor. And throughout the narrative there is an apparent intention to describe the events and scenes as they appeared to the participants at the time and the place. It is refreshing to read these descriptions free from sectionalism and prejudice, where disaster is not concealed nor success magnified.

The joke of the soldier, and the humorous scenes of military life are well woven in to relieve the severity of some of the pages where carnage and destruction fill the heart with anguish. It will be from these individual experiences that the future historian, unbiased and untrammelled by the sentiments of the past, will be able to form the true history of the great struggle.

There are some features of the great civil war, which shook the structure of the American Republic to its

foundation, which in a marked degree distinguish it from other similar contests of the past. One of these is the lack of bitterness among the great majority of the men who fought each other and struck the hardest blows in battle, and endured the hardships and privations of the struggle from the first until the last. The historian will admit that this feeling is singularly wanting in a fierce contest, characterized by extreme bravery, determination and endurance on both sides. May we not claim this exhibition of humanity, this generosity of feeling, as one of the results of our free institutions, as well as due in part to the enlightenment of the age itself.

Another grand feature of the strife was the manner in which a million of armed men laid aside their arms at the word of command, and vanished among the peaceful occupations of the humble citizen.

As the flags of the contending armies were furled, the glitter of the bayonet disappeared, the sound of arms ceased as if by enchantment, and the deep trodden fields, the torn mounds and redoubts of earth alone remained to indicate where destruction and death had played havoc with mighty and resolute armies of men.

When the final order to stack arms was given, we must not forget to observe the friendly feelings which almost instantly sprang up between the men who had so many times crossed bayonets in deadly earnest.

Now for the first time in history, we may see two soldiers from the opposing ranks, laying aside their arms, their sectional prejudices, and placing their pens together, as in a common cause, to describe the events of the great struggle as they saw it amid the carnage and the smoke of the front line of battle.

It is a happy augury for the future when combatants unite to relate their views of the contest which temporarily separated them, and it is a fortunate day for the present, if this generous feeling becomes widespread among the people of our country.

Neither hatred nor vengeance can banish the gloomy shadows that darkened so many of our firesides, nor fill the vacant chairs with the forms once so dear to us; neither can they restore a single penny of the many millions of treasure wasted and lost. Why then consume our remaining years in unavailing regrets, when the present and the future offer to us so many bright and happy pictures of contentment and prosperity? It seems as though duty calls upon every citizen to give his aid unreservedly to his country, however humble it may be, and to perform his part in perfecting its institutions, and placing it at the head of the great nations of the earth. So as the battle smoke of the terrible conflict has cleared away, letting in the glorious sunlight of peace upon every section of our broad land, let the people encourage both sides of the battle line to clasp hands in earnestness, "shoulder the crutch,

and show how fields were won." Let them now claim and recount their deeds of valor as the boast and the common property of the nation; whether it be the heroic defence of the sand heaps of Fort Wagner, or the Frigate Cumberland; or whether it be the dauntless charge of the Virginians at Gettysburg, or the fearless and forlorn hope of the Iron brigade at Rappahannock Station.

"The songs of the camp-fires are blended,
The North and the South are no more;
The conflict forever is ended,
From the lakes to the palm-girded shore.

"One people united forever,
In hope greets the promising years;
No discord again can dis sever
A Union cemented by tears.

"The past shall retain but one story,
A record of courage and love;
The future shall cherish one glory,
While stars shine responsive above."

Very Respectfully Yours,

AUGUSTUS C. HAMLIN.

LETTER FROM GEN. FITZHUGH LEE.

SPRING BANK, NEAR ALEXANDRIA, VA.,

Sept. 24, 1883.

GENTLEMEN:—

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter in reference to your forthcoming book, and some of the proof sheets have been shown to me.

The spirit springing from whatever section it may, is most commendable that has for its object the abatement of the bitter memories of war, and the promotion of harmonious feelings in peace.

There was but little personal hostility between the men who wore the "Blue and the Gray" in the four years' struggle, whether exchanging coffee for tobacco upon the picket lines, whether as organized bodies the one was hurled against the other, or when under a flag of truce they mingled together after the cessation of shot and shell, to bury in the same mother earth, and under the same blue sky, their gallant comrades who had fallen in defence of their respective flags.

Now that the battle plains have been converted into fields of waving grain and grass; now that the soft ripples of peace have chased away the wild waves of war; now that the pickets of both armies have been

called in, let us hope forever; now when the same flag floats over "Blue and Gray"; now, when the same laws govern them both; now, when each should be equally interested in making this Republic what their common forefathers intended it should be, "the glory of America and a blessing to humanity," they should never be found in the ranks of those who can see nothing good except in their respective sections, and who generally compose the battalions of either side who were "invisible in war and invincible in peace."

Let victory upon one side temper its martial spirit with magnanimity, while the other finds consolation in the thought that "valor soars above misfortune."

Understanding that your book, the "Blue and the Gray," apart from its contribution to the history and incidents of the war, goes forth in the interest of "Good will toward men," its pages will be of more than ordinary importance, to some at least, who wore those colors.

Very Respectfully and Truly Yours,

FITZHUGH LEE.

BLUE AND GRAY.

CHAPTER I.

THE CONDITION OF THE NORTH AND SOUTH AT THE BEGINNING OF
HOSTILITIES.

To clearly portray the condition of the two sections of the Union at the beginning of hostilities would be a task difficult to perform, and one requiring a store of historical knowledge reaching back long before the war, which only a few have ever been privileged to possess.

There are several standpoints from which one is to view the situation, while there are many minor details which ought to be considered. Prominent among the leading features at the North, may be mentioned the fact, that thrift and energy among all classes held a predominant influence. A widespread and generous system of education imbued every mind with self-reliance and a spirit of intelligent independence.

The Puritanic doctrines of New England had inoculated the entire portion of the Union lying north of Mason and Dixon's line, and spread its influence westward beyond the Mississippi river to the borders of the Pacific coast. The people, too, as a general thing, considered the rights of individual states as in every instance secondary to the constitution and laws of the general government.

The manufacturing element of the North had so monopolized the skilled labor of the country, that the self-reliant business man thought his interests would be jeopardized, should the section from which the raw material came, be dismembered.

The abolition party, although minute at first, had grown to amazing proportions, and the advocates of that doctrine had

long before eighteen hundred and sixty-one impressed the minds of many of the leading members of Congress with its importance. The people of the North labored under the belief that those of the South were sectionally opposed to them, and this mistaken idea engendered a bitter prejudice.

The slave labor of the South, which had so enriched the landed aristocracy of that portion of the Union, was an eyesore to the toiling millions of the North, and a feeling of jealousy sprang up among its leaders, while the people to a great degree, were educated to abominate it. Already the question had been agitated in the national councils, and restrictions placed upon the extension of slavery in the territories.

On the part of the South it is necessary to consider the customs of the people which had been inherited from their early ancestry; the variance which existed between the classes socially, a difference which gave to the aristocratic element a control over the lower order of its citizens almost absolute; the quick and impulsive nature of the inhabitants, together with the degraded morals of the slave population, who knew no law except that of their masters, no authority save that wielded by their owners. Likewise, the system of amalgamation was both degrading and at variance with the law upon the statute books of the southern States.

With these must be coupled the fact that only a privileged minority were properly educated, while a large number of the whites had no educational advantages whatever; and, in consequence of this, the upper classes exercised an influence which was a dangerous power in its results, for, as their fancy led them, they influenced the poorer classes who were subservient to their will.

The doctrine of State Rights had been instilled into the minds of the people so deeply, that they knew no other law, and treated as subsidiary to this, the mandates of the Federal constitution. The bitter prejudice, founded on false impressions, had ingrafted upon the minds of the people the most cordial dislike for those who resided beyond the latitud-

inal line of the Potomac, nor was this antipathy appeased by anything calculated to injure or deprive them of any of their cherished rights, let those rights be ever so obnoxious to a large national majority.

On the question of slavery, there was but one sentiment among the whites, although many of its advocates were of a class no better in many respects, than the condition of the average negro. The minds of a majority were warped to meet the exigency which surrounded them, and blind in their infatuation, the poor whites heedlessly bowed before the altar of aristocratic fanaticism, and submitted themselves to be made machines to perform the inexorable mandates of their leaders.

The hospitality of the Southerners was proverbial; they were generous to a fault, although quick and sensitive, and ever ready to resent a conceived insult or any interference with their cherished customs. When the talk of war first began, there were only a few of the leading citizens of the South who favored the outbreak or countenanced the dangerous course which was being pursued, and many of the more influential frowned upon the artful appeals which were made to the more ignorant classes preparatory to the final rupture.

It was not believed by the political leaders of the South, as a goodly number are of the impression, that physically it was able to cope successfully with the North; but the idea was that the great business interests of the North would so absorb the minds of the people that they would remain indifferent to the result of this unfortunate movement, and let the South "go in peace" the moment it showed an armed determination to do so. What the result of that belief led them to do has already been told, and is too familiar to the people of this generation to be here repeated.

When the excitement over the bombardment of Sumter had partially subsided, and war in all its appalling horrors threatened to engulf the country in imminent ruin, it was then that the two sections became thoroughly separated, and each

side buckled on its armor to combat to the death the other, neither realizing the stupendous task it had undertaken.

It was clear from the hour of Virginia's passage of the ordinance of secession, that her soil was to be the battleground, and this knowledge greatly aggravated its citizens, causing thousands to rush to its defence who otherwise would not have sanctioned in the slightest degree the belligerent attitude which she, together with her more southern sisters, assumed.

The difference in population alone was enough to have convinced the most sanguine that the South was not physically able to cope successfully with the sections arrayed against it, and when is taken into consideration the vast resources of men and money which the North could command, no one, who will think for a moment, will believe that the South thought itself able to establish a separate government simply by brute force. In nowise was the Confederacy prepared to continue a struggle of more than one year's duration, and what the result of its longer continuing the combat was, has become a part of the national history. Likewise the North was in no fit condition to inaugurate a successful campaign, and as the burden of coercion rested upon it, was compelled to raise, discipline, and arm a force sufficient to the task.

The facts in brief are simply these: The South, although illy prepared, rushed heedlessly into the forlorn struggle, while the North, as equally unequipped, slowly aroused itself to the true condition of affairs, and having surmounted every obstacle, made preparations to overwhelmingly crush the rebellion out of existence.

These are truths which no unprejudiced man, North or South, can or will deny, and as they are written in the kindest spirit toward those of both sections, who so nobly made such heroic sacrifices, they are handed down to posterity without further comment.

CHAPTER II.

CAMPAIGN OF 1861. BATTLE OF BULL RUN. PREPARING FOR WAR. REORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC. BLOCKADE OF THE POTOMAC RIVER. BATTLE OF BALL'S BLUFF. DEATH OF COL. BAKER. CONFEDERATES IN WINTER QUARTERS.

WITH the battle of Bull Run, which was so disastrous to the Union arms, this campaign opened. Public sentiment, North, so ignorant as to the means and method of war, had, for weeks, demanded an aggressive movement upon the Confederate lines. The Government yielded to this demand and it was decided that there should be an advance of the army in front of Washington. Early in July, the duty of planning and executing a movement against Beauregard at Manassas, devolved upon General Irwin McDowell, who, since the transfer of the Union forces into Virginia, had been put in command of the column of active operation south of the Potomac, and of the department of Northern Virginia. This column numbered about thirty thousand men. The officer, upon whom it thus fell to lead the main army to its first field, was a man of no mean capacity as a soldier.

Of the staff of the old regular army, McDowell was distinguished for his fine professional acquirements. Having studied the theory of war, and having seen European armies, he was, of the small body of trained soldiers, perhaps, the man best qualified for the command. That he had never commanded any considerable body of men in the field was a drawback shared by every other officer in the service. One great difficulty under which he labored, was the impatience of the northern people, who, goaded on by the appeals of their press, were demanding that the rebellion should be crushed in thirty days. General McDowell was, therefore, obliged to take the field with an army that was neither organized nor

disciplined. It was simply a mass of citizens marching out to Bull Run, expecting to gain a victory over another mass of citizens, and to close the war upon a single battlefield.

MCDOWELL'S EMBARRASSMENT.

General McDowell well understood this great embarrassment; but there was no remedy at hand, and like a true soldier he went forth to perform his duty as best he could.

The Confederates, under command of General P. T. Beauregard, occupied a position south of the Bull Run stream, at a point known as Manassas Junction. This position was naturally a strong one because the forces in position there could easily cover the fords and bridges of the Bull Run. It was also one of importance as being the railroad center of Virginia. At the time the forces of McDowell and Beauregard were confronting each other at this place, two other armies, — the Union commanded by General Patterson, and the Confederate by General Johnston, — were facing each other in the Shenandoah Valley. In planning the campaign, the duty assigned General Patterson was to occupy the attention of General Johnston, that the latter might not move his troops through the passes of the Blue Ridge, to reinforce General Beauregard at Manassas, and thus overpower the troops of McDowell when they should make an advance movement.

As his force of eighteen thousand men was much larger than that of his opponent, the task of General Patterson would seem to have been a comparatively easy one. The movement made by this general only developed a capacity for blunders upon an infinite scale. On the eighteenth of July, the very day that the reconnoitering parties of General McDowell appeared in front of Bull Run, General Johnston, received the following dispatch from General Beauregard, "If you wish to help me now is the time." Subsequent events will show how timely that help arrived. On this date General Tyler, commanding a division of McDowell's army, who had been ordered to occupy Centreville and observe the roads to Bull Run, but not to bring on an en-



gement, with more zeal than wisdom did have an engagement with the Confederates, at Blackburn's Ford; the results of which were more injurious than beneficial.

The nineteenth and twentieth were occupied by the engineers of McDowell in deciding how and where the attack should be made. It was discovered that there was a good ford over Bull Run at Sudley Spring, two miles above the point where the direct road from Centreville to Warrenton crosses the Bull Run at the Stone Bridge. That ford and the stream above that point, were unguarded by the Confederates. Above Sudley Spring the stream could be easily crossed at almost any place.

On this data was the plan of attack arranged, which was to be as follows:

BATTLE OF BULL RUN OR MANASSAS.

The fifth division (Miles) to remain in reserve at Centreville, and to make, with one of its brigades, added to Richardson's brigade of Tyler's division, a false attack at Blackburn's Ford; the first division (Tyler) to move by the turnpike, up to the Stone Bridge at day-break, threaten that point, and, at the proper time, to carry it, or cross it uncovered from above. Meantime, the principal column, consisting of the two divisions of Hunter and Heintzelman, of about twelve thousand men, was to diverge from the turnpike to the right, a mile beyond Centreville, and by a detour, reach Sudley Ford; thence, descending the right bank of Bull Run it would take the defences of the Stone Bridge in reserve. The united forces would then give battle, strike at the enemy's railroad lines, or act as circumstances should direct. The plan was a most excellent one, and, had it not been for the mistakes of others, it would have resulted in a victory for General McDowell.

The army of General Johnston left Winchester on the nineteenth of July, passing through Ashby's Gap in the Blue Ridge, and by way of Upperville, to the White Plains, a station on the Manassas Gap railroad. It reached this point

on the twentieth, a part of the command being immediately forwarded to Manassas Junction; the remainder under command of General Smith, waiting until the next day for the means of transportation. It was about twelve noon on the twenty-first of July, when the troops under General Smith started for Manassas Plains. As they neared Gainsville, a few miles from Manassas, Gen. Smith judging from the sounds of the guns that a fierce battle was raging, stopped the engine, disembarked the troops, and moved rapidly across the country in the direction of the firing at Manassas Junction, from which place the battlefield takes its name. This junction is in Prince William county, Virginia, about thirty-five miles southwest of Washington. The country is open and slightly rolling. General Beauregard had his headquarters at Manassas, while his forces were distributed along Bull Run, a sluggish stream which flows in the direction of the Potomac about three miles east of Manassas. The banks of Bull Run are in many places steep and rocky, and, although not a large stream, it presents quite an obstacle to the crossing of an army, except at the fords and bridges.

The numerical strength of the army under General Beauregard was reported at twenty-one thousand eight hundred and thirty-three men. A line of field works had been thrown up around Manassas, armed with a few heavy guns, and garrisoned by about twelve hundred men. Beside these there were no earth-works of defence, except some rifle-pits at the various fords. From the movements of the Federal army around Washington, as reported by his scouts, General Beauregard concluded that General McDowell was about to begin his long talked of advance. All of his troops were withdrawn from the eastern side of Bull Run, and such disposition made of them as would enable the Confederate commander to meet an attack either upon his right or left flank.

LONGSTREET ATTACKED.

On the eighteenth of July, as has already been stated, an attack was made on Longstreet's guns. A line of infantry

skirmishers then advanced, closely followed by a brigade in order of battle. A rapid and decisive fire was opened by Longstreet's line, before which the Federal force retired in some confusion. The casualties of this affair, on the side of the Confederates, amounted to fifteen killed, and fifty-three wounded; the loss sustained by General Tyler was probably greater, as he was the attacking party. In itself, the affair at Blackburn's Ford, amounted to little more than a skirmish; but, in the bearing on subsequent movements of the two armies, it deserves to be accounted as a very important factor in the great battle which followed. This "reconnaissance in force" as it was called, made by General Tyler without orders, changed General McDowell's plan of attack, while it had the effect of convincing General Beauregard that the intentions of McDowell were to attack his right center. He accordingly placed the larger part of his force in that neighborhood. A thin line extended to the Stone Bridge, where Colonel Evans was posted with a regiment, a battalion, and four pieces of artillery.

It has already been announced that upon the twentieth of July, a portion of the command of General Johnston arrived at Manassas, and as the ranking officer he took command of the army, but having learned from General Beauregard his plans, agreed with him in his conclusions. Fearing the arrival of Patterson, the Confederate generals had concluded to take the offensive, and moved upon McDowell at Centerville on the twenty-first. The movements in McDowell's camp on this morning, indicated very plainly that he had taken the initiative. His plan of attack was admirably arranged and showed conclusively that he deserved to rank as a strategist of high order. A series of feints were to be made at the different fords of Bull Run, so as to keep the Confederates engaged, and undecided as to the real point of attack; while with the main body of his army, he intended to push far to the right, until he should reach an unguarded ford, where, crossing over, he could fall upon the extreme left of the Confederates, overwhelming them, sweep down upon Manassas, and compel the

retreat or surrender of Beauregard's army. The first part of the plan succeeded well. The movement to the right was skillfully concealed, a crossing was effected without opposition, by the divisions under Hunter and Heintzelman, while the first division under Tyler, made an attack on Colonel Evans' position at Stone Bridge.

The attack at this point was so lightly pressed that Colonel Evans with his small force held his ground without difficulty; and the impression grew stronger, that the movement under Tyler was a feint, and that the real attack would be made at the lower fords, near Beauregard's right or center; nor was this impression dissipated until, to Colonel Evans' surprise, Hunter's division emerged from the forest that had hitherto concealed them, and came bearing down upon his position in overwhelming numbers. Realizing the uselessness of trying to hold his ground against this superior force, Evans fell back, and posted his eleven companies on a ridge about half a mile in the rear of his former line. Here he was joined by General Bee, with a brigade of four regiments, and a battery of artillery. This little force was all that stood between the Union army and victory. A bold push was made to crush the slender line, and carry out McDowell's plan; and the probability is, that had the men comprising the regiments of Bee and Evans been experienced soldiers, instead of raw recruits who had never been under fire, the success of the movement would have been complete. The men did not know, as veterans would have known, that they were outflanked, and outnumbered. In their ignorance of military movements, they supposed that they must stand and fight under any circumstances; and fight they did, like heroes every one of them, even when to a practical eye, every hope of success had vanished. Although borne down by the weight of the assaulting column, they were driven from their position. There was, however, no confusion in the retreat, they fell back slowly and sullenly, contesting every foot of the ground. While there was no regularity in their movement, each man seemed determined to sell his life as dearly as possible, and this determi-

nation, on the part of men who had been hopelessly outnumbered, stayed the advance of the Union army long enough to enable reinforcements to come a distance of four miles and reach the field in time to retrieve the fortunes of the day.

The victory of the Confederates at the first Manassas was not due to superior generalship on the part of the commander of the army, but to the individual valor of the private soldiers. It is true that skillful and vigorous movements were made by Johnston and Beauregard, in the latter part of the day, but the fact remains that, up to twelve o'clock, McDowell had succeeded in completely deceiving them as to his real purpose and nothing but the stubborn fighting of the little force on the left, saved them from a disastrous defeat. Justice has never been done to McDowell; the shadow of the defeat in the afternoon has obscured the glory of his success in the morning of that day. His movements deserve to rank among the brilliant achievements of the war.

While the brave men of Bee and Evans' command were, by their hard skirmishing, delaying the advance of the Union line, Jackson, with his brigade, was hastening to their assistance. Seeing at a glance the situation of affairs, he posted his men in the most advantageous position to check the oncoming columns. The ground occupied, being an elevation south of Young's Branch, a ravine on his left, and skirted with pines and scrub oak, forming a cover, behind which the shattered line of Bee was sheltered. Hampton's battalion coming up, was formed on Jackson's right, but being enfiladed by the fire of Rickett's and Griffin's batteries, was compelled to fall back.

It was about this time that Generals Johnston and Beauregard arrived on the field. They had at last become aware of the fact that the assault on the left was the real attack, and giving orders to hurry forward the troops, rode at once to the point where Bee and Jackson were engaged. The conduct of the Confederate generals shows how desperate they felt the situation to be. General Johnston seized the colors of the Fourth Alabama regiment and offered to lead the attack.

Beauregard leaped from his horse, and placing himself in front of his men, cried out, "I have come here to die with you!" It was indeed a most critical time. Jackson's brigade consisted of the Second, Fourth, Fifth, Twenty-seventh and Thirty-third Virginia regiments, known from that day as the "Stonewall Brigade." The origin of the name is found in the following incident. When the brigade of General Bee was slowly falling back, he rode up to Jackson, and said, "General, they are beating us back." "Then sir," said Jackson, "we must give them the bayonet." Bee rode back to his broken line, and cried, "Men, yonder is Jackson and his Virginians standing like a stonewall; let us determine to die here and we will conquer."

Jackson's "stonewall," Bee's broken columns, Hampton's battalion, and the remnant of Evans' command, with a few pieces of artillery, was the Confederate force at this time on the field. That these troops held their ground against five brigades, sounds more like romance than history; yet such is the fact. Porter's, Keyes', Sherman's, Franklin's and Wilcox's brigades, with Rickett's and Griffin's batteries advantageously posted, were the odds against which they had to contend. That these men met and repulsed this force, and held the ground long enough to enable the reinforcements, brought from the fords five miles below, to reach the field and form in line of battle, justly entitles them to the name they so proudly won of the "Stonewall Brigade." Reinforcements came just in the nick of time. Holmes' brigade, with two of Bonham's regiments, and Kemper's battery of six pounders, were the first to arrive. A new line was formed in the skirt of woods near the Henry and Robinson house. Rickett's battery, supported by two regiments, was advanced to the elevation near the Henry house, and poured a destructive fire into Jackson's line. He at once formed the bold plan of capturing the battery. The Thirty-third Virginia was assigned to this work, marching forward in splendid style. The artillerists stood to their guns like heroes, firing their last round when their assailants were at the very muzzles of their

cannon. The regiment lost heavily, and the artillerymen were nearly all killed or wounded; the captain of the battery fell under his guns badly wounded. A loud shout told that the movement had been successful, but in a moment the infantry support moved forward, and pouring a deadly fire into the ranks of the victorious regiment, caused them to retreat and relinquish the prize they had gained at such a costly price.

An attempt was now made to drag the guns from their exposed position, when the Second Virginia made another charge, and again the guns were wrested from the hands of their brave defenders. Again the Union troops rallied to the charge, and once more the battery was recaptured. At this time the Confederates, having received more reinforcements, made a general advance, and for the third time the battery changed hands. The Union forces had now fallen back to the turnpike, when suddenly the brigade of Kirby Smith, under Colonel Elzey, coming from the direction of the railroad where it had disembarked, struck the right flank. Early's brigade, with Beckham's battery, moved around by the Chinn House, and struck the rear. The left flank of McDowell was borne down and broken. Regiment after regiment turned in retreat, and soon the movement became general. Wild and prolonged cheers from the Confederate front told that they had won the day. A regiment of cavalry under J. E. B. Stuart (who afterward became so famous), with a battery of artillery, followed the retreating army, while the infantry lines were moved forward in the direction of Stone Bridge.

At the Cub Run Bridge, a shot from the battery in pursuit overturned a wagon, blocking up the bridge, and as the men pressed forward to climb over the wreck, a few more shells produced such havoc that a panic ensued, and the retreat became a rout. Artillery and wagons were abandoned; muskets were thrown away, knapsacks, haversacks, blankets and cartridge-boxes were torn off and flung aside; all order was lost, and down the roads and through the fields they rushed, a surging, struggling mass of human beings, intent only on

one object, and that was to put as much space as possible between themselves and the terribly blood-thirsty rebels whom they imagined to be on their very heels. For miles this wild flight continued. Soldiers, teamsters, cooks, camp-followers, citizens, members of Congress, newspaper correspondents, and even ladies, who had come out from Washington to view the battle, were blended together in this disgraceful stampede.

A correspondent of the "London Times," who has ever since been known as "Bull Run Russell," is said to have made the fastest time on record.

With the exception of a few brigades, the panic was general. These few commands had not been engaged, and served to keep up a degree of order and organization, until the army of stragglers had recovered something of the calmness requisite to an organization. Thousands of fugitives from the battlefield thronged the streets of Washington, and but for the energetic measures adopted, many would have boarded the trains, and departed for their homes. The Confederates did not attempt a pursuit. Beyond an occasional dash of cavalry, nothing was done to follow up the success of the afternoon. The impression seemed to be that the army had done all that was required of it, and was entitled to a rest. The fruits of the victory were fifteen hundred prisoners, twenty-eight pieces of artillery, a number of wagons, and five thousand small arms, together with the colors of quite a number of the regiments engaged.

The losses on the Confederate side were eighteen hundred and fifty-two killed and wounded. The loss on the Union side must have been four thousand. After the battle, a Confederate soldier walked over the field, and at that time being unused to sights of blood, the scene that met his eyes sent a thrill of horror through his heart. The ground was strewn with the evidences of carnage; men shot in almost every conceivable way, some moaning in agony, others stark and still, their dead faces turned toward the sky; others lying face downward, their hands clutching tufts of grass, which they had grasped in the agony of death. Pools of blood here

and there told where some one had been struck and carried from the field; all around were seen the sad, sad marks of war's cruel footsteps.

In a ravine was a young man who had been shot in the side; his life was slowly draining away; he turned his eyes toward this soldier, and with his parched lips he murmured "Water." A canteen being pressed to his lips he eagerly swallowed the warm and nauseous liquid, which had been dipped from a ditch by the roadside. He possessed a fair, fresh face and looked so innocent, that, when he spoke of his mother and sisters in Michigan, the soldier sat down by his side and wept. He died in that ravine, and a shallow grave was dug and he received a soldier's burial.

The Confederate army bivouaced on the field that night, and the next day moved down the road to Fairfax Station, where it went into camp.

Both the North and the South learned much from the battle of Bull Run and its results. The feeling of exultation in the South at the great victory of Manassas was general. The people thought that the great battle of the war had been fought; that now foreign nations would recognize their independence, and the North, seeing their determination and having such proof of their valor, would agree to accept the advice of one of her prominent political lights and "let her erring sisters go in peace." But the Confederate soldiers were soon undeceived; they succeeded in getting copies of the northern papers and read of the action of the Federal Congress, passing upon the very next day after the battle the following resolution: —

RESOLVED, That the maintenance of the Constitution, the preservation of the Union, and the enforcement of the laws, are sacred trusts which must be executed; that no disaster shall discourage us from the most ample performance of this high trust; and that we pledge to the country and the world the employment of every resource, national and individual, for the suppression, overthrow, and punishment of rebels in arms."

and they came to the conclusion that they would have some more work to do ere the object they proposed to gain would be realized.

PREPARING FOR WAR.

The North received a terrible shock by the defeat of its army, and, for the first time, began to comprehend the magnitude of the task it had undertaken. It did not recoil from the responsibility imposed upon it however, but inaugurated those tremendous enterprises which enabled it to carry on the war for a series of years on a scale of grandeur that amazed the world.

Both the Federals and Confederates discovered that armies must not only be marshalled, but must be organized, drilled, and disciplined, before the war could be carried on successfully. At that time the soldiers had not become accustomed to the rigorous rules of army life. Many of the Union soldiers, at the retreat from the field of Bull Run, decided that they had seen enough of the war, and did not halt until they reached their homes.

Each Confederate soldier, up to that time, considered himself an independent command, and governed himself accordingly. If he learned of the location of some friend, in a command twenty miles away, he would go and visit him, asking no questions, and remaining as long as he saw fit. If some old friend was wounded or killed, he would leave his regiment and go in search of him, never supposing for a moment that he was transgressing any rules or regulations of army life.

Both armies now grasped the situation and governed themselves accordingly. General McDowell resigned the command of the army and General McClellan, who had commanded the Federal troops in West Virginia, was called to fill the place made vacant. General McClellan brought to his high trust proofs of talent which, though not sufficient to prove him a proper captain of a great army, were yet enough to inspire the loyal North with great hopes of the results that might be gained by his prowess. He had served with distinction in Mexico; had studied war in Europe; was in the flower of his youth; and, above all, had just finished a campaign that, by itself, amid general failures elsewhere, seemed to furnish at once the prestige and prophecy of victory. The young chief-

tain threw himself with his utmost ardor and energy, into the work of molding into form an army adequate for the nation's needs. It was a colossal task; for it was necessary, not only to build up an army, but to make the model on which the army should be built. The initiatory traditions of the United States, confined to the single campaign of Mexico, afforded no groundwork for the organization of such a military establishment as was now demanded for the portentous task before the country.

The regular army kept on foot, previous to the war, was limited by law to under twenty thousand men, but its whole internal organism had been disrupted by secession. The force around Washington, of which General McClellan assumed command on the twenty-seventh of July, numbered about fifty thousand infantry, less than a thousand cavalry, six hundred and fifty artillerymen, with nine imperfect field batteries of thirty guns. It still retained the provisional brigade organization given it by McDowell, but the utter collapse which followed Bull Run had made it rather a mob than an army. Desertions had become alarmingly numerous, and the streets of Washington were crowded with straggling officers and men absent from their stations without authority, and indicating by their behavior an utter want of discipline and organization; and, to add to the embarrassment of the situation, many regiments were officered by men totally unfit for the position they occupied.

REORGANIZATION OF ARMY OF POTOMAC BY MCCLELLAN.

The Army of the Potomac, under McClellan's command, was organized into brigades of four regiments each, and these into divisions of three brigades each.

The task of forming an artillery establishment was not so difficult, because there were many accomplished artillery officers that remained loyal to the Government. As a basis, it was decided to form field batteries of six guns each, never less than four, and the pieces of each battery to be of uniform caliber, these to be assigned to divisions, in the proportion of

four batteries to each division, one of which was to be a battery of regulars, and the captain of the regular battery was in each case to be appointed commandant of the artillery of the division. In addition, it was determined to create an artillery reserve of a hundred guns, and a siege train of fifty pieces. This work was pushed forward with so much rapidity that whereas, when General McClellan took command of the army the entire artillery establishment consisting of nine imperfectly equipped batteries of thirty guns, this service, before it took the field, had reached the gigantic proportions of ninety-two batteries of five hundred and twenty guns, served by twelve thousand five hundred men, and in full readiness for active field duty.

Three months of activity followed the battle of Bull Run, months of ceaseless work in both armies, relieved by only a few events, and all of a humiliating character to the Federal army. The most important of these was the blockade of the Potomac river by the Confederates, and the terrible disaster at Ball's Bluff, but in the meantime the Army of the Potomac became an organization so perfect, that a repetition like that of Ball's Bluff or Bull Run would be impossible.

BLOCKADE OF THE POTOMAC RIVER.

Shortly after the battle of Bull Run, the Confederates advanced their pickets from Centreville and Fairfax court-house, as far as Munson's hill, and almost to the banks of the Potomac. This movement was of no military advantage, but gave them the prestige of flaunting their flag within view of the capital of the nation. They proceeded to erect batteries at different points on the Virginia side of the Potomac, with the view of obstructing the navigation of the river. So successfully was this work performed, that early in October the flag officer of the Potomac flotilla officially reported the water highway, by which a large part of the supplies for the army around Washington was brought forward from the north, to be effectually closed. This event, the actual blockade of the capital, produced throughout the country a deep

feeling of mortification and humiliation, and called forth bitter complaints against the Government. A proposition was made to destroy these batteries, sent from the Maryland side of the river, by an assaulting force; but the enterprise not being considered feasible by the engineers, it was abandoned. Meantime General McClellan was unwilling to undertake the destruction of the batteries by the only method which promised success—a forward movement—for the reason that it would bring on a general engagement.

BATTLE OF BALL'S BLUFF.

The battle of Ball's Bluff, a sanguinary affair, occurred on the twentieth of October. General Evans, the hero of Stone Bridge, was in command of a Confederate brigade near Leesburgh, Loudoun County, Virginia. He had in his command the Thirteenth, Seventeenth and Eighteenth Mississippi regiments, as well as the Eighth Virginia. A scout reported to General Evans that a Federal force, sixteen thousand strong, with twenty pieces of artillery, was approaching by the Drainsville road. He drew up his brigade in line of battle, delivering a short address, telling his men of the impossibility of being reinforced, and concluded with the emphatic words, "We must fight." He put his army of two thousand men in motion across Grove Creek, and along the Drainsville road. A little after sunrise a Federal courier was captured, with dispatches from General McCall to General Stone. From these dispatches Evans learned that the movement on the Drainsville road was a decoy to draw him away from Leesburgh, while General Stone was to cross the river at Conrads Ferry, and get into his rear. A small force also crossed at Edwards' Ferry, a few miles below. The Eighth Virginia was ordered forward toward Ball's Bluff, to hold the approach of Leesburgh, while General Evans, with the remainder of his brigade, watched the movements of General Devins, who had effected a crossing at Edwards' Ferry. Colonel Baker commanded the main body of General Stone's army, and pushed boldly forward toward Leesburgh, the Eighth Virginia and some Mississippi companies receiving them quite warmly.

When General Evans was convinced that no advance would be attempted from Edwards' Ferry, he pushed with all speed to the support of the Eighth Virginia. He found Colonel Baker advancing in a semicircular line of battle, supported by four howitzers. Evans, as soon as his men could deploy, ordered a charge, which was made with great impetuosity. The Union force gave way, and began to fall back toward the bluff.

DEATH OF COLONEL BAKER.

Colonel Baker bravely strove to rally his men, exposing his own person recklessly, and for a moment succeeded in inducing them to stand. Another charge was made by Evans' troops, the men yelling like demons. Colonel Baker fell, shot through the head, and his men broke and fled toward the river. Several hundred were cut off and made prisoners; the remainder rushed wildly over the bluff, closely pursued by the exultant Confederates. The bluff is about thirty feet high, and almost perpendicular. As the men came rolling and tumbling down the steep declivity, they spread consternation and dismay among the ranks gathered on the river's brink below. The boats that had been used to bring them over the river were soon crowded, and sunk. Some were drowned, many were trampled to death, and others were shot as they attempted to swim for their lives. Two regiments of Massachusetts troops surrendered on the banks. Take it all together, such another scene of horror was not witnessed during the entire war. The lives lost in killed and wounded, prisoners and being drowned, were little less than two thousand. Evans reported his loss at one hundred and fifty-three.

This lamentable affair discouraged the people of the North as much as it elated those of the South. Its entire history affords a striking exemplification of the looseness of military conduct and relations at that time. In venturing on the undertaking, General Stone proceeded on the supposition that General McCall, who, as General McClellan informed him, had occupied Drainsville on the twentieth, and was to "send out

reconnaissances in all directions," still remained there, yet McCall was withdrawn the following morning, when Stone sent the force across the river, without the latter's being informed of the fact. Again, although General McClellan did not order the expedition across the river, yet on being informed of the crossing during the day, he congratulated General Stone, thereby indirectly approving the movement thus made. Stone's plan of operation lacked definite purpose; it was neither a feint, nor a serious attack. He seemed to have left Colonel Baker in misunderstanding as to the co-operation of the forces at Edwards' Ferry; and the conduct of Colonel Baker, a patriotic and high-spirited man, who had vacated his seat in the United States Senate to take the field, was without military skill or direction.

After this bloody affair there was quiet again until December twentieth, when General Ord advanced to the neighborhood of Drainsville, and fell in with General J. E. B. Stuart, who, with about twenty-five hundred cavalry, was on a foraging expedition. Stuart did not like the idea of engaging this force, but, to give his wagon train time to retreat, was compelled to do so. General Ord handled him very severely, and after a short fight, Stuart retreated, losing about two hundred men.

This engagement closed the campaign of 1861. The Confederates moved back to the banks of Bull Run, and built their winter quarters, where they rested until the opening of the spring of 1862, when the cry of "on to Richmond" disturbed their tranquil lethargy, and sent them on to meet the grand and well disciplined Army of the Potomac, on new and still more bloody fields of strife.

CHAPTER III.

REMINISCENCES AND ANECDOTES.

THE TRANSITION.

AN old soldier furnishes this sketch which is in every respect true:—

“It is a most difficult task to describe the transition period, between the citizen’s life and that of the soldier. I would not undertake such a task, and thus prominently introduce myself, did I not think my experience similar to that of many others.

“At the date of my enlistment, I was but sixteen years of age, and had never passed beyond the limits of my native county. I had developed in the shade of the great forest, in the eastern part of my native state of Maine, and at the age of sixteen, stood six feet in my stockings, and weighed one hundred and fifty pounds. I very much resembled a bean-pole, both in length and size. I was very much in earnest at the time of my enlistment; the war had then been raging a year, and the Union army had suffered many defeats. When I put my name upon the enlistment roll, it was with a heroic determination to crush the rebellion, even if it required all of my ability; and that one object absorbed all my thoughts while en route from my home to the seat of war. I purchased everything I saw that could possibly, directly or indirectly, relate to war. It was a unique and interesting collection which I thus gathered for my future use. As I have not the original inventory in my possession I can only give a partial and imperfect list of the articles. I can distinctly remember the tin pails, pans and cups, the knives, forks, and spoons, the blankets of woolen, rubber waterproof, oil cloth and underclothing of every description and quality; then there were havelocks,

portfolios, drinking tubes, pencils, stencil plates and inks, patent pens, stationery, combs and brushes, pins and needles, a revolver, with numerous boxes of metallic cartridges; a murderous looking knife, which was a cross between a bush scythe and a butcher's cleaver; a money belt, and numerous quantities of patent medicines; all of this composed a portion of the war material which I gathered in 1862.

"Those days were the most memorable and exciting of my life. The journey from Houlton to Bangor can never be forgotten. It was made in one of those famous old stage coaches so well known at that time. The distance was one hundred and fifteen miles and consumed two days' time. There were a number of passengers, but, so far as I knew, I was the only candidate for Uncle Sam's service. It was, to me, a long, lonesome ride; the only remarkable event which occurred to relieve the monotony of it by way of variety, took place on the afternoon of the second day. There were three seats in the coach; the rear one was filled by three elderly and dignified gentlemen; I occupied the center seat alone; on the front seat, riding backward and facing me, were a young lady and gentleman, who during the day had exhibited much affection for each other. They had whispered and giggled and smiled in true lover's style as the coach, — drawn by six powerful horses, — dashed over the rough turnpike; I, of course, had watched them with boyish curiosity. The coach was slowly climbing a long steep hill not far from the village of Oldtown. The afternoon was sultry; I had not slept any for several nights, and in the warm, close atmosphere I became drowsy. The affectionate couple in front of me became indistinct. As we toiled up the steep ascent, I was dreaming of home, of the lovers in front of me, and of war. All these were mixed up in much confusion. There suddenly came a shock, a scream, and I awoke, supposing, of course, that I was amidst bursting shells and howling Confederates, when, to my horror, I discovered that we had reached the crest of the hill, the driver had given the horses a sharp crack with the whip and they dashed down the steep descent of the hill.

The sudden change in speed caused me to pitch forward head foremost, until a direct collision had occurred between the young lady and myself. I, in the excitement of my dreams, supposing it was an encounter with the rebels, was manfully endeavoring to hold my advanced position, while she, screaming with well affected fright, was endeavoring to repulse my unexpected advance. The elderly gentlemen were roaring with laughter, and the young lady's escort was much excited with indignant rage, while I resumed my seat and apologized with all the grace that a country lad generally exhibits when his first journey from home is made. It taught me a lesson of caution, however; I did not sleep any more until I reached Bangor.

"One of the most important steps in the transition period is in putting on the uniform. It was such a change from the clothes usually worn. When once it was on, how oddly I felt, and how illy it fitted! In order to get the legs of a pair of pants to come in hailing distance of my feet, I was obliged to have them large enough at the waist for the most portly German in the Eleventh corps. The same was true of my coat; if the sleeves extended to my wrists, the coat at the shoulders was ample enough in its dimensions for the use of a giant. The shoes were nearly as broad as they were long. I could not get a cap large enough and only succeeded in wearing one after it had been skillfully manipulated by a tailor. Another important matter in this period was in becoming accustomed to the rations issued by the Government. It may sound like a small item now that the war is so far removed, but it was quite serious then. I distinctly remember my own feelings, upon leaving the hearty food to which I had always been accustomed, and being obliged to subsist upon what the Government allowed. Those ten cakes of hard bread at first seemed very insignificant. I could easily eat eight or ten of them at a single meal, and then arise as lean and lank as I was when the meal began. It required many weeks of practice to make it appear like food to me.

"The whole route from Bangor to Washington was of course

filled with strange and interesting sights, which, with the novelty of the position and the exciting intelligence which was coming from Virginia, informing us of McClellan's retreat from the Peninsula, and Pope's disastrous campaign, made up an experience of weeks in which nearly every incident was indelibly inscribed upon my boyish memory never to be forgotten. The transition period was a most memorable one indeed."

THE FIRST MARCH.

The first march destroys much of the romance which has existed in the mind of the soldier, and forcibly reminds him of the reality of his new profession.

The first march of a certain regiment was from Washington, D. C., to Sharpsburg, Md., where the battle of Antietam was fought. Many had an idea that soldiers upon the march were neat, tidy and well dressed, with ranks well closed up, and gay in appearance. How surprised and disgusted were the men, soon after that march began! Soldiers fell into line and marched away, ragged, dirty and demoralized. Each man carried his rifle, ammunition, haversack and canteen, but all their baggage was one woolen blanket, — no knapsack, or that extra baggage which had been accumulated with so much trouble and expense. Some mentally exclaimed, "The rebellion can never be crushed in this manner! Guerrilla warfare amounts to nothing; it is the heavy regulation work which will crush it." Then the regiment to which reference is made, was put in motion.

Each man heroically stooped down, and took up a load which would have sent dismay to the heart of a pack mule in the Army of the Potomac. The men adjusted their burden to their shoulders, and moved forward in their proper places, and thus that famous first march began. Every survivor will remember it. Many of the officers had provided themselves with very heavy topped boots, the legs of which came above their knees, and they also had heavy revolvers strapped about their waists. Before that march was over, there was a great

change in the appearance of things. The long-legged boots and revolvers had disappeared, and the swords, instead of trailing on the ground a yard or two behind them, as at first, were either carried upon the shoulders, or put in some friendly baggage wagon. The experience of some of the men was memorable. At first the novelty of the scene caused them to forget their load, and they marched lightly on, but the sun was hot, the roads were dusty, and the hills were long and steep, and before the sun had reached the meridian their bodies began to describe the arc of a circle, and they began to unload pails, pans, blankets, stationery, rubber goods, revolvers and knives, one after another, and to scatter them over the hillsides of "Maryland, my Maryland," to tell coming generations of the sacrifices they had made to crush the rebellion, and when they reached Antietam, money belts were all that remained of extra baggage, in their possession.

One young man from the country was kindly informed by an agent in the city of Portland, that no soldier would ever think of getting along without a money belt, and so sold him one for the small sum of three dollars, the first cost of this useless article being about ten per cent of the price paid for it. Before leaving Washington he had placed his last ten dollar bill in that belt, and fastened it around his person, and after the battle of Antietam, wishing to use some money, removed his belt, and, to his great disgust, found that it had been completely saturated with perspiration, and his ten dollar bill had been soaked to death within its fatal folds. With an exclamation, which, to say the least, was not a prayer, he threw the belt beneath the muddy waters of Antietam Creek, and forever bade farewell to bandbox soldiery. But that march recalls many other things to mind, among which are the fatigue and exhaustion of the soldiers.

Stand at some point of observation and notice a column of soldiers march by. See how dusty and footsore they are; how every muscle is strained to its utmost tension. A few files in each company are quite well dressed, but, in the great majority of cases, each making his way as best he can. The

incessant tramp of thousands causes the dust to rise in clouds, and hang in a gray canopy above the moving columns. The sun pours his intense heat upon the almost suffocating columns. Many men are utterly unable to keep up with their commands. Strong men reel and stagger, and fainting, fall beside the road, unable to take another step. In the rear there is a great mass of stragglers; some there from choice, but the great majority moving on as fast as possible, footsore, sick, discouraged. They will be obliged to tramp far into the night to overtake their commands; then only to fall out again on the morrow. Really the hardest strains ever brought to bear upon humanity, might have been witnessed in those blue clad columns which marched over the hills of Maryland to meet the army of General Lee at Antietam.

CAMPING FOR THE NIGHT.

Camping for the night and the events connected with it, made up quite an item in the soldier's life. A day's march usually covered a distance of twenty or twenty-five miles, which, along muddy roads and in heavy marching order, was quite a day's work.

Usually, between sunset and dark the regiments would file out in some open field to camp for the night. The command, "By the right of company to the rear into column" would be given, and in each company the roll would be called by the orderly sergeant. Then the order, "Stack arms," "Break ranks," "March!" would be given, and all would begin preparation for the night. A squad of three made up a good household. The work of the night would be divided; one to get the wood and water, another pitch the tent, while the other would cook supper. The first rush would be for wood, perhaps when the guns were stacked. Fences of oak rails, as dry as tinder, ran in almost every direction across the fields and over the hills. The moment the ranks were broken, hundreds of men, from a score of regiments, would rush for the rails. It was an exciting scene; thousands rushing for rails. One fellow would seize the end of a rail, think-

ing the prize was his, when to his dismay, he would find some one else holding fast to the other end, and he would be obliged to continue his search. Here some fortunate fellow would be staggering toward his regiment with a heavy load, while a score of fellows would be rushing past him in the other direction. Thus the work would go on until every rail would be converted into fire-wood. Then he would take the canteens to fill with water. The search at times would be a difficult one, and he would tramp many weary steps before it could be found.

By this time the tent would be pitched; which was, in itself, quite an art. Two forked sticks, each about four feet in height, would be driven into the ground, some six feet apart, with the forked ends up. Then another small pole would be placed in the forks to serve as a ridge-pole. If forks could not be found, then the pole was fastened with straps to the top of the posts; then the tent pieces, made of stout cotton cloth, each about five feet by six, would be fastened together by buttons, so that two would form the roof, and the other the end, leaving the end next to the fire open. The cloth would be fastened to the ground around the two sides and end, thus making a comfortable shelter for three; and this gave the name of "shelter tent" to this mode of covering.

In the meantime the cook has kindled the fire, and the odor of fragrant coffee fills the air. Beside the coffee there is not much to cook; if there is a little fresh beef it is roasted on a stick, and served without pepper or salt. If there is salt pork, it is usually cooked upon a stick, or served raw, to be eaten like cheese. "Supper is ready," calls the cook, and they gather, not around the board, but around one side of the fire. The coffee, which has been cooked in a small tin pail, made black by coming in contact with the fire, is poured out in tin cups equally black from the same cause. The sheets of hard-tack are taken from the haversacks, and piled up in little pyramids upon the ground, and the work begins. No milk, probably no sugar for the coffee, but the latter has the virtue of strength, color and heat, and is

keenly relished. The supper is eaten, the remainder put back in the faithful haversack, one blanket is spread upon the ground to serve as a bed, the cartridge boxes serving as pillows; then the soldier lies down, the other two blankets are spread over him, and all sleep until the morning reveille awakens them to resume the march, or to face danger and death upon the field of battle.

MAGRUDER AND THE MISSISSIPPIAN.

During the Peninsula campaign of 1862, General Magruder commanded the Confederate forces below Williamsburg. Among others in his command was a regiment of Mississippians, composed of the best and wealthiest class of young men in that fertile valley.

The father of one of the young men, once came from his home to visit him, and shortly after his arrival asked his son if they "never had anything to drink in camp." The son replied that they never did. "There is a plenty of liquor upon the Peninsula, but General Magruder drinks it all himself," said the son. This remark was made in the company quarters of the son, and only in hearing of his messmates. Two or three days later however, an order was received by the colonel of that regiment, from Magruder's headquarters, that private —— be sent to him under arrest. All were surprised in the regiment; not a better soldier could it boast of. "What has he done?" was on the lips of every comrade.

Upon being ushered into the presence of the old General, he was confronted with the declaration he had made to his father in his quarters. "So you say I drink all the liquor on the Peninsula, do you?" roared Magruder. "Yes, General, I did say it," replied the soldier, "but I had no idea it would ever get to your ear." "Well, sir! we will see about this," again he exclaimed, "come in this way, sir!"

There had been placed in the rear apartment of the tent, a table, two chairs, two decanters of brandy, glasses, and a pitcher of water. "Now you take that seat," said the General, pointing to a chair, "and I will take this one."

"Young man," he continued, "drink that decanter of brandy." The surprise of the private was great, but he did as ordered, without any reluctance either, while General Magruder began to drink from the other bottle. When he arose from the table both decanters were empty. "Go back to your quarters now, sir, and don't you ever say that Magruder drinks all the liquor on the Peninsula," cried the eccentric General, as he bade him depart.

LITTLE RHODY.

Two soldiers were doing picket duty near the Pamunky river, one a Union, the other a Confederate. They were stationed so near together that they were enabled to converse, and after a time the following dialogue ensued:

"Hello, Yank," cried the Confederate, "what state did you come from?"

"I came from Rhode Island," was the answer.

"Umph!" responded the reb, "I wouldn't come from such a blasted little state."

"Say, Johnny, where did you come from?"

"I came from the great state of Mississippi," roared the rebel in reply.

"That's all right," responded the facetious Yankee, "but I am proud of little Rhody, for she always pays her debts."* That settled it, and the conversation came to an abrupt ending.

"TAR-HEELS."

"Tar-heels" is the name, which long ago was given the North Carolinians, and during the war, troops from that state were so called. When General Stoneman made his famous raid, and the Confederate troops were sent to check his advance, a regiment of North Carolina infantry were passing near the camp of a regiment of Virginia cavalry, which, only a few days before, had been badly repulsed and driven back by the enemy, in anything but good order. Some one cried

* Mississippi repudiated her debt before the war.

out, "Hello, Tar-heels, where are you bound?" "Don't call us Tar-heels any more," said one of the Carolinians, "we have unanimously decided to give all the tar in North Carolina to the — Virginia cavalry, to see if they won't stick, the next time they meet Stoneman."

SERGEANT B.

Sergeant B. was a Virginia cavalry man, especially noted for his size and good humor. His weight was about two hundred and fifty pounds, and if his natural good humor could have been calculated in proportion to his avoirdupois, it might have been roughly estimated at a ton. He was further noted as being too fat to do active service, and unless an emergency arose, was never sent out of camp.

Such a time once presenting itself, he did go with a squadron to an outpost near Culpepper court-house one morning in July. The writer of this sketch had charge of that post, and, as B. was a member of his company knows it to be a fact.

There was a road to guard, running west, another north, and another east; all three forming a right-angle triangle, just where the pickets, consisting of fifteen horsemen, were stationed. South of the post was a lot of heavy timber, and east, a field of corn, then about seven feet high. The orders we had, were to guard the roads.

It was very warm weather, and as a fence ran along the skirt of the woodland, the trees breaking off the heated rays of the sun, we all dismounted and sat upon the fence, at the same time keeping an eye on all the roads, and not thinking that the enemy could in any manner surprise us. The Union cavalry doing duty only a mile away, succeeded in flanking our vigilance, and got behind us in the woods already mentioned. Dismounting, they cautiously crept through the woods until they were within a few rods of the fence. Just at this time Sergeant B. was regaling the boys with one of his many jokes, while we were on the fence, facing the corn-field, with our backs to the wood.

Somebody's attention was attracted by the snapping of a

twig, and immediately the cry of "Yankees!" burst upon our ear. B. was the first man in the cornfield. None of us being near our horses or guns, and the enemy outnumbering us five to one, we followed him in quick order. The flight of our pickets caused a rousing cheer from the Union skirmishers, who, upon coming up to where we had been, laid their guns upon the fence and fired at us. Meantime B. was making the best time ever on record, breaking down two rows of corn in his flight.

He always said afterward, that he heard the report of a rifle behind him, but reached the other side of the field before the bullet struck the stonewall behind which he concealed himself. After that he was known as the "Cornbreaker," and if living, and reads this anecdote, will immediately divine who wrote it. We lost our horses and guns.

POOR WHITES.

There were, during the war, a class of people in the interior of the southern states who were especially noted for their ignorance, and to beat them at breaking up the English vernacular, it would be necessary to introduce a cross between the Chinese and Dutchman's brogue. This class was known as "poor whites," and was especially conspicuous in the state of Georgia.

An officer, returning to his regiment upon one occasion, rode overland through that portion of the state where some of these people lived, and as the district was isolated, seldom anything from the seat of war was heard in the vicinity. Passing along a narrow country road, he came to a log cabin, in front of which stood a woman, and from her he attempted to gain any information which she might have picked up from any who had chanced to precede him.

"Good morning!" exclaimed the officer, "any soldiers been this way lately?"

"No, I guess not; ain't seen 'em. That are, I hain't saw many, — only yist'r'dy a exerter com' 'long, and he sed how things was bad; how the news had com' 'long over the wire-

grass, dat Blacksbury had fell; that at Richmond the preserves had been called out, and that we 'uns had vaccinated the Pen-su-a-la. This is all he tole me, for ges' as he was gwine to say some mo', Mr. Gauslin come 'long, wid his critter company, and interested him. Does you know any news?"

In plain language, briefly told, the woman meant that a deserter had told her that Vicksburg had been surrendered, and that a telegram had announced the alarm felt in Richmond, which had caused the reserves to be placed in active service at the time of the evacuation of the Peninsula. That while she was being interviewed by the deserter, General McCausland, commanding cavalry, had, in passing, arrested the man.

A THOUSAND SHIRTS.

Sometimes little incidents happened in the "Army of the Tennessee," which were as amusing as in any other section of the country. A good story is told at the expense of a Texan who was connected with that branch.

Upon Hood's retreat, many of his soldiers lost all of their clothing, and for many weeks quite a number were scarcely able to cover their nakedness, anything available being appropriated, and used as a substitute for the regular uniform. One day, while Hood and his staff were on the march, they overtook a regiment, and among the soldiers was one whose uniform consisted of only a long coffee sack, in lieu of a shirt, and with nothing else on. A hole had been cut for his head as also for his bare arms, and over this garment was suspended his canteen, and around him his cartridge belt, while he carried his musket as is usual.

Observing this novel sight, Hood reined up his horse, and demanded his name and regiment. "Martin Brown, Company I, Texas," was the prompt response of the soldier. "Well, have you no better uniform than that?" The soldier laid down his gun, looked the General straight in the face, and as the blood rushed indignantly to his cheeks, he said: "Look here, General Hood, do you expect a man to have a thousand shirts?"

THE NEGRO OYSTERMEN.

When hostilities first began, Fort Monroe was declared to be hostile to the free passage of small boats, without being hailed by the garrison, and made to "come to," as nautical people say.

An oysterman's fleet was passing by early one morning, en route to Norfolk, each boat in command of a negro slave, the property of some Norfolk citizen. These not knowing that the United States Government had any jurisdiction over them greater than that of their masters, and being anxious to make the harbor, declined to "heave to" when ordered by the sentry from the ramparts, and kept right on.

Soon a shot was fired far ahead of the foremost boat, and then another, and another, until one was dropped right over the one in advance. This was more than the negro captain could stand; so raising himself, he shouted to the men on shore: "Quit your foolishness, you blue bellied devils; you'll be killing a valuable nigger, mind! and I'm gwine straight home and tell massa; do you heah?"

When told by his master that war had been declared, and that he must not go out for any more oysters, his bewilderment was beyond description. "Well, massa," he exclaimed, "what will become of missus and the childen? I aint got any odder way to 'spote 'em."

DOING PICKET DUTY.

Every soldier knows what his feelings were the first time he was sent on picket post, and left to himself, especially if it was in the night time, and any alarm was manifested in the vicinity of his post.

About the time that the Union army began to land at Newport News, it was often that marauding parties would cross the river to plunder and despoil the pigpens, dairies and cellars of the planters. Often as many as fifty would make an appearance in a body. About this time, also, a regiment of cavalry was camped in the vicinity of Burwell's Bay, and did

picket duty along the shore of the river, in the immediate neighborhood of the chosen landing-place of the marauders.

The large plantations which skirted the river for miles were finely stocked with herds of cattle, and these were allowed to roam at will upon the marshes. One beautiful moonlight night a solitary picket had been placed at the extreme end of the line, on the river shore, distant half a mile from any other, and about four miles from his camp. The young soldier had never done picket duty before, nor been left to his own reflections in the night time, with none to cheer him save the languid plash of the rippling river, and the expectancy which occupied his mind, under the circumstances. His orders were to guard the landing, and if an attempt was made to land, to fire his rifle as a signal of their coming, and then to fall back upon the main post.

At midnight the sharp report of a rifle echoed far and near, and quickly afterward, the rapid thud of a horse's hoofs, told that the enemy had appeared and doubtless were landing. When the horseman came up to the main post, he reported the enemy as having landed in "great force" beyond his post, and that they were then moving in close column up the shore. The commanding officer ordered him to hurry on to camp and give the alarm, and to return with the whole regiment as quickly as possible.

When he reached camp, crying "Yankees! Yankees!" all were soon aroused and quickly "saddled up," fell in line, and with the colonel in advance moved down the Day's Neck road to the, to be, scene of action, not a man among them all ever having been under fire.

These are the times that try men's souls; the time when all of the good deeds and bad, of one's past life come vividly before his vision, the time when he considers himself a hero and expects to accomplish single-handed some deed that shall forever immortalize his name.

In quick time the regiment advanced in the direction indicated by the guide, and soon came up to the pickets, who had all been called in by the rifle shot, and were awaiting the

arrival of the main body, to attack the enemy, who were then about a mile away, and who seemed to have halted in the moonlight, as if awaiting its assault. The regiment was deployed by platoons, and ordered to charge. Soon the whole column was under way, and such a rousing yell as resounded in that vicinity, would to-day have frightened men to death. On they went with hearts beating high, and with minds fully determined to cover themselves with glory.

Singularly the enemy made no preparation to receive them, and until the advance was within a hundred yards of him, it did not observe this fact. On it went, however, and with drawn sabers, dashed wildly into the midst, not of Yankees, but a large herd of cattle. There never was a more disgusted set of men in this world for a week than these, and you may rest assured that no official report of that engagement ever reached headquarters.

COARSE FOOD.

It was quite a common occurrence for many of our youthful lieutenants to suppose, when they first entered the army, that they were officers of considerable importance. These had a peculiar way of looking sidewise at their shoulder straps, and the red sash around their waists, worn full width. They had a strut in their walk, and the swords, so soon to be crimsoned in blood, would trail along at quite a respectable distance in their rear. One glance would be sufficient to convince the most careless observer that each felt as if the destiny of the country depended largely upon their individual efforts.

There were several of this character, members of the Twentieth Maine regiment, in the early days of the war, but its colonel soon took the starch out of all such. Some weeks after the battle of Antietam this regiment was marching through Loudon Valley, in Virginia. Two of these young officers, being somewhat weary, thought they would leave their command, and cross a field, thus saving some distance. They had not proceeded far before a messenger, dispatched by the colonel, ordered them to the rear, under arrest.

The following day, the regiment having advanced quite near the village of Snickersville, these officers, wishing to visit the village, supposed they had only to make known to the colonel their wishes, and their desire would be gratified. One of these remarks to the other, "This usage is pretty coarse food; I will write a note to the colonel, and obtain his permission to visit the village;" and in his simplicity he tore a small piece of paper from his pocket-book, and wrote his request to the colonel in a very democratic form, and sent it up by one of his men. In a few moments he received a reply something like this, bearing proper date and signature: Lieutenants ——— will please understand that officers under arrest receive no favors, and when communicating with these headquarters hereafter, will use stationery of proper size.

Signed ———, Commanding Regiment.

The matter soon leaked out among the men, and for months these officers had no lack of "coarse food."

CHAPLAIN C.'S PRAYER.

During the campaign of '62, it became necessary one morning for a chaplain of a Virginia regiment to take command of it, on the Peninsula. Its colonel had been killed, lieutenant-colonel wounded, major a prisoner, with many others.

The enemy were in the act of making a charge, and this regiment, behind temporary earthworks, were ready to receive that charge.

"Now boys," said old Chaplain C., a solemn faced Methodist, especially famous for his piety, "don't one of you fire until I give the command."

Patiently they waited, while the enemy were coming down upon them in gallant style. Closer they came, until now they were in a few rods of the works, when up rose old Chaplain C., and with hands uplifted, and his face all aglow with excitement, he exclaimed, "May God have mercy on their souls; give 'em hell boys! give 'em hell!"

To-day many of those who faced the awful carnage which followed that command sleep peacefully in honored graves;

among them Chaplain C., but their spirits have long since commingled in kindred sympathy, and are doubtless silent witnesses to this record of their immortal deeds of valor.

THE ONLY PRIVATE.

Custom makes some very queer laws sometimes, and one of these used to be the habit in the South of addressing people by some title, whether they deserved it or not.

Soon after the war closed, the shrewder men of the North saw many golden fields of abundant harvest ripening for them, and among these was the enterprising landlord of one of the first hotels in the city of Atlanta. This gentleman had come from the North, purchased, refitted in elegant style, and opened to the public, the —— Hotel, giving out that this would be the headquarters of the southern aristocrats.

The southern army had been disbanded only a short time before, and as in many other cities of the South, Atlanta was filled with idle men, many of whom were ex-soldiers.

One morning, several months after the opening of this establishment, the handsome office attached was the scene of a hot dispute, between General A, Colonel B, Major C, Captain D, and Lieutenant E. Beside these five gentlemen, there were present the landlord, and one other; a very quiet looking young man, who took no part in the controversy, yet who seemed to be mentally familiar with the subject in dispute. The proprietor of course was only a silent spectator, being a northern man.

These gentlemen were discussing the merits of a certain battle, and as no two of them could agree, high words had ensued. One claimed one thing, and one something different. After vainly attempting to convince each other of their individual mistakes, the quiet gentleman arose from his chair, and, addressing the crowd, said: "You are all mistaken, gentlemen! The —— regiment *did* take part in the battle of Shiloh, and that part of the line in dispute was broken and did fall back in disorder and retreat. I was a member of that regiment and was on that part of the line and fell back with it."

Here the landlord inquired of the speaker as to his rank in the army. "I was a private," he replied. "Young man," said the facetious Yankee, "how long do you expect to remain in Atlanta?" "Don't know." "Well, sir, this hotel considers you its guest, as long as you will remain, free of charge. I have been in this city over six months, and mingled with thousands, but I will be d——d if you aren't the first private I have ever seen, of the Confederate army."

CHAPTER IV.

PENINSULA CAMPAIGN. TRANSFER OF TROOPS FROM WASHINGTON TO YORKTOWN. DISEMBARKING TROOPS AT FORT MONROE. SIEGE OF YORKTOWN. ACTIVITY OF MAGRUDER. BATTLE OF YORKTOWN. ADVANCE TOWARD WILLIAMSBURG. BATTLE OF. RETREAT OF CONFEDERATES. MCCLELLAN CROSSING THE CHICKAHOMINY. SEVEN DAYS BATTLES. MCCLELLAN'S RETREAT. MALVERN HILL. UNDER COVER OF GUN-BOATS. RE-EMBARKATION OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC. ROSTER.

THE PENINSULA CAMPAIGN.

To successfully conduct the movement of an army of one hundred thousand men, and the immense quantity of war material attending such a force, both of which were to be conveyed a distance of two hundred miles by water, was an undertaking of stupendous magnitude, requiring great genius and enterprise. This was the task imposed on the Government as it inaugurated the Peninsula campaign.

The van of the great army, thus removed, was led by Hamilton's—afterward Kearney's—division of the Third corps (Heintzelman's), which embarked for Fortress Monroe on the nineteenth of March, 1862. It was followed by Porter's division on the twenty-second; other troops following Porter as rapidly as transports could be procured for the purpose. General McClellan reached Fortress Monroe on the second of April and by that time there had arrived five divisions of infantry, three regiments of cavalry, the artillery division, and artillery reserve; making in all fifty-eight thousand men, and one hundred guns. This force was at once put in motion in the direction of Yorktown, in front of which place the remainder of the army joined it, upon arriving. The region on which the army found itself thus planted, is known as the peninsula and formed by the peculiar geographical position of the James and York rivers. These streams rise in the very heart of Vir-

ginia, and running in a south-eastwardly direction, empty their waters into Chesapeake Bay. The peninsula varies in width from seven to fifteen miles, and is about fifty miles long. The land is low and flat; in some places it is marshy, and generally well covered with wood of various kinds. The York river is formed by the confluence of the Mattapony and Pamunky, which unite at West Point. Richmond, the objective point of the Army of the Potomac, is on the northern bank of the James river, at the head of navigation, distant overland from Fortress Monroe about seventy-five miles.

From Fortress Monroe the advance was made in two columns, General Keyes, with the Fourth corps—the divisions of Couch and Smith—formed the left, and General Heintzelman, with the Third corps—divisions of Fitz John Porter and Hamilton, together with Averill's cavalry and Sedgwick's division of the Second corps—forming the right. At the very outset the roads were found to be almost impassable, as the season had been unusually wet. No resistance was encountered, and on the fifth of April the advance of each column came to a halt; the right in front of Yorktown, and the left before the enemy's works at Lee's Mills.

The Confederate forces upon the peninsula were known as the "Army of the Peninsula," and were under the command of General Magruder. When the Army of the Potomac landed, that of the Confederates amounted to about eleven thousand men. About Norfolk there was another command of eight thousand men, commanded by General Huger, the iron-clad steamer Merrimac being also at the mouth of the James river. The general command of the Confederate forces was under General Joseph E. Johnston, who, so soon as his antagonist's movements were fully developed, put his army in motion from the Rapidan toward Richmond, where he halted it for a time. He did not expect to hold the peninsula; both General Lee, then acting as chief of staff of Mr. Davis, and himself, deeming it untenable. Soon after the advent of the Federal army, General Johnston visited Yorktown, examined its line of defences, and urged

the military authorities at Richmond to withdraw the force from the peninsula, assuming that the Federal commander would, with the aid of the navy, soon reduce the fort at Yorktown, and thus open up the York river, and by means of transports soon reach the head of the peninsula, and thus cut off any body of troops that might remain there.

General McClellan began an elaborate investment of Yorktown. The line of forts and batteries extended from the York river on the right to Warwick on the left, a distance of about one mile. In all, some fourteen batteries and a number of redoubts were erected and soon armed with guns of very heavy caliber. On the fourth of May, the whole work having been completed, it was found that the Confederates had evacuated Yorktown; had done so in the same skillful manner as they did Manassas, and the boys in blue came only into possession of deserted defences, and some seventy-five siege guns, which the boys in gray had been unable to remove. Upon this discovery being made, all of the available cavalry, together with four batteries of horse artillery, under General Stoneman, were ordered in pursuit. The divisions of Hooker and Smith were at the same time sent forward in support, and afterward those of Kearney, Couch and Casey were put in motion.

General Sumner, the second officer in command in the Army of the Potomac, was ordered to the front to take charge of operations, while General McClellan remained behind, at Yorktown, to arrange for the departure of Franklin's division by water to West Point. By this move it was expected to force the Confederates to abandon whatever works they might have on the peninsula below that point.

General Stoneman met with but little difficulty until he reached the enemy's position in front of Williamsburg, twelve miles from Yorktown. Here was a large fort called Magruder, with extensive earthworks prolonging the line on either side. These had been constructed by the Confederates many weeks before. When Stoneman reached this line he had a lively tilt with the Confederate cavalry, but as the

position was too strong to carry, he assumed the defensive, and awaited the arrival of the infantry. General Sumner came up at dark with his command, and, as it was too late to attack, his men bivouaced in the woods. A heavy rain came pouring down, which made the roads almost impassable. Early the next morning Hooker's division had taken position on the left, and Smith's on the right, the other divisions not having arrived.

BATTLE OF WILLIAMSBURG.

The battle was now opened in front of Fort Magruder by General Hooker. As soon as he succeeded in clearing the shrubbery from his front, he advanced the batteries of Webber and Bramhall to within six hundred yards of the fort, and soon succeeded in silencing its guns. At this time the Confederates made a determined attack upon Hooker's left, and it required all of his available strength to hold his line. Both the Federals and Confederates fought gallantly. Hooker's troops exhausted their ammunition, and would undoubtedly have been driven from the field, but at four o'clock in the afternoon the division of General Kearney came up, on the double-quick, and relieved Hooker's men, re-established the line, and held the position. In this engagement General Hooker lost a thousand men.

During the morning the troops of General Smith, on the Federal right, had not been engaged, but at noon General Sumner ordered him to send a brigade to occupy a redoubt on the extreme right, which the enemy had evacuated. Hancock's brigade was selected. General Hancock at this time was also in command of Davidson's brigade, and for the work assigned him he selected from his own brigade the following regiments: the Fifth Wisconsin, Forty-Ninth Pennsylvania, and Sixth Maine; and from Davidson's brigade, the Seventh Maine and Thirty-third New York regiments. General Johnston did not know of the existence of the redoubt which Hancock was ordered to capture, and this important position came into the possession of the Federals without a struggle,

and it was not until after it was captured that the Confederate general became aware of this new danger, and prepared to meet it. It happened that, at precisely this moment, while the Confederates were preparing to regain the position which they had lost, and while the gallant Hancock was sending for reinforcements to enable him to hold that prize, that General Sumner ordered General Hancock to fall back to his first position. Hancock, appreciating the commanding position which he occupied, delayed doing so as long as possible, but about five o'clock, seeing that the Confederates were in motion in his front, that they had reoccupied the two redoubts from which they were last driven, and that they were threatening both of his flanks, he withdrew his troops behind the crest. Here he formed his line with about one thousand six hundred men, being determined to remain. Waiting until the advancing enemy got below the rise of the hill, and within thirty paces, he ordered a general charge. This was executed in a very spirited manner, each regiment taking part in the movement, winning a most brilliant record. A few of the enemy who had approached nearest were bayoneted, the rest broke and fled in all directions, and the Confederate flanking force being dismayed, also beat a hasty retreat. Shortly after the action was decided, General Smith, by order of General McClellan, who had reached the front, and appreciated the position secured by Hancock, brought up strong reinforcements. At the same time firing ceased in front of Fort Magruder, and the troops, wet, weary and hungry, rested on their arms for the night. Williamsburg was really won, for Hancock held the key to the entire position, and during the night the Confederates, who during the day had fought so nobly, retired in the direction of the Chickahominy.

. In the battle of Williamsburg, General Hooker won the name of "Fighting Joe," although the battle was quite unnecessary, since the obstacles which he encountered could easily have been turned, as they were later in the day, by General Hancock. The Federal commanders had shown a disposition

to give battle, which fact aided in pacifying the excited and impatient demand of the northern people, who were much elated by the gallant heroism displayed by the troops of Hancock and Hooker.

When the Confederates retreated from Williamsburg, the Federals followed them as closely as the wretched condition of the roads would permit, moving upon a line parallel with the York and Pamunky rivers; and on the sixteenth of May, headquarters were established at White House, at the head of navigation upon the Pamunky; distant, eighteen miles east of the city of Richmond. Great depots were established at White House, to which supplies for the army were brought by water, and the columns moved along the line of the York river and Richmond railroad, until they reached the northern bank of the Chickahominy river, which position they occupied on the twenty-first of May.

General Johnston, who had so skillfully withdrawn the Confederate forces from the Pamunky, now proceeded to gather his forces around Richmond, to give the Federals battle. Both commanders labored under serious and similar embarrassments. The Federal President had assured General McClellan that, when operations upon the peninsula should commence, he should be reinforced by the division of General McDowell; but when the Army of the Potomac disappeared from before Washington, a strong and unnecessary terror seemed to seize the minds of the officials there, and they deemed the presence of the troops, under McDowell, necessary to the safety of the capital; and consequently turned a deaf ear to the demands of McClellan for these all important troops. General Johnston also found that the cabinet at Richmond imagined that they knew much more about the war than did their generals in the field, and it was with great difficulty that he could induce them to accept his plans. But he did induce them to order the evacuation of Norfolk by General Huger, which was done on the tenth of May, and the garrison was added to the forces defending Richmond. The Merrimac was also blown up by the Confederates, and the

Federal gun-boats ascended the James river, until they reached Fort Darling, at Drewry's Bluff, within twelve miles of Richmond, where they were checked by the Confederate fire and were obliged to retire from the conflict.

At this period, the Federal forces in Virginia presented a strange spectacle; they were in such a position that success was impossible. The Federal army consisted of some seventy-five thousand men, and was upon the banks of the Chickahominy river. General McDowell with a force of some thirty thousand men, was at Fredericksburg, upon the Rapahannock river; General Banks with sixteen thousand men, was at Strasburg, in the Shenandoah valley; and General Fremont, with fifteen thousand men, was at Franklin, in West Virginia. These commands were all independent of each other. Neither of them alone was able to accomplish great results; and, in their isolated and inactive condition, incited the enemy to concentrate his forces and crush them in detail. McClellan was anxious for McDowell to unite with him by marching across the country from Fredericksburg, and the latter general was equally anxious to do so, but the Government was timid and fearful; it hesitated to uncover Washington, and that hesitation was fatal. It is easy to understand the perilous position in which the Army of the Potomac was placed by these proceedings, and the only hope of its success under the circumstances, was a vigorous movement on the part of its commander. When the Federal general found that the much desired reinforcement would not be sent him, he long delayed an aggressive movement; and when that movement was made, it was not characterized by the energy such an one should have developed.

The passage of the Chickahominy was made by Casey's division at Bottom's Bridge on the twentieth of May; and by the twenty-fifth the corps of Keyes and Heintzelman were established on the right bank. Meanwhile, the corps of Sumner, Porter, and Franklin, remained on the left bank. By the twenty-eighth, Sumner had constructed two bridges, for the passage of his corps; but up to the time that the Con-

federate commander assumed the initiative, on the thirty-first, no provision had been made for the crossing of the right wing, and the reinforcing of that wing by the left involved a detour of twenty-five miles, a distance quite too great for the possibility of reinforcement in the precarious emergency of battle. Material for three bridges, to be used in the passage of the right wing, were indeed prepared, and, by the twenty-eighth of May, these bridges were ready to be laid. But in the meantime they were not used, and the two wings were suffered to remain separated by the Chickahominy, and without adequate means of communication. This position of the army must be considered a dangerous one, and shows a most serious blunder on the part of the commanding general.

General Johnston was not the man to let such a golden opportunity pass unimproved, and, as quickly as he had developed the position of the Federal army, he determined to crush that portion of it which had crossed the Chickahominy river. By the thirtieth of May he had his plans well matured; but on that night there came a fearful storm of rain which somewhat embarrassed his movements, although giving promise of making them all the more complete when carried into execution.

Casey's division of Keyes' corps, held an advanced position, at a point known as the Seven Pines, on the Williamsburg road, six miles from Richmond. These troops were soon reinforced by the remainder of Keyes' corps, as also the corps of General Heintzelman. On the left bank of the Chickahominy were the corps of Franklin, Sumner, and Porter, General McClellan's headquarters being at Gaines' mill.

Johnston was rapidly reinforced by all of the available troops at the command of the department; Huger's division from Norfolk, Branche's command from North Carolina, the forces from around Petersburg, together with all of the smaller commands from various sections, being concentrated about Richmond.

BATTLE OF SEVEN PINES.

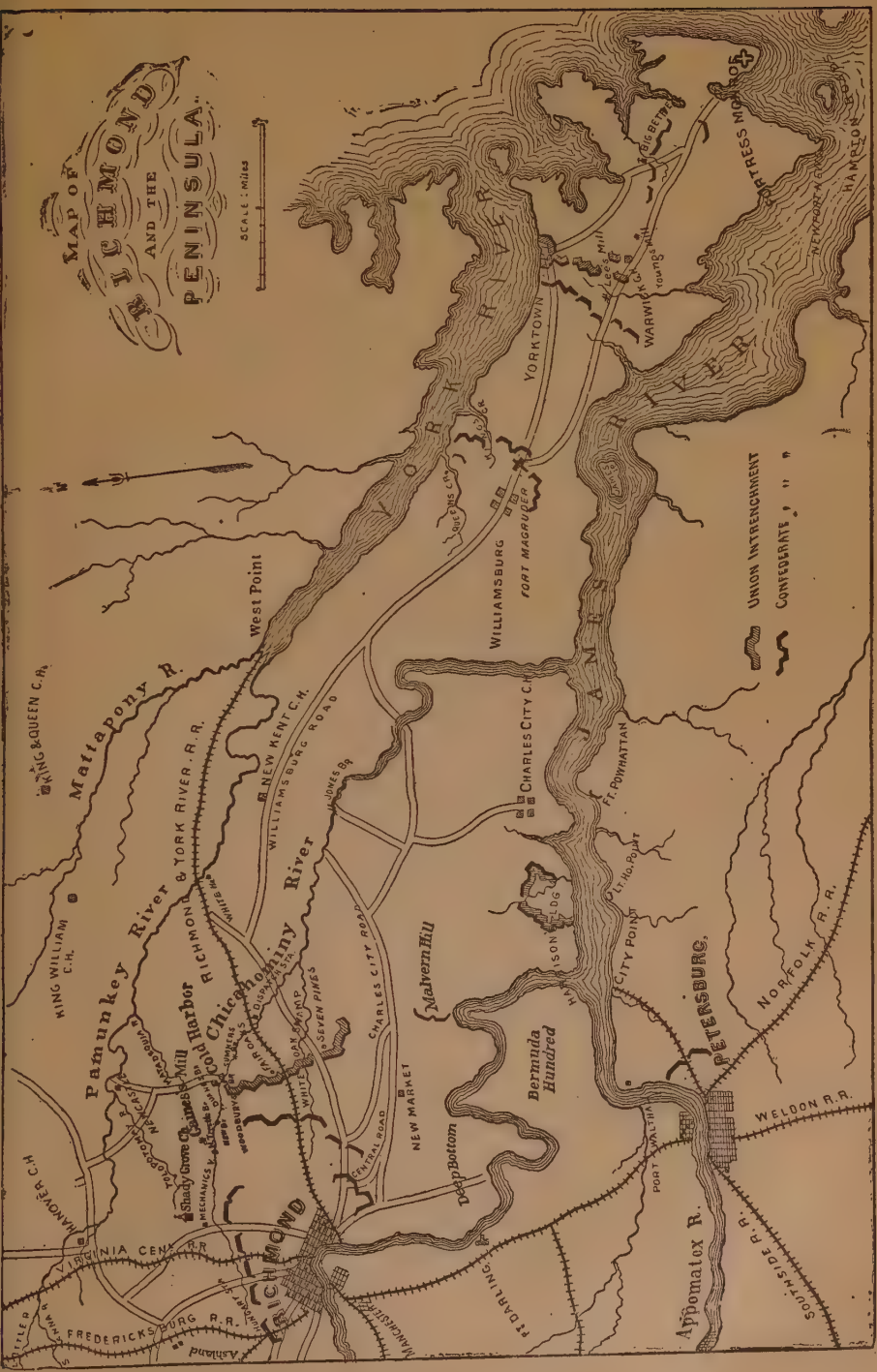
On the thirty-first of May Johnston advanced his line, and attacked that portion of the Army of the Potomac which had crossed the Chickahominy, and occupied the position at Seven Pines. Casey's division was in front, with Couch a short distance in his rear, near Fair Oaks station. The attack was sudden and furious. The division of General Casey was driven back, and Couch, who came to his support, shared the same fate. These troops made a stubborn resistance, and the carnage in General Johnston's ranks was fearful, the artillery fire being especially destructive. The lines were frequently so near together that the men fought hand to hand. Nagle's brigade, composed of the One Hundredth New York, One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania, and Eleventh Maine, especially distinguished themselves by their heroic bravery. The impetuosity of the assault was too strong, however, for successful resistance. Keyes' corps, and half of that of Heintzelman, which came to the assistance of the former, was forced back for more than a mile, with the loss of many men, ten pieces of artillery, six thousand small arms, and four regimental flags.

On the left of the Confederate line, the attack was not so successful. General Smith's division, with a part of Whiting's, made an attack, but failed to carry the position until about dark, when the retreat of the left of the Federal right wing made it necessary for the forces in their front to withdraw. General Johnston, who was with this part of his army, received a severe wound in his shoulder; General Pettigrew was wounded and taken prisoner, and General Hatton was killed. The Confederates lost, in killed and wounded, four thousand two hundred and eighty-three, while General McClellan's official report states his loss at five thousand seven hundred and thirty-nine.

On the morning of June first, two divisions of McClellan's army, under General Sumner, were thrown across the Chickahominy and the fight was renewed. An engagement, lasting

MAP OF RICHMOND AND THE PENINSULA

SCALE: MILES



UNION INTRENCHMENT
 CONFEDERATE " "

about two and one half hours, resulted in the withdrawal of the Confederate line, after a loss of about nine hundred men. McClellan once more advanced his line, and occupied the ground held before the bloody, but indecisive battle of Seven Pines, but which, upon the whole, was disastrous to the Confederates.

GENERAL LEE TAKES COMMAND.

The severe wound of General Johnston made it necessary to appoint a new commander for the Army of Northern Virginia; the choice fell upon General Robert E. Lee, who immediately assumed the position, and held it with honor until the close of the war.

McClellan's intention seemed to be to take Richmond by gradual approaches. A position was chosen and strongly fortified; then his line would again advance and be entrenched. Strong and elaborate defences had been thrown up around Richmond, so that it would be practicable for a comparatively small force to hold the approaches to the city, while the main body of Lee's army was left free for offensive operations.

One of Longstreet's old veterans once said: "McClellan always holds a good hand when spades are trumps." Spades were brought into requisition, and while McClellan was constructing parallel zigzags in the most approved and scientific manner, General Lee was preparing for important movements, and was about to receive welcome visitors, as described in the following narrative:—

STONEWALL JACKSON.

"Before we left our camp at Weyer's Cave, General Jackson's army was reinforced by the arrival of Whiting's division of three brigades, which came directly from Richmond. The natural inference was that, with his force thus augmented, General Jackson would press Fremont vigorously, and perhaps cross into Maryland, and threaten Washington. But we soon found out that quite a different programme had been ar-

ranged. On the twentieth of June we broke camp and started in the direction of Waynesborough, crossing the Blue Ridge at Rockfish Gap, and moving by way of Charlottesville, took the line of the Virginia Central railroad toward Richmond. General Jackson was marching against time, having arranged with General Lee to be present with his army at Mechanicsville on the twenty-sixth to take part in the attack on General McClellan at that point.

"In consequence of the bridge having been burned, General Jackson had not a sufficient number of engines and cars to transport his whole army; but 'Old Jack' was fertile in expedients, and made the best possible use of the rolling stock at his command. One or two brigades would be placed on the cars, and carried forward twenty-five or thirty miles, and then disembarked, and hurried forward on foot, while the trains would return to meet the troops who were pressing on behind, and thus, alternately walking and riding we moved 'on to Richmond.' Very few incidents of this march are remembered; it was a forced march, no time for play, hardly enough for sleep; but, with all our efforts, we did not arrive any too soon.

"On the evening of the twenty-sixth of June as we drew near to Beaver Dam creek, our ears were saluted by the sound of heavy cannonading. The deafening roar of artillery sounded louder and louder, as we advanced. It was the beginning of the famous Seven Days battle. A. P. Hill had assaulted Fitz John Porter's position at Mechanicsville. Jackson's orders were to cross Beaver Dam creek and fall upon Porter's right and rear. On we rushed, but such was the weariness of the men that much time elapsed before the last brigade could reach the ground. Darkness came on before the firing ceased, and we halted about nine o'clock at night, anxious and uncertain as to the result of Hill's movement. General Lee's plan was to cross to the north side of the Chickahominy, and by threatening McClellan's communications with York river, to either force him to give battle out of his entrenchments, or compel him to retreat. Like most of the plans of this able general, Lee's order of battle was very simple. A. P. Hill was

to cross the Chickahominy at Meadow Bridge, and move directly on Mechanicsville; while Jackson was to turn the right flank of McClellan at Beaver Dam. Longstreet was to hold himself in readiness to support A. P. Hill, while D. H. Hill was to cross at Mechanicsville as soon as the bridge was uncovered, and moving in the rear of A. P. Hill, proceed to the support of Jackson. They were then to press down the north side of the river; Jackson on the left, and in advance; Longstreet on the river, and in the rear. The divisions of Huger and Magruder were left in the defences at Richmond, with instructions to follow McClellan closely, in case he should retreat.

"Such was the situation of affairs, as we came within hearing of the guns on the evening of June twenty-sixth, as detailed in the foregoing pages. The result of the battle, as we learned on the next morning, was the dislodgement of Porter's corps from the hills at Mechanicsville, and his retreat to the strong earthworks at Beaver Dam creek. A vigorous effort was made to turn the left of these works by the brigades of Ripley and Pender; the attempt met with a most bloody repulse.

"A. E. Pollard says of this attempt: 'Ripley advanced his line through the open fields, and had reached the road and swamp in front, when suddenly, the enemy opened with grape at seventy yards and mowed down whole files of our men. The word "charge," ran from wing to wing, and our men running down the bank to the road beneath, were suddenly stopped by the impassable swamp and abattis; to the right, up the rising road, cannon also blazed in their faces, while well posted infantry poured showers of small shot. Retreat was the only alternative, and under cover of the darkness it was effected with little additional loss.' The battle was renewed the next morning at an early hour. Hill made a fierce attack which was gallantly resisted until it was ascertained that Jackson had succeeded in crossing Beaver Dam creek some distance above, and was rapidly closing in on Porter's flank and rear. As soon as Porter became aware of this fact, he abandoned his position, and retreated down the river."

BATTLE OF GAINES MILL.

The ground selected by McClellan was a range of hills behind what is known as "Boatswain's Run." A deep ravine at the foot of the hill formed a most excellent shelter for the first line of infantry. In the front of this ravine the trees had been felled and the limbs sharpened to points. Sharpened stakes had also been driven into the ground pointing toward our lines. On the side of the hill, rifle-pits and breastworks of logs and earth protected the second line, which was sufficiently elevated to fire over the heads of their comrades below. A breastwork on the crest of the hill was filled with a third line of infantry and crowned with artillery.

Our line of march had thrown us some distance from the field of battle, but pressing rapidly forward we reached the scene of action about four o'clock in the afternoon. A. P. Hill had commenced the attack about two hours before our arrival, driving in the skirmishers and assaulting the strong position of the Federals on the right. Brigade after brigade had been thrown against this almost impregnable position, only to be hurled back broken and bleeding. Longstreet, who had been held in reserve until the arrival of Jackson would enable Lee to attack with his entire force, was now ordered to move in Hill's favor. An advance of Pickett's brigade soon made it plain to Longstreet that a feint would not relieve Hill, and it was at once resolved to make a real attack. Anderson and Wilcox were ordered to the front. As these two divisions moved into position, we reached the field. Jackson at once formed on Longstreet's left and the whole line moved forward. Our brigade was in the second line, supporting Hood's Texans.

The shock of battle was awful; the roar of the musketry was incessant; the ground fairly trembled under the thunder of the cannon; the cloud of smoke and dust was almost blinding, and as we rushed forward into this arena of death, it looked like moving into the very crater of a bursting volcano. Our line of advance was marked by piles of dead and wounded; streams of bleeding men were pouring to the rear, seeking shelter from the pitiless storm of iron and leaden hail.

On before us, rushed the brave Texans, yelling and shouting as they advanced. The fiery storm of shot and shell poured destruction into these ranks, but there was no halt, not the least waver; but like a mighty living wave, they moved onward, over the fallen timber, through the *chevaux de frise*, across the deep ravine, up the slope of the hills, bearing before them the lines of infantry, until at last they stood upon the crest, and driving the cannoneers from the guns, they raised a long, loud, exultant cry of victory.

Two regiments of infantry surrendered in the rifle-pits. The artillery horses were shot down so that it was impossible to move the guns, and fourteen pieces of artillery were taken. When we reached the crest of the hill, we found that the Texans had repulsed an attack made on their left, and that the fighting was over for the day. Colonel Fulkenson commanding our brigade, was killed by the last volley fired by the retreating column as they sullenly retired to the thick swampy woods in our front.

The battle was one of the most bloody and hotly contested of the war. The charge of Hood's brigade surpassed anything that came under my observation during the war. Almost any troops would have been excusable for recoiling before the heavy fire which swept through that devoted column. I think I would be safe in asserting that, before they reached the brow of the hill, fully one half of the brigade had been shot down, wounded or killed.

In the battle of Gaines Mill we were confronted by the uncomfortable fact that, while thirty thousand Federals were being assailed by seventy thousand Confederates on the north bank of the Chickahominy, on the south bank of that river, twenty-five thousand Confederates held in check sixty thousand Federals. The losses on both sides were terrible, amounting to many thousands of men, although no official statement of the extent of these losses is found on either side. During the night after the battle, the tired and mangled remnants of the Federal troops were removed to the southern bank of the river, and the Army of the Potomac turned its

back upon the Confederate capital, all the brilliant hopes of its capture being remorselessly dashed to the ground.

A retreat began, the intelligence of which sent a thrill of despair through the North, and a corresponding thrill of joy through the South. During the night which succeeded the bloody and desperate battle of Gaines' Mill, resulting in a victory for the Confederate troops, General McClellan withdrew his shattered and wearied right wing across the Chickahominy, destroying the bridges as he crossed. With the Army of the Potomac the great question was, could it make good its retreat to the James river, with the victorious legions of General Lee crowding upon its rear. There was one advantage which still remained for General McClellan, he had a definite plan of operations, while General Lee must wait until that plan was developed before he could mature his plans; and when on Sunday, the twenty-eighth of June, General Lee ordered Ewell's division and Stuart's cavalry to seize the York River railroad, he found that this line had been abandoned by McClellan two days before, and that the Federal army was in full retreat for the James river. General McClellan had so skillfully concealed his movement, that Generals Magruder and Huger, whose duty it was to watch the Federal army, were entirely unaware that any such movement was being made.

On the morning of the twenty-ninth, Longstreet, A. P. Hill, and Jackson, crossed the Chickahominy, and with Huger and Magruder were ready to move in pursuit of McClellan, but the latter had then gained a start of twenty-four hours, which time was of infinite value to the Federals, in executing so dangerous a movement. In retreating to the James river, McClellan was obliged to cross the White Oak Swamp on one single road. When the size of his army is considered, the long line of five thousand baggage wagons and twenty-five hundred beef cattle, all to cross on one thoroughfare, something can be understood of its magnitude. The corps of General Keyes led the advance, and by noon of the twenty-eighth they had crossed the swamp, and occupied a strong

position upon the southern side, to cover the retreat of the army. Then went the long line of wagons and cattle. These were followed by the corps of General Porter. The troops of General Sumner, Heintzelman and Smith's division of Franklin's corps, did not undertake to cross the White Oak Swamp until the night of the twenty-ninth. This delay was to enable the trains to reach a position of safety.

In the meantime, General Lee was planning operations, if possible, to intercept the retreat of McClellan. Generals Magruder and Huger were ordered to advance upon the Williamsburg and Charles City roads, Longstreet and A. P. Hill were to cross at New Bridge, and move by flank routes near the James river, to get in the rear of the retreating Federals, if possible. And the impetuous Jackson was to cross the Chickahominy at Grape Vine Bridge, sweep down the south bank of that river, and strike the Federal column in the rear.

BATTLE OF SAVAGE STATION.

On the morning of the twenty-ninth, General Sumner learned that the Confederates were crossing the Chickahominy and advancing toward Savage Station. He moved his corps from Allen's farm to that place, there joining Smith's division of Franklin's corps. General Heintzelman at the same time fell back from his position on the Williamsburg road, and retreated across the White Oak Swamp. General Magruder advancing along the same road, by the withdrawal of Heintzelman, did not encounter any Federals until he came upon General Sumner at Savage Station.

It was a very critical moment for both armies. General Sumner was the only barrier between the advancing Confederates and the vast trains of the Federals. If the former could be held in check until dark, all would be well, but if Sumner was crushed it would be a fearful disaster for the Federals. Magruder made an attack upon Sumner with his usual impetuosity, and Sumner stood it in that stubborn manner for which he was distinguished. The Confederates made

several desperate assaults, and were each time repulsed, but the Confederate leader continued the conflict, expecting each moment that the troops of Jackson would arrive and strike the rear of Sumner. Jackson was delayed in building a bridge over the Chickahominy, however, and notwithstanding his impatience at the delay, nearly the whole of the day was thus consumed. Sumner stood firmly against Magruder until dark; the Federal trains were then safe, and General Sumner, obeying the commands of General McClellan, fell back across the White Oak Swamp, leaving a hospital containing over two thousand sick and wounded men, in the hands of the Confederates. On the morning of the thirtieth, the whole army had crossed White Oak Swamp. The artillery had reached Malvern Hill, and the advance of the army had also reached James river. The Confederates were pursuing in two columns, and with the desperate determination to crush the Federals before they reached the James river. Longstreet's command was rushing over the roads along the north bank of the James river, while Jackson who was to follow in the rear of McClellan, was to cross the White Oak Swamp and unite his command with that of Longstreet. The Confederate army thus united, could sweep with irresistible power upon the trains of McClellan. To prevent this junction of the Confederates, until his trains were secure, now became the principal thought of the Federal commander.

At noon of the thirtieth, Jackson reached the White Oak Swamp, and found that the bridge which spanned the small stream at that place had been destroyed, and he was at the same time saluted with a heavy fire from Federal artillery, posted on the other side of the swamp. Jackson was determined not to be delayed when time was of such value, and with much vigor undertook to force a passage of the swamp, but the Federals poured such a terrible fire upon the Confederates, that any attempt at crossing was defeated.

While Jackson's advance was thus arrested at White Oak Swamp, Longstreet was pressing vigorously forward along the New Market road, which ran almost at right angles with the

road along which the Federals were retreating, and had actually reach a point within a mile of where these roads intersected with each other. If he could seize that point of intersection, the Federal army would be cut in twain, and that portion in the rear could be easily crushed between the forces of Longstreet and Jackson. He determined to grasp the prize, if possible, and this design caused the battle of Glendale to be fought. The Federals well understood the value of the position which Longstreet was so anxious to gain, and made dispositions to retain its possession.

McCall's division of Pennsylvania reserves held the position of honor and danger, at the crossing of the roads. Sumner was on the left of McCall, Hooker on the left of Sumner, somewhat in advance, and Kearney was on the right of McCall. The Confederate line was formed with Longstreet on the right and A. P. Hill on the left. The Confederates opened the battle at three P.M. This blow was well delivered and fell upon the left of McCall, where the battle raged desperately for two hours, but each assault of the Confederates was repulsed.

The troops of both armies showed great daring. The Confederates made desperate attempts to seize the Federal batteries in the center of this line. Two regiments of Confederates, the Fifty-fifth and Sixtieth Virginia, made a desperate charge upon Randall's battery with trailed arms; charged up to the cannon's mouth, struck down the cannoneers, and forced a portion of the infantry support to fall back. A few Federals had a brief hand to hand struggle with the Confederates over the guns, but the latter were the victors. The battle raged along the line at different points from the center to the Federal left, until dark. The Federals had succeeded in holding the position.

Jackson on the other side of the White Oak Swamp, could hear the roar of battle, but, to his chagrin, could not advance to assist Longstreet. The point which McClellan sought had now been gained, and, during the night, the forces which had held Jackson in check, and those who had fought Longstreet,

were withdrawn to Malvern Hill. The Confederate army was united and moved rapidly on in pursuit, but their chances of success had been much reduced by the events of the last few days.

BATTLE OF MALVERN HILL.

Upon the crest of Malvern Hill was a plateau, a mile and a half long by three-fourths of that distance in width. Upon this plateau McClellan had posted the left and center of his army; his right wing being refused and curved backward over a country which was covered with wood, to a point known as Haxall's Landing on the James river. General McClellan, supposing that the attack would be made upon his left and center, had there massed heavy columns of infantry and artillery. General Porter's corps composed the left of the line, and he had with his infantry over sixty pieces of artillery, in position. Couch was on Porter's right, and next to him was Kearney, Hooker, Sedgwick, Richardson, Smith, Slocum and Keyes, extending almost to the James river. The gun-boats could protect Porter's left flank.

General Lee immediately formed his lines for the assault. The gallant Confederate troops were elated with victory, and possessing a supreme confidence in the ability of their commanders, were prepared to make a most desperate fight. McClellan's position was a very strong one, and his soldiers felt confident that they should be able to repulse the Confederate attack. The Confederate line was formed, with Jackson's command on the left, Magruder and Huger on the right, Longstreet and Hill being held in reserve. It was nearly night before the plans of the Confederate chieftain were perfected. He determined to assault the plateau, his lines making several attempts to carry the position, but all in vain.

The crest of Malvern Hill was a solid sheet of flame, while a terrible storm of iron hail poured from that girdle of fire upon the brave men who were so gallantly striving to carry out the plans of General Lee. Night came with its friendly mantle of darkness, but the fight was continued until nine

o'clock in the evening. It was one of the most bloody defeats suffered by the Army of Northern Virginia, during the war. If General Lee can be justly accused of making a blunder in thus sacrificing his men, it can be said to his praise that he profited by his experience and never repeated it. The Army of the Potomac was victorious, but during the night it was withdrawn to Harrison's Landing, while Lee soon withdrew his army to the vicinity of Richmond.

Thus ended the famous Peninsula campaign. Each army had sustained a loss of many thousands of men. The South was wild with excitement and joy, over the result of the campaign. The North was overwhelmed with grief at the continual defeats sustained by its favorite army. When General McClellan reached Harrison's Landing, he had an army of eighty thousand men, and he conceived the plan of throwing this to the south bank of the James river, and moving upon Petersburg, but the administration at Washington were anxious for the safety of that city, favoring the withdrawal of the Army of the Potomac from the peninsula to the neighborhood of Washington.

General Halleck, who was about this time appointed to the position of commander of the armies, also gave his opinion in favor of such a movement, and it was soon decided that it must be made. As soon as General Lee surmised the plans of the Federal commander, he put his columns in motion to crush General Pope, who was in command of the Army of Virginia.

ROSTER A.

TROOPS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC SENT TO THE PENINSULA IN MARCH AND APRIL, 1862.

I

CAVALRY RESERVE. BRIGADIER-GENERAL P. ST. G. COOKE.

Emory's Brigade.

5th United States Cavalry.
6th " "
6th Pennsylvania "

Blake's Brigade.

1st United States Cavalry.
8th Pennsylvania "
Barker's Squadron Illinois Cavalry.

II

ARTILLERY RESERVE. COLONEL HENRY J. HUNT.

Graham's Battery	K & G	1st U.S.,	6 Napoleon guns.
Randol's	E	1st "	6 " "
Carlisle's	E	2d "	6 20-pds. Parrott guns.
Robertson's	"	2d "	6 3-inch ordnance "
Benson's	M	2d "	6 " " "
Tidball's	A	2d "	6 " " "
Edwards'	L & M	3d "	6 10-pds. Parrott "
Gibson's	C & G	3d "	6 3-inch ordnance "
Livingston's	F & K	3d "	4 10-pds. Parrott "
Howe's	G	4th "	6 Napoleon "
De Russy's	K	4th "	6 " "
Weed's	I	5th "	6 3-inch ordnance "
Smead's	K	5th "	4 Napoleon "
Ames'	A	5th "	6 { 4 10-pds. Parrott } guns. { 2 Napoleon
Diederick's	A N. Y. Art. Batt'n,		6 20-pds. Parrott guns.
Voegellie's	B " "		4 " " "
Knieriem's	C " "		4 " " "
Grimm's	D " "		6 32-pds. howitzers.
			100 guns.

III

VOLUNTEER ENGINEER TROOPS. GENERAL WOODBURY.

15th New York Volunteers.
50th " "

REGULAR ENGINEER TROOPS. CAPTAIN DUANE.

Companies A, B, and C, U. S. Engineers.

ARTILLERY TROOPS WITH SIEGE TRAIN.

1st Connecticut Heavy Artillery. *Colonel Tyler.*

INFANTRY RESERVE (REGULAR BRIGADE). GENERAL SYKES.

Nine Companies	2d	United States Infantry.
Seven "	3d	" "
Ten "	4th	" "
Ten "	6th	" "
Eight "	10th & 17th	" "
Six "	11th	" "
Eight "	12th	" "
Nine "	14th	" "
5th New York Volunteers. Colonel Warren.		

SECOND CORPS. GENERAL SUMNER.

CAVALRY.

8th Illinois Cavalry. Colonel Farnsworth.
One Squadron 6th New York Cavalry.

RICHARDSON'S DIVISION.

ARTILLERY.

Clark's Battery	A & C	4th U.S.,	6 Napoleon guns.
Frank's "	G	1st N.Y.,	6 10-pds. Parrott guns.
Pettit's "	B	1st "	6 " " "
Hogan's "	A	2d "	6 " " "

INFANTRY.

<i>Howard's Brigade.</i>	<i>Meagher's Brigade.</i>	<i>French's Brigade.</i>
5th N. H. Volunteers.	69th N. Y. Volunteers.	52d N. Y. Volunteers.
81st Penn. "	63d " "	57th " "
61st N. Y. "	88th " "	68th " "
64th " "		53d Penn. "

SEDGWICK'S DIVISION.

ARTILLERY.

Kirby's Battery,	I	1st U. S.,	6 Napoleon guns.
Tompkins' "	A	1st R. I.,	6 { 4 10-pds. Parrott } guns.
			6 { 2 12-pds. Howitzers }
Bartlett's "	B	1st "	6 { 4 10-pds. Parrott } "
			6 { 2 12-pds. Howitzers }
Owen's "	G	— —	6 3-inch ordnance guns.

INFANTRY.

<i>Gorman's Brigade.</i>	<i>Burns' Brigade.</i>	<i>Dana's Brigade.</i>
2d N. Y. S. M.	69th Penn. Volunteers.	19th Mass. Volunteers.
15th Mass. Volunteers.	71st " "	7th Mich. "
34th N. Y. "	72d " "	42d N. Y. "
1st Minn. "	106th " "	20th Mass. "

NOTE. — *Blenker's Division* detached and assigned to the *Mountain Department*.

THIRD CORPS. GENERAL HEINTZELMAN.

CAVALRY.

3d Pennsylvania Cavalry. Colonel Averill.

PORTER'S DIVISION.

ARTILLERY.

Griffin's Battery	K	5th U. S.,	6 10-pds. Parrott guns.
Weeden's "	C	R. I.,	— — — —
Martin's "	C	Mass.	6 Napoleon guns.
Allen's "	E		6 3-inch ordnance guns.

INFANTRY.

<i>Martindale's Brigade.</i>	<i>Morell's Brigade.</i>	<i>Butterfield's Brigade.</i>
2d Maine Volunteers.	14th N. Y. Volunteers.	17th N. Y. Volunteers.
18th Mass. "	4th Mich. "	83d Penn. "
22d " "	9th Mass. "	44th N. Y. "
25th N. Y. "	62d Penn. "	Stockton's Michigan.
13th " "		12th N. Y. Volunteers.
1st Berdan Sharpshooters.		

BLUE AND GRAY.

HOOKER'S DIVISION.

ARTILLERY.

Hall's Battery	H	1st U. S.,	6	{ 4 10-pds. Parrott 2 12-pds. Howitzers }	guns.
Smith's "		4th N. Y. Battery,	6	10-pds. Parrott guns.	
Bramhall's "		6th "	6	3-inch ordnance "	
Osborn's "		D 1st N. Y. Art.	4	" " "	

INFANTRY.

<i>Sickles' Brigade.</i>	<i>Nagle's Brigade.</i>	<i>Colonel Starr's Brigade.</i>
1st Excelsior (N. Y.)	1st Mass. Volunteers.	5th N. J. Volunteers.
2d " "	11th " "	6th " "
3d " "	26th Penn. "	7th " "
4th " "	2d N. H. "	8th " "
5th " "		

HAMILTON'S DIVISION.*

ARTILLERY.

Thompson's Battery	G	2d U. S.,	6	Napoleon guns.	
Beam's "		B N. J.	6	{ 4 10-pds. Parrott 2 Napoleon }	guns.
Randolph's "		E R. I.	6	{ 4 10-pds. Parrott 2 Napoleon }	"

INFANTRY.

<i>Jameson's Brigade.</i>	<i>Birney's Brigade.</i>	<i>Berry's Brigade.</i>
105th Penn. Volunteers.	38th N. Y. Volunteers.	2d Mich. Volunteers.
63d " "	40th " "	3d " "
57th " "	3d Maine "	5th " "
87th N. Y. "	4th " "	37th N. Y. "

FOURTH CORPS. GENERAL KEYES.

CAVALRY.

COUCH'S DIVISION.

ARTILLERY.

McCarty's Battery	C	1st Penn.,	4	10-pds. Parrott guns.	
Flood's "		D 1st "	6	" " "	
Miller's "		E 1st "	4	Napoleon "	
Brady's "		H 1st "	4	10-pds. Parrott "	

INFANTRY.

<i>Graham's Brigade.</i>	<i>Peck's Brigade.</i>	<i>Devin's Brigade.†</i>
67th N. Y. Vols. (1st L. I.)	98th Penn. Volunteers.	2d R. I. Volunteers.
65th " " (1st U.S. Chas.)	102d " "	7th Mass. "
23d Penn. "	93d " "	10th " "
31st " "	62d N. Y. "	36th N. Y. "
61st " "	55th " "	

SMITH'S DIVISION.

ARTILLERY.

Ayres' Battery	F	5th U. S.,	6	{ 4 10-pds. Parrott 2 Napoleon }	guns.
Mott's "		3d N. Y. Battery,	6	{ 4 10-pds. Parrott 2 Napoleon }	"
Wheeler's "		E 1st N. Y.,	4	3-inch ordnance guns.	
Kennedy's "		1st N. Y. Battery,	6	" " "	

INFANTRY.

<i>Hancock's Brigade.</i>	<i>Brooks' Brigade.</i>	<i>Davidson's Brigade.</i>
5th Wis. Volunteers.	2d Vermont Volunteers.	33d N. Y. Volunteers.
49th Penn. "	3d " "	77th " "
43d N. Y. "	4th " "	49th " "
6th Maine "	5th " "	7th Maine "
	6th " "	

*Afterward Kearny's Division.

† Afterward Palmer's.

CASEY'S DIVISION.

ARTILLERY.

Regan's Battery	7th N. Y. Battery,	6 3-inch ordnance guns.
Fitch's "	8th "	6 "
Bates' "	A 1st N. Y. Art'y,	6 Napoleon "
Spratt's "	H 1st "	4 3-inch ordnance "

INFANTRY.

<i>Keim's Brigade.</i>	<i>Palmer's Brigade.</i>	<i>Naglee's Brigade.</i>
85th Penn. Volunteers.	85th N. Y. Volunteers.	104th Penn. Volunteers.
101st " "	95th " "	52d " "
103d " "	92d " "	56th N. Y. "
96th N. Y. "	81st " "	100th " "
	93d " "	11th Maine "

V

PROVOST GUARD.

2d U. S. Cavalry.
Battalion 8th and 17th U. S. Infantry.

AT GENERAL HEADQUARTERS.

2 Cos. 4th U. S. Cavalry. 1 Co. Oneida Cav. (N. Y. Vols.).
1 Co. Sturgis Rifles (Ill. Vols.).

FIRST CORPS. GENERAL McDOWELL.

CAVALRY.

1st New York Cavalry.	4th New York Cavalry.
2d " " "	1st Pennsylvania "

SHARPSHOOTERS.

2d Regiment Berdan's Sharpshooters.

FRANKLIN'S DIVISION.

ARTILLERY.

Platt's Battery	D 2d U. S.,	6 Napoleon guns.	
Porter's "	A Mass.,	6 { 4 10-pds. Parrott	} guns.
Hexamer's "	A N. J.,	6 { 2 12-pds. Howitzers	
Wilson's "	F 1st N. Y. Art'y	6 { 4 10-pds. Parrott	} "
		6 { 2 12-pds. Howitzers	
		4 3-in ordnance	

INFANTRY.

<i>Kearney's Brigade.</i>	<i>Slocum's Brigade.</i>	<i>Newton's Brigade.</i>
1st N. J. Volunteers.	16th N. Y. Volunteers.	18th N. Y. Volunteers.
2d " " "	27th " "	31st " "
3d " " "	5th Maine "	32d " "
4th " " "	96th Penn. "	95th Penn. "

MCCALL'S DIVISION.

ARTILLERY.

Seymour's Battery	C 5th U. S.,	6 Napoleon guns.	
Easton's "	A 1st Penn.,	4 "	
Cooper's "	B 1st "	6 10-pds. Parrott guns.	
Kern's "	C 1st "	6 { 2 10-pds. Parrott	} guns.
		4 12-pds. Howitzers	

INFANTRY.

<i>Reynold's Brigade.</i>	<i>Meade's Brigade.</i>	<i>Ord's Brigade.</i>
1st Penn. Res. Reg't.	3d Penn. Res. Reg't.	6th Penn. Res. Reg't.
2d " " "	4th " " "	9th " " "
5th " " "	7th " " "	10th " " "
8th " " "	11th " " "	12th " " "
	1 Penn. Reserve Rifles.	

KING'S DIVISION.

ARTILLERY.

Gibbon's Battery	B	4th U. S.,	6 Napoleon guns.
Monroe's "	D	1st R. I.	6 10-pds. Parrott guns.
Gerrish's "	A	N. H.,	6 Napoleon "
Durrell's "	Penn.		6 10-pds. Parrott "

INFANTRY.

— Brigade.	Patrick's Brigade.	Augur's Brigade.
2d Wis. Volunteers.	20th N. Y. S. M.	14th N. Y. S. M.
6th " "	21st " Vols.	22d " Vols.
7th " "	23d " "	24th " "
19th Ind. "	25th " "	30th " "

FIFTH CORPS. GENERAL BANKS.

CAVALRY.

1st Maine Cavalry.	5th New York Cavalry.
1st Vermont "	8th " "
1st Michigan "	Keyes' Battalion Penn. Cavalry.
1st R. I. "	18 Cos. Maryland "
	1 Squadron Virginia "
	Unattached.
23th Penn. Volunteers.	4th Regiment Potomac Home Guard (Maryland Vols.).

WILLIAMS' DIVISION.

ARTILLERY.

Best's Battery	F	4th U. S.,	6 Napoleon guns.
Hampton's "		Maryland,	4 10-pds. Parrott guns.
Thompson's "		" "	4 " "
Mathews' "	F	Penn.	6 3-in. ordnance "
Knapp's "	M	1st N. Y.	6 10-pds. Parrott "
McMahon's "	Penn.		6 " " "
	N. Y.		6 3-in. ordnance "

INFANTRY.

Abercrombie's Brigade.	— Brigade.	— Brigade.
12th Mass. Volunteers.	9th N. Y. S. M.	28th N. Y. Volunteers.
2d " "	29th Penn. Vols.	5th Conn. "
16th Ind. "	27th Ind. "	46th Penn. "
1st Potomac Home Brigade (Md. Vols.).	3d Wis. "	1st Maryland "
1 Co. Zouaves d'Afrique (Penn. Vols.).		12th Ind. "
		13th Mass. "

SHIELD'S DIVISION.

ARTILLERY.

Clark's Battery	E	4th U. S.,	6 10-pds. Parrott guns.
Jenks' "	A	1st Va.,	6 { 4 10-pds. Parrott } guns.
Davy's "	B	1st "	2 6-pds. }
Huntington's "	A	1st Ohio,	2 10-pds. Parrott guns.
Robinson's "	L	1st "	6 13-pds. James "
			6 { 2 12-pds. Howitzers } guns.
			4 6-pds }
			4th Ohio Infantry, 1 6-pds. gun.

INFANTRY.

— Brigade.	— Brigade.	— Brigade.
14th Ind. Volunteers.	5th Ohio Volunteers.	7th Ohio Volunteers.
4th Ohio "	62d " "	29th " "
8th " "	66th " "	7th " "
7th Virginia "	13th Ind. "	1st Va. "
67th Ohio "	39th Ill. "	11th Penn. "
84th Penn. "		Andrew Sharpshooters.

GENERAL WADSWORTH'S COMMAND.

CAVALRY.

1st New Jersey Cavalry, at Alexandria.
4th Pennsylvania " east of the capital.

ARTILLERY AND INFANTRY.

10th New Jersey Volunteers.	Bladensburg Road.
104 New York. "	Kalorama Heights.
1st Wis. Heavy Artillery.	Fort "Cass," Va.
3 Batteries N. Y. "	Fort "Ethan Allen" and "Marcy."
Depot of N. Y. Light Art'y.	Camp "Berry."
2d D. C. Vols.	Washington City.
26th Penn. "	G St. Wharf.
26th N. Y. "	Fort "Lyon."
95th " "	Camp "Thomas."
94th " "	Alexandria.
88th Penn. " (Detachment).	"
91st " "	Franklin Square Barracks.
4th N. Y. Art'y.	Forts Carroll and "Greble."
112th Penn. Vols.	Fort Saratoga.
76th N. Y. "	" Massachusetts.
59th " "	" Pennsylvania.
88th Penn. " (Detachment).	" Good Hope.
99th " "	" Mahan.
2d N. Y. Light Art'y.	Forts "Ward," "Worth," and "Blenker."
107th Penn. Vols.	Kendall Green.
54th " "	" "
Dickerson's Light Art'y.	East of the capital.
86th N. Y. Vols.	" " "
98th Penn. " (Detachment).	" " "
14th Mass. " (Heavy Art'y).	{ Forts Albany, Tellinghast.
56th Penn. " "	{ " Richardson, Runyon, Jackson, Barnard, Craig, Scott.
4th U. S. Artillery (Detachment).	{ Fort Washington.
37th N. Y. Vols. (Detachment).	{ " "
97th " "	Fort Corcoran.
101st " "	
12th Va. "	
91st N. Y. "	

THE PENINSULA.

IN CAMP NEAR WASHINGTON.

6th New York Cavalry, Dismounted.
10th " " "
Swaim's " " "
2d Pennsylvania " " "

(These troops, 3,359 men, were ordered to report to Colonel Miles, commanding Railroad Guard, to relieve 3,306 older troops, ordered to be sent to Manassas to report to General Abercrombie.)

GENERAL DIX'S COMMAND. (BALTIMORE.)

CAVALRY.

1st Maryland Cavalry. Detachment of Cav. Purnell Legion.

ARTILLERY.

Battery I 2d U. S. Artillery.
 " — Maryland Artillery.
 " L 1st New York Artillery.
 2d Independent Batteries, Pennsylvania Artillery.

INFANTRY.

3d New York Volunteers.
 4th " "
 11th Pennsylvania "
 87th " "
 111th " "
 21st Massachusetts " (Detachment).
 2d Delaware "
 2d Maryland "
 1st Eastern Shore Home Guards (Maryland Volunteers).
 2d " " " "
 Purnell Legion (Maryland Volunteers).
 2 Battalions —.

ROSTER B.

CONFEDERATE NAMES OF THE SKIRMISHES AND BATTLES AROUND RICHMOND.

EVENTS.

May 31st, Battle of Seven Pines, Va.
 June 1st, Battle of Fair Oaks, Va.
 June 13th to 15th, Pamunky Expedition, Va.
 June 15th, Skirmish at Seven Pines, Va.
 June 18th, Skirmish at Nine Mile Road, Va.
 June 20th, Affair at Gill's Bluff, James River, Va.
 June 25th, Battle of King's School-house (French Field, Oak Grove,
 or the Orchard), Va.
 June 25th, 26th, Artillery Engagement on Garnett's Farm, Va.
 June 26th, Engagement at Point of Rocks, Appomattox River, Va.
 June 26th, Skirmish at Atlee's Station, Va.
 June 26th, 27th, Skirmishes at Hundley's Corner, Va.
 June 26th, 27th, Battle of Mechanicsville or Ellison's Mills, Va.
 June 27th, Battle of Cold Harbor or Gaines Farm, Va.
 June 27th, Engagement at Garnett's Hill, Va.
 June 28th, Affair near Garnett's House, Va.
 June 29th, Battle of Savage Station, Va.
 June 29th, Battle of Garnett's Farm, Va.
 June 30th, Battle of Frazier's Farm, Va.
 June 30th, Battle of White Oak Swamp, Va.
 June 30th, Affair at Willis Church, near Malvern Hill, Va.
 June 30th, Engagement at Turkey Bridge or Malvern Cliff, Va.
 July 1st, Battle of Malvern Hill or Crew's Farm, Va.
 July 2d, Affair near Haxall's Landing, Va.
 July 4th, Skirmish at Westover, Va.

ORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIR- GINIA DURING ENGAGEMENTS AROUND RICH- MOND, VA.

JACKSON'S CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL T. J. JACKSON, COMMANDING.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. H. C. WHITING.

<i>First Brigade.</i>	<i>Third Brigade.</i>	<i>Fourth Brigade.*</i>
Brig.-Gen. J. B. HOOD.	(1) Brig.-Gen. WHITING,	Brig.-Gen. A. R. LAWTON.
18th Georgia.	(2) Col. LAW, Commanding.	Reilly's Battery.
1st Texas.	2d Mississippi.	Balthis' "
4th "	11th "	
5th "	4th Alabama.	
Hampton Legion.	6th North Carolina.	
	Staunton Artillery.	

* Transferred to Jackson's Division.

ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

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SECOND DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL T. J. JACKSON.

First Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. C. S. WINDER.
2d Virginia.
4th "
5th "
27th "
33d "
Irish Battalion (Capt. Lee).
Rockbridge Artillery.
Carpenter's Battery.

Second Brigade.

(1) ——— JONES.
(2) Col. CUNNINGHAM, Com'd'g:
21st Virginia.
42d "
48th "
1st " Battalion.
Hampden Artillery.
Jackson's "

Third Brigade.

(1) Col. J. V. FULKERSON,
(2) Col. E. T. H. WARREN, Com'd'g.
10th Virginia.
23d "
37th "
Wooding's Battery.
Danville Artillery.

Fourth Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. A. R. LAWTON.
13th Georgia.
26th "
31st "
38th "
60th " or 4th Battalion.
61st "

THIRD DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL R. S. EWELL.

Fourth Brigade.

(1) Brig.-Gen. A. ELZEY, and
(2) Brig.-Gen. J. A. EARLY, Com'd'g.
13th Virginia.
25th "
31st "
44th "
52d "
58th "
12th Georgia.

Seventh Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. I. R. TRIMBLE.
15th Alabama.
21st Georgia.
16th Mississippi.
21st North Carolina.
Wharton's Battalion.

Eighth Brigade.

(1) Col. SEYMOUR, and
(2) Col. L. A. STAFFORD, Com'd'g.
6th Louisiana.
7th "
8th "
9th "

Maryland Line.

Col. B. T. JOHNSON.
Brockenbrough's Battery.
Courtenay's "
Carrington's "
Munford's Cavalry.

MAJOR-GENERAL D. H. HILL'S DIVISION.*

First Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. R. E. RODES.
3d Alabama.
5th "
6th "
12th "
26th "
Carter's Battery.

Second Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. G. B. ANDERSON.
2d North Carolina.
4th "
14th "
30th "
Hardaway's Battery.

Third Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. S. GARLAND.
5th North Carolina.
12th "
13th "
20th "
23d "
Bondurant's Battery.

Fourth Brigade.

Col. A. H. COLQUITT.
6th Georgia.
23d "
27th "
28th "

Fifth Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. R. S. RIPLEY.
1st North Carolina.
3d "
44th Georgia.
48th "
Rhett's Battery.
Jones' Artillery.
Nelson's Artillery.

* This was not a part of Jackson's corps, but co-operated with it.

MAJOR-GENERAL J. B. MAGRUDER'S COMMAND.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL D. R. JONES.

First Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. R. TOOMBS.
 2d Georgia.
 15th "
 17th "
 20th "

Third Brigade.

Col. G. T. ANDERSON.
 1st Georgia (Regulars).
 7th "
 8th "
 9th "
 11th "
 Garnett's Battery.
 Brown's "
 Lane's "

McLAWS' DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL L. McLAWS.

First Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. P. J. SEMMES.
 10th Georgia.
 53d "
 15th Virginia.
 32d "

Fourth Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. J. B. KERSHAW.
 2d South Carolina.
 3d "
 7th "
 8th "
 Alexander's Artillery.

MAJOR-GENERAL J. B. MAGRUDER'S DIVISION.

Second Brigade.

Brig.-General HOWELL COBB.
 2d Louisiana.
 15th North Carolina.
 16th Georgia.
 24th "
 Cobb's Georgia Legion.

Third Brigade.

Colonel WM. BARKSDALE.
 13th Mississippi.
 17th "
 18th "
 21st "

Colonel S. D. LEE, Chief of Artillery (temporarily).

LONGSTREET'S DIVISION.*

NOTE.—At battles of Seven Pines and Fair Oaks, Va., Longstreet commanded the right wing and G. W. Smith the left wing, subsequent to which Smith's command appears to have been scattered among others.

First Brigade.

Brig.-General J. L. KEMPER.
 1st Virginia.
 7th "
 11th "
 17th "
 24th "
 Rogers' Battery

Second Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. R. H. ANDERSON.
 2d South Carolina.
 4th "
 5th "
 6th "
 Palmetto Sharpshooters.

Third Brigade.

(1) Brig.-General PICKETT.
 (2) Colonel J. B. STRANGE,
 Commanding.
 8th Virginia.
 18th "
 19th "
 28th "
 56th "

Fourth Brigade.

Brig.-General C. M. WILCOX.
 8th Alabama.
 9th "
 10th "
 11th "
 Thomas' Artillery (Capt. Anderson).

Fifth Brigade.

Brig.-General R. A. PRYOR.
 3d Virginia.
 2d Florida.
 14th Alabama.
 14th Louisiana.
 Louisiana Zouaves.

Sixth Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. W. G. FETHERSTON.
 12th Mississippi.
 19th "
 2d Mississippi Battalion.

NOTE.—First Company Washington Artillery temporarily attached to S. D. Lee's Artillery in engagements of July 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th—Col. S. D. Lee, commanding artillery.

* Called right wing at Seven Pines.

DEPARTMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA.

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HUGER'S DIVISION.*

MAJOR-GENERAL B. HUGER, COMMANDING.

Second Brigade.†

Brig.-General R. RANSOM, JR.
19th North Carolina.
24th " "
25th " "
26th " "
35th " "
48th " "
49th " "

Third Brigade.

Brig.-General A. R. WRIGHT.
1st Louisiana.
3d Georgia.
4th " "
22d " "
44th Alabama.
Huger's Battery.

Second Brigade.

Brig.-General WILLIAM MAHONE.
6th Virginia.
12th " "
16th " "
41st " "
49th " "
Grimes' Battery.

Fourth Brigade.

Brig.-General L. A. ARMISTEAD.
9th Virginia.
14th " "
38th " "
53d " "
57th " "
5th " Battalion.
Turner's Battery.
Stribling's Battery.

WALKER'S BRIGADE.

Attached June 26th; detached June 27th. (See Holmes' command.)

LIGHT DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL A. P. HILL, COMMANDING.

First Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. CHAS. W. FIELD.
49th Virginia.
47th " "
55th " "
60th " "
Pegram's Battery.

Second Brigade.

Brig.-General M. GREGG.
1st South Carolina.
12th " "
13th " "
14th " "
1st " " Rifles.
Pee Dee Artillery (McIntosh's).

Third Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. J. R. ANDERSON.
14th Georgia.
35th " "
45th " "
3d Louisiana Battalion.
Davidson's Battery.
Letcher Art'y (Greenlee).

Fourth Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. L. O'B. BRANCH.
7th North Carolina.
18th " "
28th " "
33d " "
37th " "
Johnson's Battery.

Fifth Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. J. J. ARCHER.
1st Tennessee.
7th " "
14th " "
2d Arkansas.
19th Georgia.
5th Alabama Battalion.

Sixth Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. W. D. PENDER.
16th North Carolina.
22d " "
34th " "
38th " "
2d Arkansas Battalion.
Andrews' Battery.
2d Virginia Artillery.
Crenshaw's Battery.
Masters' Battery.‡
— Virginia Battalion.

DEPARTMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA.

MAJOR-GENERAL T. H. HOLMES, COMMANDING.

Ransom's Brigade.

Temporarily attached to Huger's Division. (See Huger's Division.)

Third Brigade.

Brig.-General J. DANIEL.
43d North Carolina.
45th " "
50th " "
Brem's Battery.
Graham's Battery.
Burrough's Cavalry Battalion.

Fourth Brigade.

(1) Col. J. A. WALKER.
(2) Col. MANNING, Com'd'g.
30th Virginia.
3d Arkansas.
27th North Carolina.
46th " "
48th " "
57th Virginia.§
2d Georgia Battalion
French's Battery.
Branch's Battery.
Goodwin's Cavalry.

* This corresponds with return on file in Archive Office.

† Belongs to Department of North Carolina, temporarily attached to this Division.

‡ Temporarily serving with the reserve artillery during this campaign.

§ While this brigade was serving with General Huger the 48th North Carolina was substituted for the 57th Virginia.

BLUE AND GRAY.

WISE'S COMMAND.*

BRIGADIER-GENERAL H. A. WISE, COMMANDING.

26th Virginia.
46th Virginia.10th Virginia Cavalry.†
Andrews' Battery.

Rive's Battery.

RESERVE ARTILLERY.

COLONEL JAMES DESHLER, CHIEF OF ARTILLERY.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. L. PENDLETON, COMMANDING.

*Second Battalion.*Major RICHARDSON.
Ansell's and Milledge Batteries.
Woolfolk's Battery.
Davidson's and Masters ‡ Batteries
(temporarily).*Sumter Battalion.*Lieut.-Col. CUTTS.
Lane's Battery.
Ross' "
Price's "
Blackshear's Battery.*Third Battalion.*Major WILLIAM NELSON.
Huckstep's Battery.
Kirkpatrick's "
R. C. M. Page's Battery.*Jones' Battalion.§*Major H. P. Jones.
Clark's Battery.
Peyton's "
Rhett's "

FIRST REGIMENT.

COLONEL J. T. BROWN.

Virginia Artillery.
3d Howitzers (Smith's).Richmond Fayette Artillery (Lieut. Clopton's)
Williamsburg Artillery (Captain Coke's).

CAVALRY CORPS.

HAMPTON'S BRIGADE.

1st North Carolina, Baker's.
10th Virginia, Magruder (belonged to Wise's command).
Georgia Legion, Young.
Jeff. Davis Legion (Cavalry) and 4th Virginia, under Martin.
1st Virginia, Fitz Lee.
3d " Goode.
5th " Rosser.
Cobb's Georgia Legion.

NOTE.—From Confederate Military Reports, Vol. iv., War Department, Washington, D. C.

* This corresponds with return on file in Archive Office.

† Temporarily detached and serving with Stuart.

‡ Masters' Battery belonged to A. P. Hill's Division.

§ Temporarily attached to D. H. Hill's Division.

CHAPTER V.

CAMPAIGN OF GENERAL POPE. HALLECK APPOINTED COMMANDER IN CHIEF. POPE'S CELEBRATED ORDER. BATTLE OF CEDAR MOUNTAIN. DEATH OF GENERAL WINDER. GARNETT WOUNDED. CONFEDERATES REINFORCED. POPE RETREATS ACROSS RAPPAHANNOCK. BATTLE OF GAINSVILLE. GENERAL EWELL LOSES A LEG. SECOND BATTLE OF BULL RUN. COLONEL BAYLOR KILLED. GENERALS HATCH, SCHENCK, AND TOWER WOUNDED. BATTLE OF CHANTILLY. FEDERALS WITHDRAW TO WASHINGTON DEFENCES. DEATH OF GENERALS STEVENS AND KEARNEY. ROSTER.

POPE'S CAMPAIGN.

ON the twenty-sixth day of June, 1862, the Washington cabinet appointed Major-General John Pope to the command of the Army of Virginia, through dissatisfaction at the capital over the slow progress of McClellan, and the lack of confidence felt toward him by the authorities.

On assuming the command of the national forces, General Pope found himself in charge of fifty thousand men, consisting of all arms of the service. The First corps, under General Sigel, numbering eleven thousand five hundred men; the Second corps, under General Banks, consisting of fourteen thousand five hundred men; and the Third corps, under General McDowell, consisting of eighteen thousand five hundred men; beside Bayard's and Buford's cavalry commands, amounting to five thousand troopers. This army was widely scattered over various sections of Virginia at the time this officer took command, and his first movement was to concentrate the various divisions near Fredericksburg.

At this time the Army of the Potomac, under General McClellan, on the peninsula, had been badly defeated in the battle of Gaines Mill by the forces of General Robert E. Lee, and were hopelessly separated, and prevented from communicating with Pope by the Confederates who occupied the ground between the two.

McClellan had been forced by Lee to change his position, and give up his base on the Pamunky, and establish another, of supplies, on the James river. The public property at Fredericksburg and Aquia Creek were of secondary consideration, and General Pope's first measure was in reorganizing his army, some portions of which needed very serious attention, especially the corps of General Sigel and the cavalry branch.

HALLECK APPOINTED TO COMMAND.

About this time, July eleventh, Henry W. Halleck was appointed commander in chief of all the armies of the United States. At the time of this appointment, General Pope was in Washington and from thence issued his orders to his subordinates in the field, there remaining until the twenty-ninth of July.

His forces, however, were being pushed nearer those of the enemy, and an effort was being made to destroy their railroad communications; General King, with the first division of the Third corps, successfully breaking the Virginia Central railroad. General Banks of the Second corps was ordered to occupy Culpepper court-house with one brigade, and to seize Gordonsville with the cavalry under Hatch of his corps, and tear up the railroad in the direction of Charlottesville. Hatch failed to carry out his instructions however, although no good reason has ever been assigned for his failure. Instead of using only his cavalry, he made a slow march, while encumbered with both artillery and infantry, and before he reached the vicinity of Gordonsville it was occupied by the Confederates. A second attempt proved as equal a failure.

Gordonsville was of great importance to the army of Lee, and he made sure of its defence, as through this town ran the railroad connecting Richmond with the Shenandoah Valley. When Pope sent the troops of General King to occupy this point, General Lee sent, July thirteenth, General Jackson with fourteen hundred men to oppose him, although the whole Army of the Potomac was within twenty-five miles of

the Confederate capital. This force forestalled General Hatch. The next day General A. P. Hill joined General Jackson, raising his forces to between twenty thousand and twenty-five thousand men.

It was at this time that General Pope issued to his army the proclamation which received such just criticism from both friend and foe. Also his orders, which have been construed to indicate that the army should indulge in an indiscriminate plunder and pillage. By some this construction has been denied, however, and he is entitled to the benefit of the doubt. There is one fact, however, that no one can deny and that is, that General Pope assumed an egotistical spirit of vindictiveness, which even his own government could not tolerate. General Halleck was now called to decide upon the advisability of removing the Army of the Potomac from the peninsula. There were many nice questions to be here considered, which were not purely from a military point of view. The chief difficulty which he had to surmount was, as to the capacity of certain officers to carry out certain tasks. Had the Government had the same confidence in McClellan which they afterward had in General Grant, the Army of the Potomac would very likely have remained at Harrison's Landing, from which point it would have been reinforced, and allowed to operate from both sides of the James river, on the offensive. But the distrust manifested toward General McClellan prevented this, and the Government did not feel that in this officer, in whom there were some evidences of ability and character, the country had a really able servant.

General Pope knew that the Army of the Potomac was to be withdrawn from the James river before July twenty-ninth, General Halleck's visit to Harrison's Landing on the twenty-fifth having decided that move. The sick of McClellan were ordered to be removed on the thirtieth and on the third of August he was told that his army would follow, and be sent to Aquia Creek. To this removal McClellan objected, but to no purpose. Knowing what disposition had been decided on respecting the Army of the Potomac, General Pope's aim

was to prevent Lee from concentrating his forces upon those of the Union, on the peninsula, during their removal.

He therefore threatened Gordonsville again with thirty thousand men. On August seventh he ordered Rickett's division to join Crawford's brigade of Williams' division of Banks' corps at Culpepper court-house. The remainder of Banks' corps he pushed south to the junction of the turnpikes where they cross Hazel river. Buford's cavalry, supported by a brigade of Sigel's corps, had its headquarters at Madison court-house. Bayard, with headquarters at Rapidan Station, watched the right with four regiments. Cavalry pickets were stationed along the Rapidan to its junction with the Rappahannock, near Fredericksburg. On Thoroughfare Mountain there was also a signal station.

General Buford had already reported the Confederates as crossing the Rapidan westward of the railroad, and in heavy force marching upon Madison court-house. On the eighth he ordered Generals Banks and Sigel to move to Culpepper court-house, in anticipation of an attempt being made to turn his left by way of Raccoon Ford and Stevensburg as also an interference with his communications with General King at Fredericksburg. General Banks' corps promptly arrived at the designated point, while that of Sigel came up the next afternoon. On the same day, General Pope ordered Crawford's brigade to the neighborhood of Cedar Mountain, as a support to Buford's cavalry, Rickett's division being ordered to Culpepper court-house at the same time. The next morning, the ninth, the remainder of Banks' corps was ordered to march for Cedar Mountain.

Information having reached General Jackson of the disposition of the Federal troops, he moved from Gordonsville the divisions of Ewell, Jackson and Hill, on the seventh, in the direction the enemy had taken. On the ninth these divisions arrived within eight miles of Culpepper court-house, where they found the enemy in their front near Cedar Run, west and north of Cedar Mountain.

BATTLE OF CEDAR MOUNTAIN.

General Banks' corps consisted of eight thousand available men of all arms who were present for duty.

General Jackson's three divisions were all present excepting two brigades, Lawton's and Gregg's. It is believed that Jackson expected to defeat the Union army in detail; while it was the intention of Pope to offer battle so soon as his army had been concentrated. The mistake made by Sigel, in being twenty-four hours behind time, had caused delay. It was important that his communications with Sigel should not be disturbed and this caused Pope to keep a considerable force near Culpepper court-house. Therefore General Pope, in anticipation of an effort on the part of Jackson to cut off his communications with Sigel, sent a verbal order to General Banks, which read as follows when reduced to writing: "Culpepper, August 9th, 1862. General Banks to move to the front immediately, assume command of all forces in the front, deploy his skirmishers if the enemy advances, and attack him immediately as he approaches, and be reinforced from here."

General Roberts, who was acquainted with the country, was sent by Pope to show Banks the ground he was to hold. His corps marched down the road passing to the westward of Cedar Mountain, and leading to Robertson's ford on the Rapidan. South of Culpepper court-house this road crosses Cedar Run; General Roberts ordered all the troops to cross Cedar Run, except Gordon's brigade, and take up a position on a plateau just beyond it. Thus an army of seventy-five hundred men of all arms were arranged in order of battle. The infantry consisting of two divisions, being under Williams and Augur, a cavalry brigade, under Bayard, and a full complement of artillery. Gordon's brigade was placed in a strong position behind the creek, on the extreme right. Crawford's brigade was the extreme right of the line of battle. Of this force there were no troops kept in reserve. The artillery was ranged in front on a small hill.

Jackson's army consisted of three divisions; Winder's, Ewell's and Hill's, and amounted in the aggregate to twenty-five thousand men. Ewell was pushed forward on his right, along the northerly slope of Cedar Mountain, two of his brigades being in advance; Jackson's division, commanded by Winder, was ordered to advance along the road; the old Stonewall brigade only, being kept in reserve. Behind all of these came the division of A. P. Hill, composed of six brigades, under Thomas, Branch, Archer, Pender, Stafford, and Field.

During the first three hours of the afternoon there had been a constant duel between the artillery commands, at which time General Winder had been killed and his divisional command devolved upon General Taliaferro, his brigade being taken by his brother, Colonel A. G. Taliaferro. The Confederates moved cautiously along, and pushed back the Federal cavalry. The Federal infantry at this time were supporting their artillery. Had Banks have notified Pope of the state of affairs at this moment, he might have been reinforced by General Rickett's division of eight thousand men and been enabled to hold his own. Underestimating the strength of the Confederates, he decided upon a different course and attacked them with his whole corps, advancing at four o'clock and giving the signal of attack at half-past five.

The Confederates did not suspect this and had not fairly formed their lines preparatory to making an attack themselves. There was a gap yet open in the Confederate right, between Early and the troops of Trimble and Hayes, and before this could be filled, the Federals under Geary and Prince assaulted the troops under Early and Taliaferro. General Garnett now hurried to the spot from the right of the Confederate line, and found the Federal infantry advancing upon him not fifty yards distant, in his front and on his left, and pouring in a most galling fire. Two Virginia regiments, being thus taken unawares, broke in confusion, and the commanding officer of the Forty-second Virginia, Major Layne, was mortally wounded. The Federals still advancing swept

everything before them, despite the gallant and heroic efforts of the Confederate officers and men. Lieutenant-Colonel Cummings of the Twenty-first Virginia had been killed, General Garnett had been wounded, and his entire brigade, thus taken unawares, had been driven back in confusion.

Meantime the victorious troops of Crawford pressed on and struck the left of Taliaferro's brigade. Here they met with equal success and drove, by their front and flank fire, this brigade before them with great slaughter, until the left of Early's division was exposed. Early, meantime, seeing that he was likely to be outflanked on his right, by Prince and Green, had gotten Thomas' brigade of Hill's division to a position on his right. Now the brigade of Taliaferro gave way on his left, however, and carried with it the left regiments of his command. The position of General Early was now critical, but he held his ground with two Virginia and one Georgia regiment. Had they given way the day would have been lost, but they stood their ground with great firmness.

Meanwhile, the troops of General Ronald came up, and poured a most deadly fire into the wearied troops of Crawford. These were met with great gallantry by the Federals, but at this hour, three more brigades, those of Branch, Archer and Pender, of Hill's division, arrived on the ground. The broken regiments of Garnett and Taliaferro were again rallied and came up on the left of the road at the same time, under the immediate command of Jackson, in line of battle, and encountered the Federals in the woods beyond the field of wheat, through which they had charged. The Federals were in no condition to face the fresh onslaught, and though they were assisted by the cavalry, which had made a brilliant charge, they began to fall back in disorder.

Augur had been wounded; Prince had been captured; Geary had also been wounded. The remnants of Crawford's brigade were now reinforced by the Tenth Maine regiment which fought gallantly for half an hour, and not retiring until they had lost one hundred and seventy-three killed and wounded, out of four hundred and sixty-one officers and men who participated in the engagement.

Banks now sent Gordon's brigade on his right, although the Confederates had been largely reinforced. The Maine regiment was again ordered to sally forth across the open field from which they had been driven, while Gordon was to resume the offensive. The Second Massachusetts, Third Wisconsin and Twenty-Seventh Indiana, comprising his command, were taken across the creek, to the edge of the field upon the double-quick. At this time the ground was only occupied by the dead and wounded of Crawford's brigade. The Tenth Maine, failing to sally, had left the field. The Confederates had massed their forces. In front were Archer and Branch, to the right of Gordon were Ronald and Pender. Then ensued an action which was brief but terrible. Pender gained the right of Gordon's line as also his rear, and the day was won. Twelve officers and one hundred and forty-seven men were lost by the Second Massachusetts, in killed and wounded, beside fifteen prisoners. The other regiments of Gordon's brigade lost very heavily. The Federals fell back across the creek and were reinforced by Rickett's division and Sigel's corps. Jackson undertook to shell them out of their position, but desisted, having aroused so many heretofore silent batteries.

Thus ended the battle of Cedar Mountain. Not being a part of Pope's plan, it is safe to say that it was a needless sacrifice of life and a defeat to the Union arms. Jackson now fell back to the Rapidan. The Federals lost one gun, mired in the creek. Jackson captured four hundred prisoners, three colors and over five thousand small arms. Crawford's brigade of less than two thousand men, lost ninety-six killed, three hundred and ninety-seven wounded, and three hundred and seventy-four missing — in all eight hundred and sixty-seven — nearly fifty per cent of his command. Gordon's brigade lost four hundred and sixty-six. The entire Federal loss was two thousand three hundred and ninety-three. The Confederate total loss was one thousand three hundred and fourteen. Both sides lost heavily in officers. Long will be remembered this fierce, short and sanguinary conflict by those who survived the day.

Pope now had twenty-five thousand men, yet sent to Fredericksburg for King's division of McDowell's corps, which joined him on the eleventh, together with his cavalry. On that day, the eleventh, a truce was obtained from Jackson to bury the Federal dead and the day was occupied in this sad duty. It was upon this night that Jackson fell back to the Rapidan, fearing he would be outnumbered, and was followed by the Federal pickets on the twelfth, who watched the Rapidan from Raccoon Ford to the foot of the Blue Ridge. On the fourteenth the Federals were reinforced by two divisions of Burnside's corps, under Reno and Stevens, from North Carolina; these numbered eight thousand men.

On August thirteenth, three days before McClellan left the peninsula, General Longstreet was ordered, by General Lee, to move with his powerful corps to the Rapidan. General Stuart was also directed to move upon Gordonsville. The assembled Confederate forces numbered fifty thousand men. Lee's plan was to send the cavalry, under Stuart, to seize Rappahannock Station, while the infantry, under Longstreet and Jackson, were to turn Pope's left. This plan was discovered by Pope, Stuart's adjutant-general being captured, and the move, fixed for the eighteenth, was frustrated. Fortunately for the Federals there was now a delay in the movements of Lee.

POPE'S RETREAT ACROSS THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

On the eighteenth and nineteenth Pope's army retreated behind the Rappahannock without loss of men or material. Reno fell back by way of Stevensburg, Banks by the railroad. McDowell followed Banks, and Sigel crossed at Sulphur Springs. This retreat was masked by cavalry. Thus the morning of the twentieth saw the Federal army. From this position Halleck ordered Pope to maintain his communications with Falmouth. The Army of the Potomac was momentarily expected now from the peninsula, and Pope was ordered to hold the line on the Rappahannock.

Lee, on the morning of the twentieth and twenty-first,

came up with the main body of his army, Jackson on the left, Longstreet on the right. Longstreet struck the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford, at a station which bore the river's name; Jackson arrived at Beverly's Ford, a few miles above the station, on the twenty-first.

Stuart threw his cavalry across the river but was driven back. At this time there was still a portion of the Federal army at Rappahannock Station on the western side of the river. Much artillery firing was kept up across the river. Not being able to cross, Lee moved a portion of his army higher up the stream. Jackson moved to Sulphur Springs, ten miles above, in hopes of crossing there. Sigel keeping time with him from the opposite side of the river made a spirited attack on the rear columns of Jackson, on the twenty-second, but was at length driven off with great loss of men and one very valuable officer, Brigadier-General Bohlen. That evening Jackson pushed over the river Early's brigade of Ewell's division, when a storm of rain set in and rose the river so greatly as to cut off all communication between that command and the rest of the army. Longstreet moved, and occupied the right bank of the river beyond Beverly Ford. At this time Stuart with fifteen hundred cavalry struck the Federal rear at Catlett's Station, capturing many prisoners and much baggage. On the twenty-fourth Early succeeded in rejoining his corps. On this day Jackson moved to Jefferson four miles west of Sulphur Springs; Longstreet taking his place.

Pope's headquarters were now at Warrenton; Sigel was on the river from Waterloo to the Springs, Banks was on the river below, Reno was a short distance from the Springs, Rickett was between Warrenton and Waterloo, and King's division was between Warrenton and the Springs. Reynolds was near Warrenton. Buford's cavalry observed the extreme right beyond Waterloo. Everything was in readiness on the part of the Federals to repel an attempt to cross the river.

General Jackson at this time made a flank movement, which caused the position of Pope's army to be changed and

when he formed his new lines he was reinforced by twenty-three thousand new troops from the Army of the Potomac. Jackson with his usual skill now performed one of his daring acts. This was his raid in the rear of Pope's army. By this he captured the forces at Bristoe Station and an immense quantity of supplies. Eight guns, with horses, equipments and ammunition, immense supplies of commissary and quartermaster's stores, two hundred new tents, one hundred and seventy-five horses, three hundred prisoners, and two hundred negroes, fifty thousand pounds of bacon, one thousand barrels of corned beef, two thousand barrels of salt pork, two thousand barrels of flour, and other things in proportion.

On the twenty-seventh an attempt was made to recapture the station by the Federals under General Taylor, which, however, was unsuccessful, and Taylor was mortally wounded. This feat of Jackson's being accomplished, he rejoined the army of Lee, his troops being greatly elated over their successful expedition, and full of confidence in their leader.

BATTLE OF GAINESVILLE.

Both armies were now put in motion, although the movements of the Federals completely puzzled the Confederates. Information having reached Jackson that the Federals were marching in force toward Manassas, down the Gainesville pike, he made a disposition to attack them. He therefore, with his usual impetuosity, advanced the divisions of Ewell and Taliaferro to the attack. The Federals turned savagely upon him, and a terrible battle ensued, which lasted over two hours. The lines of both sides stood firmly, however, and Jackson only withdrew about nine o'clock at night. This was a drawn battle. The loss on both sides was very severe. The Confederates lost heavily, Generals Ewell and Taliaferro being wounded, the former losing a leg; beside, three colonels, one lieutenant-colonel, and four majors, killed and wounded. The Federal loss was still greater, it being stated that at least one-third of all engaged were left

dead or wounded on the field. Both sides were mistaken, each commander thinking his antagonist was on the retreat.

On the morning of the twenty-ninth we find two divisions of the Federal army, under command of Sigel and Reynolds, in immediate proximity to Jackson's corps, Reynolds being near Grovetown and Sigel near the crossing at Sudley Springs. At daylight the Federals were put in motion to fight Jackson, who had taken a position on the heights near Grovetown. His main line rested on an unfinished railroad line, which was skirted with a thick growth of woods, and occupied by a line of skirmishers.

Much artillery firing was indulged in during the forenoon, and some few and slight advantages gained by the Federals, who drove the skirmish line of Jackson back on his main line. Up to four P.M. the Federals had awaited the coming up of reinforcements, nor had they any knowledge as to the whereabouts of Longstreet, yet believing that his troops were not in call of Jackson.

BATTLE OF GROVETOWN.

At the hour just named, a severe and brilliant attack was made on Jackson's lines by the divisions of Hooker and Kearney. The charge was one of the most gallant and determined of the war. The embankment was carried, in which assault bayonets and club muskets were freely used. Being overpowered, however, the line fell back before the Confederates, who were heavily reinforced, losing five hundred men in twenty minutes. Kearney's attack had nearly turned Hill's lines, and as Hill says, "the chances of victory trembled in the balance." The Confederate division, under General Gregg, lost most heavily, six hundred and thirteen officers and men being killed and wounded.

The Federals being reinforced in the latter part of the afternoon, made another attack upon this presumed, weakened line, but Longstreet had come up. It was believed that the Confederates were preparing to retreat, when in reality they were advancing to meet the Federal forces then ad-

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vancing under Hatch. General Hood commanded the Confederates.

The action was sharp and very bloody. It lasted three-quarters of an hour, when the Federals were repulsed, and retired in good order, leaving one gun in the hands of their enemy. Thus ended the battle of Grovetown. The Confederate loss in officers had been very severe, among these being General Field and Colonel Forno, as also General Trimble, wounded. No general officer of the Federal side was hit. In this engagement, which resulted in a heavy loss of killed and wounded on both sides, the determination of the two armies was desperate, and the troops on both sides displayed a spirit of gallantry, which was a pride to the nation. The boast of Pope, however, that he had beaten the Confederates, was entirely untrue, and plainly shows that he was either ignorant of the state of affairs, or purposely misrepresented them to General Halleck.

Longstreet was now put in command of the First corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, consisting of twenty thousand men, in divisions under Hood, Kemper, Jones and Wilcox, also the brigade of Evans.

SECOND BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

Upon the morning of August twenty-ninth we find again the two armies facing each other near the old battlefield of Manassas.

It was the thirtieth day of August, and General Pope believed that the Confederates were about to retreat, when in reality they were preparing to fight the battle of Manassas. He believed they had been defeated the day before. The following special order will show what disposition was made of the Federal troops who took part in the imminent battle.

HEADQUARTERS NEAR GROVETOWN, }
August 30th, '62, 12 M. }

The following forces will be immediately thrown forward in pursuit of the enemy, and press him vigorously the whole day. Major-General McDowell is assigned to the command of the pursuit. Major-General Porter's corps will push forward on the Warrenton turnpike, followed by the divis-

ions of Brigadier-Generals King and Reynolds. The division of Brigadier-General Rickett will pursue the Haymarket road, followed by the corps of Major-General Heintzelman ; the necessary cavalry will be assigned to these columns by Major-General McDowell, to whom regular and frequent reports will be made. The general headquarters will be somewhere in the Warrenton turnpike.

GEO. D. RUGGLES.

By command of Major-General Pope, Colonel and Chief of Staff.

It will be noticed that neither Sigel or Reno are mentioned in this order. These corps were kept in reserve.

The Federal reconnaissances which were made during the forenoon of the day, satisfied Lee that an attack would soon be made by them, from the north side of the turnpike. The Confederates had been reinforced during the night by the division of R. H. Anderson.

Pope ordered Porter to move his corps forward, their left on the turnpike, supported by King's division, under General Hatch, General Reynolds to look out for the left flank. On the right of Porter were two divisions of Heintzelman's, two divisions under Hocker, and Kearney, supported by Rickett.

On the south of the pike, concealed in the woods, were the Confederates, in heavy force, prepared to attack the Federal flank, which fact was discovered by Reynolds shortly before the attack was made. Reynolds' division was placed in position to resist this attack.

Morell's division brought on the attack at four P. M., driving the Confederates back upon the old railroad intrenchment.

The attack was made with great fury, and resisted by Jackson with equal courage. The Federals being reinforced by this division, Jackson sent for more troops, saying he was severely pressed. Lee ordered Longstreet to support him with his unemployed troops. Instead of so doing, this officer placed his guns in position, and opened a most terrible enfilading fire on the Federal lines in front of Jackson's position. In ten minutes the guns had done their work ; the Federals began to fall back, and soon were put to flight on that part of the line.

The attack made on other parts of the line by the Federals was equally as unsuccessful. All saw that Pope had made a great mistake. Instead of following up the pursuit of a fleeing enemy, McDowell devoted himself entirely to defending himself south and southwest of the turnpike, where the great battle was to be fought. The Confederates brought on this attack with great violence, led by Hood's brigade, closely followed by Evans; these were reinforced by Anderson's division, Kemper's three brigades, D. R. Jones' division, and Wilcox's brigade.

In this struggle, which was quick, impetuous and full of deeds of daring, a larger portion of both armies took part. The tide of battle rolled steadily on, first giving to one side and then to the other, a hope of victory. Hundreds of brave men were falling like autumn leaves when shaken by the blast. The thunder of cannon and din of musketry filled the air with the terrific crash of battle. On, on, moves to the attack of the Federal stronghold the daring Confederates, while the Federal troops, as equally determined, hold on to their position. The Confederates stagger before the fearful fire of leaden hail, yet undaunted, and being heavily reinforced, they press on, and the Federals are stubbornly driven from their stronghold. From one hill to another they retire, until the field is won, and their antagonist's banners wave in triumph over a field made red with the life-blood of thousands who were worthy of a better fate.

This was a terrible defeat to General Pope, but not a rout. His army fell back to Centerville during the evening of that day. Among the casualties of the Federals were Generals Hatch, Schenck, and Tower wounded. Of the Confederates, Colonel Baylor, of the Stonewall brigade, was killed. General Lee captured thirty pieces of artillery, and seven thousand unwounded prisoners. The mortality in this engagement was very great on both sides, while a very large number were wounded.

The day after the battle of Manassas was rainy and the fords were thus rendered impassable. General Lee felt the

necessity of following up his victory; he therefore pressed his troops on, Stonewall Jackson leading. Hoping to strike the line of communication of the Federal army, the Confederates crossed the ford at Bull Run, higher up, and pushed on, by way of Little River turnpike, which leads to Alexandria, from whence they marched for Fairfax court-house, hoping to bring about a hasty retreat of the Federal army. General Jackson's march had been perceived by the Federals under Sumner. The Confederate lines facing east were under the command of A. P. Hill, near the Warrenton turnpike, with Jackson's old division on the Little River pike, and Ewell's division under General Early in the center.

Had the Federals brought on an immediate attack success would have been with them, as Jackson had placed himself in a dangerous position, almost surrounded and with no support in immediate call. Luckily for Jackson night came on and his position was not discovered by his antagonist. The Federals who opposed this line were those who had been in the severe conflict at Manassas the day before. Hill's division which brought on the attack was thrown into great disorder by the flanking fire poured in upon them by the Federals.

General Lane considers this the severest engagement his brigade ever experienced. It was plain there was no success for Jackson on this field; all of his brigades which took part in the conflict lost heavily and were only enabled by much fortitude to hold their own against the gallant attacks of the Federals. All Jackson ever claimed was that he held his position, and this he certainly did. The battle was fought by Reno's division and Kearney's division of Heintzelman's corps. It was very short and severe; the Federals were driven back, although the loss on both sides was severe, and the battle indecisive and of such a nature that the *morale* of the Federal army could not be restored. The Washington government ordered Pope to withdraw his troops within the lines of the Washington defences which he did September 2d.

In the severe charge which was made in this, the battle of Chantilly, General Stevens was killed; also the Federals were

called upon to mourn the loss of one of the finest officers ever enlisted in their service: the gallant Kearney here fell, while reconnoitering his lines, running directly upon the Confederates. This officer who was the pride of his command, was highly respected by the foe who opposed him, and many regrets were expressed over his fall by the Confederates. True courage is always admired and in this man the Federal army could boast of as gallant an officer as ever buckled on his armor. He fell in the Confederate lines, and his body was treated with the greatest respect by General Lee, who sent it back to the Federal lines under the escort of an officer of equal rank as the dead hero.

Thus ended the inglorious campaign of Major-General John Pope. If we take into consideration the many mistakes, the flagrantly deceitful dispatches sent by him to General Halleck, and his boastful orders which were issued after each engagement, we must declare that for tact in making the best of defeat, under false color of victory, that Pope was a success, or otherwise he was certainly the greatest moral failure the Union army had ever produced. We leave him, however, to be dealt with by those who knew him best.

ROSTER A.

ROSTER OF THE FEDERAL AND CONFEDERATE ARMIES AT THE BATTLE OF MANASSAS, OTHERWISE CALLED THE SECOND BATTLE OF BULL RUN, FOUGHT ON SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1862.

FEDERAL ARMY.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN POPE, U. S. V., COMMANDING.

FIRST CORPS, ARMY OF VIRGINIA.

MAJOR-GENERAL FRANZ SIGEL, U. S. V.

FIRST DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL ROBERT C. SCHENCK,* U. S. V.

First Brigade.

Brig.-General JULIUS H. STAHEL, U. S. V.
27th Pennsylvania, Colonel Bushbeck.
8th New York, Colonel Hedderich.
41st " Lieut.-Col. Holmstedt.
45th " Lieut.-Col. Tkatslaw.

Second Brigade.

Colonel N. C. McLEAN, 75th Ohio.
25th Ohio, Colonel Richardson.
55th " Colonel J. C. Lea.
73d " Colonel O. Smith.
75th " Major Reilly.

SECOND DIVISION.

Merged in the others.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL CARL SCHURZ, U. S. U.

First Brigade.†

Colonel A. SCHIMMELPFENNIG.
61st Ohio, Lieut.-Colonel McGroarty.
74th Pennsylvania, Major Blessing.
8th Virginia.

Second Brigade.

Colonel W. KRYZANOWSKI.
54th New York, Lieut.-Col. Ashby.
58th " Major Henkel.‡
75th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Col. Mahler.‡

Third Brigade.

Colonel JOHN A. KOLTES.§
29th New York,|| Major Hartman.
68th " Lieut.-Col. Kleefisch.¶
73d Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Col. Mühleck.

Independent Brigade.

Brig.-General ROBERT H. MILROY, U. S. V.
2d Virginia.
3d " "
5th " Colonel Zeigler.
8th " "
82d Ohio.**

* Wounded on August 30th; appointed Major-General of Volunteers on the same day.

† Brigadier-General Henry Bohlen had been killed at Freeman's Ford on August 22d.

‡ Wounded on August 30th.

§ Killed on August 30th.

|| Colonel Soest had been wounded on August 29th.

¶ Wounded on August 30th.

** Colonel Cantwell had been killed on August 29th.

ARTILLERY OF THE FIRST CORPS, A. V.

Battery I, 1st Ohio Artillery, Captain H. Dilger.
 Battery K, " " Lieutenant George B. Haskins.
 Schirmer's Battery, Lieutenant Blume.
 Dickman's " "
 Johnson's " "
 DeBeck's " "
 Romer's* " "
 Hampton's* " "
 Battery I, 1st New York Artillery, Captain M. Weidrick.
 Buell's Battery, Captain Frank Buell.†

SECOND CORPS, ARMY OF VIRGINIA.

MAJOR-GENERAL NATHANIEL P. BANKS, U. S. V.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ALPHEUS S. WILLIAMS, U. S. V.

First Brigade.

Brig.-General SAMUEL W. CRAWFORD, U. S. V.
 10th Maine, Colonel George L. Beal.
 46th Pennsylvania.
 28th New York.
 5th Connecticut.

Second Brigade.

Merged in the others.

Third Brigade.

Brig.-General GEORGE H. GORDON, U. S. V.
 2d Massachusetts, Colonel George L. Andrews.
 29th Pennsylvania.
 3d Wisconsin, Colonel Thomas H. Ruger.
 27th Indiana, Colonel Colgrove.

SECOND DIVISION.‡

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE S. GREENE, U. S. V.

First Brigade.§

5th Ohio.
 7th "
 68th "
 29th "
 28th Pennsylvania.

Second Brigade.||

111th Pennsylvania.
 109th Maryland.
 3d "
 102d New York.
 8th U. S. Infantry.
 12th "
 4th Maine Infantry.

Third Brigade.¶

1st District of Columbia.
 78th New York.
 60th "
 Funnell Legion, Maryland.

ARTILLERY OF THE SECOND CORPS, A. V.

McGilvery's Battery. Best's Battery.
 Robinson's " " Knapp's "
 Geary's " " Mühlensberg's Battery.
 Cothran's Battery.

THIRD CORPS, ARMY OF VIRGINIA.

MAJOR-GENERAL IRVING McDOWELL, U. S. V.

FIRST DIVISION.**

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN P. HATCH,†† U. S. V.

First Brigade.‡‡

Colonel SULLIVAN.
 2d New York Sharpshooters, Col. Post.
 30th " Colonel Frisby.†
 14th " Lieut.-Colonel Fowler.††

Second Brigade.

Brig.-General ABNER DOUBLEDAY, U. S. V.
 56th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Col. Hoffmann.
 76th New York, Colonel Wainwright.
 95th

* Belonging to the Second Corps, A. V., but attached temporarily to the First Corps, A. V.
 † Killed on August 30th.

‡ Brigadier-General C. C. Augur had been wounded at the battle of Cedar Mountain.

§ Brigadier-General John W. Geary had been wounded at the battle of Cedar Mountain.

|| Brig.-General Henry Prince had been taken prisoner at the battle of Cedar Mountain.

¶ Brig.-General George S. Greene had been promoted to the command of the division, vice Augur, wounded.

** Brig.-General Rufus King had been relieved on the 29th, on account of illness.

†† Wounded on August 30th.

‡‡ Formerly Hatch's.

Third Brigade.

Brig.-General M. R. PATRICK, U. S. V.
 20th New York, Colonel Pratt.*
 21st "
 23d "
 25th "

Fourth Brigade.

Brig.-General JOHN GIBBON, U. S. V.
 2d Wisconsin.†
 19th Indiana, Colonel S. Meredith.
 6th Wisconsin.‡
 7th Wisconsin.§

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES B. RICKETTS, U. S. V.

First Brigade.

General A. DURYEE, U. S. V.¶

Second Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. L. B. TOWER,|| U. S. V.
 94th New York, Colonel Root.||

Third Brigade.¶

Colonel STYLES.
 11th Penn., Colonel Coulter.
 83d New York.
 12th Massachusetts.
 13th "

Fourth Brigade.

1st Virginia, Colonel Thorburn.||

PENNSYLVANIA RESERVES.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN F. REYNOLDS.**

First Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. GEORGE G. MEADE, U. S. V.
 1st Rifles, Colonel McNeil.
 3d Infantry, Colonel Sickles.
 4th " Colonel Magillon.
 7th " Lieut.-Colonel Henderson.
 8th " Captain Lemon.

Second Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. TRUMAN SEYMOUR, U. S. V.
 1st Infantry, Colonel Roberts.
 2d " Colonel McCandless.||
 5th " Major Fentmyet.
 6th " Colonel Sinclair.

Third Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. C. F. JACKSON,†† U. S. V.
 9th Infantry, Colonel Anderson.
 10th " Colonel Kirk.
 11th " Lieut.-Colonel Jackson.
 12th " Colonel Hardin.||

ARTILLERY OF THE THIRD CORPS, A. V.

MAJOR TELLSON, CHIEF OF ARTILLERY.

Battery 4th New York Artillery.	Campbell's Battery.
" Rhode Island " Munroe's.	Leppier's "
" A, 1st Pennsylvania Artillery.	Mathews' "
" B, 1st " "	Shippen's "
" G, 1st " "	Reynolds' "
" C, 5th Artillery, Ransom's.	Cooper's "
" — 1st Maine Artillery, Hall's.	Naylor's "
" — 2d Maryland " Thompson's.	Gerrish's " of Howitzers.

CAVALRY OF THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA.

CAVALRY OF THE FIRST CORPS.

Buford's Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. JOHN BUFORD,††† U. S. V.
 9th New York, Colonel J. Beardsley.
 4th " " Lieut.-Colonel F. Nazet.
 6th Ohio, Colonel W. R. Lloyd.
 1st Maryland, Lieut.-Colonel Wetschky.

CAVALRY OF THE THIRD CORPS.

Bayard's Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. GEORGE D. BAYARD,§§§ U. S. V.
 1st New Jersey, Lieut.-Colonel Karge.
 1st Pennsylvania, Colonel Owen Jones.
 1st Rhode Island, Colonel Duffie.
 1st Maine, Colonel Allen.

* Killed on August 30th.

† Colonel O'Connor had been killed in the action near Gainesville on August 28th.

‡ Colonel Cather had been severely wounded on the 28th.

§ Col. Robertson, Lieut.-Col. Hamilton, and Major Bells had been wounded on the 28th.

¶ Wounded on August 30th.

¶ Brigadier-General George L. Hartsuff had been relieved on account of illness.

** Killed at Gettysburg, July 1, 1863.

†† Killed at Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862.

††† Died of disease, December 16, 1863.

§§§ Died of wounds received at the battle of Fredericksburg, December 14, 1862.

THIRD CORPS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

MAJOR-GENERAL SAMUEL P. HEINTZELMAN, U. S. V.

FIRST DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL PHILIP KEARNY,* U. S. V.

First Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. JOHN C. ROBINSON, U. S. V.
20th Indiana, Colonel Wm. L. Brown.†
63d Pennsylvania, Col. Alexander Hays.‡
105th " Capt. Craig.§
30th Ohio (5 companies).

Second Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. DAVID B. BIRNEY, U. S. V.
38th New York.
40th " " Colonel Egan.
101st " " Lieut.-Colonel Gesner.
57th Pennsylvania.
3d Maine, Colonel Champlin.
4th " Colonel Walker.

Third Brigade.

Col. O. M. ROE, 2d Michigan Volunteers.
37th New York.
2d Michigan.
3d " "
5th " "
99th Pennsylvania.

SECOND DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER, U. S. V.

First Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. CUVIER GROVER, U. S. V.
1st Massachusetts, Colonel R. Cowdin.
2d New Hampshire, Colonel G. Marston.
11th Massachusetts, Col. W. Blaisdell.¶
16th " Major G. Banks.
26th Pennsylvania, Major R. L. Bodine.

Second (or Excelsior) Brigade.

Colonel TAYLOR, 72d New York.
70th New York.
71st " "
72d " "
73d " "
74th " "
75th " "

Third Brigade.

Colonel JOSEPH B. CARR, 2d New York.
2d New York, Captain Park.
5th New Jersey, Lieut.-Colonel W. J. Sewell.
6th " " Lieut.-Colonel G. C. Burling.¶
7th " " Colonel Joseph W. Revere.
8th " " Captain D. Blauvelt jr.**
115th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Col. Robert Thompson.

ARTILLERY OF THE THIRD CORPS, A. P.

Graham's Battery.
Randolph's " E, 1st Rhode Island Artillery.

FIFTH CORPS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

MAJOR-GENERAL FITZ JOHN PORTER, U. S. V.

FIRST DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE W. MORELL, U. S. V.

First Brigade.

Colonel JAMES BARNES, 18 Massachusetts.
2d Maine, Colonel Charles Roberts.
18 Massachusetts, Capt. Stephen Thomas.
22d " Major Mason W. Burt.
13th New York.
1st Michigan, Colonel H. S. Roberts.†

* Killed at Chantilly or Ox Hill, September 1, 1862.

† Killed on August 30th.

‡ Wounded on August 30th. Killed as Brigadier-General of Volunteers at the battle of the Wilderness, May 5, 1864.

§ Wounded on August 30th.

¶ Killed at Petersburg, June 23, 1864.

¶ Colonel G. Mott had been wounded on August 29th.

** Lieutenant-Colonel William Ward had been wounded, and Acting-Major Fuite had been killed on August 29th.

Second Brigade.

Brig.-General CHARLES GRIFFIN, U. S. V.
Not in action.

Third Brigade.

Brig.-General DAN BUTTERFIELD, U. S. V.
17th New York, Colonel Lansing.
44th " "
12th " "
16th Michigan.
83d Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Col. Campbell.*
1st U. S. Sharpshooters, Col. Berdan.*

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE SYKES, U. S. V.

First Brigade.

Lieutenant-Colonel R. C. BUCHANAN, 4th Infantry.
3d Infantry, Captain John D. Wilkins.
4th " Captains J. B. Collins† and H. Dryer.
12th " 1st battalion, Captain Blunt.
14th " 1st " Captain J. D. O'Connell.*
14th " 2d " Captain D. B. McKibben.*

Second Brigade.

Lieut.-Colonel WM. CHAPMAN, 3d Infantry.
2d Infantry } Major C. S. Lovell.
10th " }
6th " Captain L. C. Bootes.
11th " Major D. L. Floyd-Jones.
17th " Major G. L. Andrews.

Third Brigade.

Colonel GOUVERNEUR K. WARREN, 5th N.Y.
5th New York, Captain C. Winslow.
10th " Colonel Bendix.

Piatt's Brigade.

Brigadier-General A. SANDERS PIATT.
86th New York, Colonel Bailey.
63d Indiana, Captain Bruce.

ARTILLERY OF THE FIFTH CORPS, A. P.

Smead's ‡ Battery, 5th U. S. Artillery.	Randol's Battery, 1st U. S. Artillery.
Weed's " " "	Martin's Massachusetts Artillery.
Van Reed's " " "	Battery C, Rhode Island Artillery.
Hazlett's " " "	

NINTH CORPS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. L. RENÖ,§ U. S. V.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ISAAC I. STEVENS,||

First Brigade.

Colonel CHRIST, 50th Penn.
8th Michigan.
50th Pennsylvania.
46th " "

Second Brigade.

Colonel LEASURE.
100th Pennsylvania.
45th New York.

Third Brigade.

Col. FARNSWORTH, 79th N. Y.
79th New York.
28th Massachusetts.

SECOND DIVISION.¶

First Brigade.

Colonel NAGLE, 48th Pennsylvania.
48th Pennsylvania.
2d Maryland.
9th New Hampshire.
6th " "

Second Brigade.

Colonel FERRERO, 51st New York.
51st New York.
51st Pennsylvania.
21st Massachusetts.
35th " "

ARTILLERY OF THE NINTH CORPS, A. P.

Battery E, 2d U. S. Artillery, Captain Benjamin, and doubtless other batteries.
There was no cavalry of the Army of the Potomac.

* Wounded on August 30th.

† Killed on August 30th.

‡ Captain Smead was killed on August 30th.

§ Killed at South Mountain, September 14, 1862.

|| Killed at Chantilly, or Ox Hill, September 1, 1862.

¶ Under the special command of Brigadier-General Reno.

ROSTER B.

ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE, COMMANDING.

RIGHT WING.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET.

INFANTRY.

EVANS' DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL N. GEORGE EVANS.

(Comprising Whiting's (or Hood's) Division. Brigadier-General John B. Hood.)

Hood's Brigade.

1st Texas, Lieut.-Colonel P. A. Work.
 4th " Lieut.-Colonel B. F. Carter.
 5th " Colonel J. B. Robertson.*
 18th Georgia, Colonel W. T. Wofford.
 Hampton Legion, Lieut.-Colonel M. W. Gary.

Whiting's (or Law's) Brigade.

Colonel E. M. LAW, 4th Alabama.
 4th Alabama, Lieut.-Col. McLemore.
 6th North Carolina, Major R. F. Webb.
 2d Mississippi, Colonel J. M. Stone.
 11th " Colonel P. F. Liddell.

Evans' Brigade.

Colonel P. F. STEVENS, Holcombe Legion.
 17th South Carolina, Colonel J. H. Means.†
 18th " " Colonel J. M. Gadberry.‡
 22d " " "
 23d " " " Colonel H. L. Benbow.*
 Holcombe Legion, Major F. G. Palmer.*

WILCOX DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL CADMUS M. WILCOX.

Wilcox's Brigade.§

8th Alabama, Maj. Herbert.
 9th " Maj. Williams.
 10th " Maj. Cauldwell.
 11th " Capt. Saunders.†

Pryor's Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. ROGER A. PRYOR.
 5th Florida.
 8th "
 3d Virginia.
 14th Alabama.

Featherston's Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. W. S. FEATHERSTON
 12th Mississippi.
 16th "
 19th "
 2d "

KEMPER'S DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES L. KEMPER.

Kemper's Brigade.

Colonel M. D. CORSE, 17th Virginia.
 1st Virginia, Lieut.-Colonel Skinner.
 7th " Colonel W. T. Patton.
 11th " Major Clements.
 17th " Lieut.-Colonel Marye.*
 24th " Colonel W. R. Terry.

Jenkins' Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. M. JENKINS.
 1st South Carolina.
 5th " "
 6th " "
 2d " " Rifles.
 Palmetto Sharpshooters.
 4th South Carolina Battalion.

* Wounded on August 30th.

† Mortally wounded on August 30th.

‡ Killed on August 30th.

§ Commanded by General Wilcox in person.

|| Killed at the battle of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864.

BLUE AND GRAY.

Pickett's (or Garnett's) Brigade.

Colonel EPFA HUNTON, 8th Virginia.

8th Virginia.

18th "

19th "

28th "

56th "

D. R. JONES' DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL DAVID R. JONES.

Anderson's (or D. R. Jones') Brigade.*

Colonel G. T. ANDERSON, 11th Georgia.

1st Georgia, Major Walker.

7th " Colonel W. T. Wilson.†

8th " Lieut.-Colonel J. R. Towers.

9th " Colonel Beck.

11th " Lieut.-Colonel Luffman.

Toombs' Brigade.

Colonel HENRY L. BENNING, 17th Georgia.

2d Georgia, Lieut.-Colonel Holmes.

15th " Colonel Willican.

17th " Major Pickett.‡

20th " Major Waddell.

Drayton's Brigade.

Brig-Gen. THOMAS F. DRAYTON.

15th South Carolina.

50th Georgia.

51st "

R. H. ANDERSON'S DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL R. H. ANDERSON.

Mahone's Brigade.

Brig-Gen. WM. MAHONE.

6th Virginia.

12th "

16th "

41st "

49th "

Wright's Brigade.

Brig-Gen. A. R. WRIGHT.

3d Georgia.

22d "

48th "

44th Alabama.

Armistead's Brigade.

Brig-Gen. L. A. ARMISTEAD.§

9th Virginia.

14th "

28th "

53d "

57th "

ARTILLERY.

BATTALION OF LIGHT ARTILLERY.

COLONEL STEPHEN D. LEE.

Eubank's Battery.

Parker's "

Taylor's Battery.

Rhett's Battery.

Jordan's "

BATTALION OF WASHINGTON ARTILLERY.

COLONEL J. B. WALTON.

Sniders' Battery.

Richardson's "

Miller's "

Eshleman's "

Frobel's Battalion, Major B. W. Frobel.

Reilly's Battery.

Bachman's "

Garden's "

OTHER COMMANDS.

Dixie Artillery.

Stribling's Battery.

Maurin's "

Leake's "

Rodger's Battery.

Brown's "

Grimes' "

Anderson's "

* A. N. V., Longstreet's Rep., Vol. ii., pp. 80, 81.

† Killed August 30th.

‡ Wounded August 30th.

§ Killed at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.

LEFT WING.

MAJOR-GENERAL THOMAS J. JACKSON.*

EWELL'S DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. R. LAWTON.†

Early's Brigade.

Brig.-General J. A. EARLY.
 13th Virginia, Colonel J. E. B. Terrill.
 25th " "
 31st " Colonel Hoffmann.
 44th " Colonel William Smith.
 49th " "
 52d " "
 58th " "

Lawton's Brigade.

Colonel M. DOUGLASS,‡ 13th Georgia.
 13th Georgia.
 20th " "
 31st " "
 38th " "
 60th " "
 61st " "

Hays' Brigade.§

Colonel STRONG, 6th Louisiana.
 5th Louisiana, Major Menger.
 6th " "
 7th " "
 8th " Major Lewis.
 9th " "

Trimble's Brigade.||

Captain BROWN,¶ 12th Georgia.
 21st Georgia, Major Glover.
 21st North Carolina, Lieut.-Col. Fulton.
 15th Alabama, Major Luther.
 12th Georgia.

LIGHT DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL AMBROSE P. HILL.**

Branch's Brigade.

Brig.-General LOUIS O'B. BRANCH.††
 33d North Carolina.
 7th " "
 28th " "
 37th " "
 18th " "

Gregg's (afterward McGowan's) Brigade.

Brig.-General MAXCY GREGG.
 Orr's Rifles.‡‡
 1st South Carolina.§§
 12th ||| " "
 13th ¶¶ " "
 14th **** " "

Field's Brigade.†††

Colonel J. M. BROCKENBROUGH, 40th Va.
 55th Virginia.
 47th " "
 2d " Battalion.

Pender's Brigade.

Brig.-General WILLIAM D. PENDER.‡‡‡
 22d North Carolina, Major Cole.
 16th " " Captain Stone.§§§
 38th " " Captain Ashford.||||
 34th " " Colonel Riddick.¶¶¶

Archer's Brigade.

Brig.-General J. L. ARCHER.
 1st Tennessee, Colonel P. Turney.
 7th " Major Sheppard.
 14th " Colonel W. A. Forbes.****
 19th Georgia, Captain L. Johnson.
 5th Alabama,†††† Battalion, Lieut. Hooper.

Thomas' Brigade.

Colonel EDWARD L. THOMAS, 35th Georgia.
 14th Georgia, Colonel R. W. Folsom.
 35th " "
 45th " Major W. L. Grice.
 49th " Lieut.-Col. J. R. Manning.

* Died of wounds received at Chancellorsville, May 10, 1863.

† Maj.-Gen. Richard S. Ewell had been wounded in the action near Gainesville, Aug. 28th.

‡ Killed at Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862.

§ Colonel H. Forno, 5th Louisiana, who commanded the brigade August 29th, had been wounded on that day.

|| Brigadier J. R. Trimble had been wounded August 29th.

¶ Killed at Chantilly, September 1st.

** Killed before Petersburg, April 2, 1865.

†† Killed at Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862.

‡‡ Col. J. Foster Marshall and Lieut.-Col. D. A. Ledbetter had been killed on Aug. 29th.

§§ Lieut.-Colonel McCready, commanding this regiment, had been wounded on Aug. 29th.

|||| Colonel Dixon Barnes and Lieut.-Colonel McCorkle had been wounded on August 29th.

Colonel Barnes was killed at Sharpsburg, September 17th.

¶¶ Colonel O. E. Edwards and Lieut.-Col. T. S. Farron had been wounded on Aug. 29th.

*** Colonel S. McGowan had been wounded on August 29th.

††† Brigadier-General Charles W. Field had been wounded August 29th.

‡‡‡ Died, July 18, 1863, of wounds received at Gettysburg.

§§§ Wounded at Ox Hill, or Chantilly, September 1, 1862.

|||| Wounded on August 30th.

¶¶¶ Mortally wounded at Ox Hill, or Chantilly, September 1, 1862.

**** Mortally wounded on August 30th.

†††† Captain Bush, commanding this battalion, had been killed on August 29th.

JACKSON'S DIVISION.*

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM E. STARKE.†

<i>"Stonewall" Brigade.</i>		<i>Campbell's (or J. R. Jones') Brigade.</i>	
Colonel W. S. H. BAYLOR,‡ 5th Virginia.		Colonel BRADLEY T. JOHNSON.	
2d Virginia.§		1st Virginia Battalion, Capt. Henderson.	
4th "		21st " Captain Witcher.	
5th "		48th " { Lieutenant V. Dabney.**	
27th¶ "		" { Captain Goldsborough.**	
33d "		42d " Captain Penn.	
<i>Taliaferro's Brigade.</i>		<i>Stafford's (or Starke's) Brigade.</i>	
Colonel A. G. TALIAFERRO, 23d Virginia.		Colonel L. A. STAFFORD, 9th Louisiana.	
10th Virginia.		1st Louisiana, Lieut.-Colonel Nolan.	
28d "		2d " Colonel J. M. Williams.	
37th "		9th "	
47th Alabama.		10th "	
48th "		15th " Colonel Edmond Pendleton.	
		Coppen's Battalion.	

ARTILLERY OF THE LEFT WING.

COLONEL STAPLETON CRUTCHFIELD, CHIEF OF ARTILLERY.

	Balthis'	Battery with Ewell's Division.		
	Brown's	"	"	"
	D'Aquin's	"	"	"
	Dement's	"	"	"
	Latimer's	"	"	"
Lieutenant-Colonel R. L. Walker.....	Braxton's	"	Hill's	"
	Crenshaw's	"	"	"
	Davidson's	"	"	"
	Latham's	"	"	"
	McIntosh's	"	"	"
	Pegram's	"	"	"
	Brockenbrough's	"	Jackson's	"
	Carpenter's	"	"	"
	Caskie's	"	"	"
	Poague's	"	"	"
	Raines'	"	"	"
	Wooding's	"	"	"
	Cutshaw's	"	Unattached.	
	Garber's	"		
	Johnson's	"		
	Rice's	"		

CAVALRY CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL J. E. B. STUART.††

<i>Fitz Hugh Lee's Brigade.</i>		<i>Robertson's Brigade.</i>	
Brig.-Gen. FITZ HUGH LEE.		Brig.-Gen. B. H. ROBERTSON.	
1st Virginia, Colonel Brien.		2d Virginia, Colonel T. T. Munford.	
3d "		6th "	
4th " Colonel Wickham.		7th "	
5th " Colonel T. M. Rosser.		11th "	
9th "		12th " Colonel A. W. Harman.	
		16th " Battalion, Colonel Funsten.	

NOTE. — The Roster above given is necessarily imperfect in some of its details; still, it is in the main correct. It is to be hoped that it will interest the survivors of that hard-fought day.

* Brig.-Gen. Wm. B. Taliaferro had been wounded in the action near Gainesville, Aug. 28.

† Killed at Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862.

‡ Killed on August 30th.

§ Colonel Botts had been mortally wounded on August 28th.

¶ Colonel Neff had been killed on August 28th.

|| Colonel Grigsby had been wounded on August 28th.

** Wounded on August 30th.

†† Died of wounds received at Yellow Tavern, Virginia, May 12, 1864.

CHAPTER VI.

REMINISCENCES AND ANECDOTES.

KILLED IN BATTLE.

THE conscript law provided that drafted men might put in a substitute. A wealthy young Virginian, being delicately constituted, when drafted put in a substitute, a man over the age of conscription, that is over forty-five. Soon, however, every one not over fifty were liable, and this included the substitute above mentioned, and again the gentleman was liable. He promptly procured another, who, during an engagement, was killed.

Before the war ended, however, every man in the South was pressed into the service, no matter what his excuse. Thus again he was arrested and taken to the camp of conscription. Upon enlisting the services of some of his friends, who interceded in his behalf, it was decided that he was no longer liable to service as the records showed that he was "killed in battle," more than a year before. This ended the controversy, and he went back to his home happy and exempt.

THE DIFFICULTY.

Anything having a tendency to divert or amuse was indulged in during the war, and many were the puns and conundrums that were introduced.

After the battle of Bull Run had been fought and lost by the National forces, somebody predicted that the troops of the United States would have a more serious time in subduing the South than was at first anticipated, as they would be compelled to march over terrible Rhodes, then traverse long Fields, climb up two steep Hills, when they would be met by a Bee. Then they must go down a Longstreet, guarded by

a Pickett and high Stonewall. Then they must face Early, the Archer and Walker, who, provided with a Pillow and Hood, would be also supported by a Bushrod. All of these, and very many more, obstacles, are not a Hoke's, and the Confederacy has a legitimate right to Bragg.

COMPANY "Q."

Soldiers on the sick list were known as Company Q, and many funny things used to take place among them. Like the fellow who claimed to always be where the shot and shell were thickest, so was Q always found with the wagon train, where rations were handy.

Between Orange court-house and Gordonsville, the Union cavalry attacked the Confederate wagon train. For once Q had to fight; fight for its own safety and that of its rations. In justice to them let it be recorded that they did fight manfully, and succeeded in checking the foe and saving the trains.

Many members of this company were often troubled with that loathsome disease, familiarly known to soldiers as the itch. One fellow who had always been in the habit of playing some kind of trick on his comrades, was thus attacked. He inquired what he should do for it, and was told to wash the humor with vitriol. This was prepared by one of the boys and given him, with instructions how to apply it, while the others awaited results.

Any one who has ever had the itch, knows that there is nothing that can come nearer setting a fellow crazy, than the application of vitriol to raw flesh. In five minutes after the application had been made, there was enough noise about that camp to awaken the dead; yells and whoops followed each other in quick succession; every character of acrobatic twist and turn was indulged in, while the victim of misplaced confidence vainly strove to alleviate his suffering.

When the burning ceased the patient was perfectly exhausted, and never again did he attempt to play a trick on any of the boys. In a short time he joined his regiment at the front, claiming that he had rather be shot by the Yankees, than teased to death by his friends.

STUART'S CIRCUS.

General Stuart was a dashing soldier and a very handsome man. It is not with any lack of respect for his memory, that we say he was both reckless and vain. Reckless of his own and the lives of his men, and vain of his brilliant record as a soldier and his personal good looks. He was a superb horseman, and always made a fine display of his splendid physique.

Many a man is living to-day who once dreaded the hour when a cavalry review was ordered, and many of his command have suffered, simply through the love of display on the part of this great leader. Whenever an opportunity offered, he would review his whole command. Invariably would many important personages be invited to witness the manoeuvres; especially ladies. There never was one of these occasions without several accidents occurring; many an old veteran cavalryman has been heard to say, he had rather run the risk of his life being lost in battle than take the chance of being crushed to death on a general review.

A PUT UP JOB.

When the armies were encamped near Centerville, a good joke was played upon the officers of a certain regiment. Near the camp lived a farmer who had many bee-hives, and being fearful of losing them, asked for special protection from the commanding officer. This was promptly given, an order being issued to that effect.

One night while the camp was wrapped in sweet forgetfulness, under the soft influence of a summer's moon, some of the boys stole the bee-hives and carried them off. Extracting the honey from the comb, they replaced the hives in their former position, taking care to retain some of the comb in which there were bees. This they stealthily placed under the tent of their colonel while he lay in tranquil slumber, and withdrew to their quarters.

The bees soon began to crawl and bite, while the colonel, thus annoyed, began to uneasily change position. In this way he rolled from side to side, until the comb had been well be-

smeared over his body, and the bees had stung him many times. Morning came and he was covered with blotches, while bees were crawling hither and thither about the tent. It soon became known throughout the regiment, and all believed that the colonel had robbed the bee-hives, his protest to the contrary notwithstanding.

THE LAST DRINK.

At Petersburg, for the use of the hospitals, a large quantity of apple brandy and whiskey was kept, and when the Confederates evacuated the city, upon the memorable morning of April 3d, orders were given to spill the liquor, for fear it would fall into the hands of the Union soldiers, who would so soon occupy the town. The ardent was spilled as directed, and coursed its way down the gutters of Sycamore street toward the Appomattox river.

An old regiment of veterans was passing along the street just at this time, and upon smelling the fumes of "apple jack" came to a halt; laid down their guns, and deliberately kneeling on all fours, drank from the gutters a long draught of it, while their canteens were simultaneously filled. It was, indeed, a ludicrous sight, and we may say, safely, that a more indifferent set of fellows did not leave the doomed city, upon that ever to be remembered morning.

WIDE-EYE.

In a regiment of Virginia cavalry was a company composed of men from the county of Sussex. Among these was one who had very large and widely set eyes. Although a good soldier and highly respected man, yet this peculiarity of nature gave him such notoriety that everybody in the regiment knew him, and often his great orbs were made the butt of an innocent joke.

Lieutenant H. of Company D was on picket, in command of an outpost, and among others of his squad of troopers was this man. About night-fall a few horsemen of a suspicious character were seen scouting near by, and an effort was

made by the Lieutenant to drive them off. To do this the picket of eight men started on a trot, and then faster. Soon the officer had gotten considerably in advance of all of his men save one, and not observing this fact, cried out, "Form fours and charge!" "But, Lieutenant, there are none here but me," said this man. "All right," yelled the leader, "you form fours, Wide-eye, and go it alone!"

DISGUSTED.

The peculiar sensation which creeps over every man when doing lone sentry duty in the night time, especially if the near presence of the enemy is known, can be better imagined than described. It is a kind of inward inexpressibility and an outward all-overishness; a sensational dread which is unexplainable. One's hat persists in the effort to rise from one's head, while desperate efforts are often made by one's heart to jump out of the mouth.

All of these little freaks of nature are indulged in as you stand in momentary expectancy of being shot by some lurking foe, who even then may have gotten range of you in the darkness, and is in the act of raising his gun. At this time it is as dark as Erebus, and not a sound breaks the stillness of the midnight gloom, save the long drawn breath of the faithful horse, and the rapid thumping of your own heart. A twig snaps in the distance, and, with distended ears, your horse is on the alert, while an extra twinge of excitement pervades your entire anatomy.

The trusty rifle is clasped more tightly and you strain every nerve to catch the slightest sound, deeply realizing your danger, yet unable to see an object a rod distant. Now flitters through your mind your home, your early friends, and last, but not least, every deed of your life, good, bad, and indifferent, comes up before you.

Just then another snap tells you that your stealthy foe is drawing nearer, and your eyes are strained nigh out of their sockets in the vain effort to catch a glimpse of him. On, on he comes; nearer and nearer the sound of snapping twigs is

heard; your horse is becoming uneasy, and begins to prick his ears and move restlessly about. Now the fatal distance line has been approached, and, with sensations of chilliness creeping all over you, you give the stern order to halt! The sound of your voice has aroused your approaching enemy and with a frightful "Whosh!" an old sow breaks away through the darkness, as you completely collapse in your saddle, thoroughly disgusted with yourself and everything else.

A MUTUAL PLEASURE.

At a little farm-house on the peninsula lived a family of five women, the father of this family being absent in the Army of Northern Virginia. While the contending forces occupied that region in the latter part of the war, at one time this dwelling was not in the lines of either party, properly speaking, and was sometimes visited by soldiers from both armies. Three of the women were grown-up daughters, the fourth being a bright-eyed lass of fifteen. The fifth was the mother of the quartette. These girls were very respectable ladies and remarkably attractive, in that isolated district, where the sight of a woman was such a rarity.

It was tacitly understood that the time should be divided between the soldiers visiting that house between the lines. The Yanks to be undisturbed one day, and the Rebs the next, and so on. Many a pleasant hour was thus spent by members of the picket posts. So intimate did the men become at this house that a proposal was made that two from each opposing post should meet there, some night to be named, and spend a social evening, it being stipulated that neither party was to be armed with any weapon whatever, or indulge in any controversy respecting the war. To this proposition both sides agreed, and the evening was named.

At the proper hour four men met at the cottage, two being Yanks and two Reb pickets. The girls were expecting them, and a real social interview followed, the evening being spent by the fellows as pleasantly as if they had been acquainted for years on the most friendly terms. Cards and music were

in order, and the social interview was kept up until after midnight's hour, when the four took their leave and returned to their respective posts, none the worse for their social meeting. Both sides had determined to show proper respect and protection to the hospitable members of that family, and they did it to the letter.

OPEN YOUR RANKS, VIRGINIANS.

Every community holds in high esteem the honor of its citizens, and is proud of them, of their high principles of right, education, wealth and refinement; and yet, no section of this time-honored republic, basing its great success and perpetuity upon its equality declaration of right, has any claim to distinction, more than another.

Self-aggrandizement and arrogance, when trumpeted through the realm, falls harmlessly upon the ear of merit, and only does injury to those who instigate such hollow measures as a means of notoriety.

A certain New England city has been denominated the "Hub of the universe," or at least so in the estimation of its especial admirers, and just what that city is to its citizens, so was a certain southern state to its inhabitants, at the commencement of hostilities. They boasted of its claims to supremacy, and considered themselves the dwellers in the land of accepted chivalry. Deeds of daring were not worthy of notice unless they emanated from this section, and the arrogant motto of that commonwealth is only in keeping with the haughty spirit which she assumed at the beginning of hostilities.

Naturally the troops from the sister states forming the confederacy, felt a little indignant over the exalted position which this sister assumed, and entertained for her feelings of disgust akin to pity.

Upon the first great battlefield of the war, when the soldiers, under as gallant an officer as any who died on the field that day, were hotly engaged in the contest, the Virginia troops, under the lamented Jackson, were acting as a support,

and this solid line of brave men were standing as firmly as a great rock while the missiles of death from the ranks of the foe were bursting in their midst. The line engaged were so heavily pressed that they broke in dismay and fell back upon the sturdy line of General Jackson in frightful disorder. Their brave commander had lost his life in the vain effort to check their repulse and disgrace. All of this being witnessed by the Virginia line.

The boasts of these self-important troops were fresh in the mind of the great leader and of his men, and as they reached his line he exclaimed: "Open your ranks, Virginians, and let the chivalry of the South pass to the rear." This command was promptly obeyed and again their ranks were closed and faced the foe which had so ingloriously driven the retreating forces from the field; these choicest flowers of chivalry.

In giving this incident, it is with no intention whatever to detract from the personal valor of any citizen of this state, but simply as a fair exponent of every case in which egotistical boasting reaps a just reward.

"O why should the spirit of mortal be proud."

THE CHAPLAIN'S CONSCIENCE.

Few troops having occupied that section of Virginia, the Union army on the march thither, found a rich field from which to pilfer, near Piedmont. Fowls, pigs, and lambs were in abundance and most ruthlessly slaughtered.

A number of soldiers of the Ninety-seventh New York, had returned from a foraging expedition, and brought into their camp a number of fat turkeys, one of which being dressed, was soon prepared and they were in the act of eating their supper, when the chaplain of the regiment came along, and was invited by the men to join them in the meal. This he hesitated to do, while a fight was raging between his conscience and his tempted appetite. The latter gained the victory, however, and he "got away" with a full share of that stolen turkey. Moral, pertaining to small matters leave your conscience at home.

THE HOMELIEST MAN.

Dear to the hearts of all who took part in the war, are the memories of camp life, and any reference to it will cause to spring up in the minds of thousands throughout the land, many pleasant reminiscences. The kindly regard for comrades who are gone, fills the soul to overflowing, and often the sad surroundings of their departure hang heavily on the mind. Such is life, however, that its burdens are changed to air, while nature has kindly decreed that our sorrows shall be alleviated through the influences of forgetfulness.

Thousands of our fellow soldiers who left their homes in the buoyancy of manhood, men just blooming into magnificent maturity, sleep in earthly precincts, made hallowed by their fall, yet long will they be cherished and their names kept in fond remembrance by their more fortunate comrades. Many little incidents transpired in the circle of individual acquaintance which bring vividly to mind the camp and its surroundings.

The regimental camp of the — Virginia cavalry was once made the theater of a lively scene. The men had been in the service but a few months, and were all well and comparatively free from care; in fact, there was no enemy nigh to disturb them, while the camp was blessed with peace and plenty.

Company G claimed to have in its ranks the homeliest man in the regiment, which claim was disputed by H, and it was decided to settle the matter by ballot, the winner to receive an emblematical medal.

This proposition was received with full and hearty approval, pregnant with the exciting amusements, which it bade fair to arouse. Three officers of the regiment were chosen to act as keepers of the polls, every man being allowed to vote for his favorite candidate as often as he pleased. The whole camp was enlivened by this streak of coming fun for several days before the hour for balloting arrived, and was well canvassed by the friends of the aspirants during that time. All manner of levity was indulged in at the expense of the two fellows who were opposing each other in this amusing contest, and

thus the monotony of camp was broken and liveliness made the order of the day. Captain F., of Company B, was chosen orator, whose duty it would also be to crown the successful candidate, and great fun was anticipated from the words of this facetious and good-natured officer.

For two hours the men worked among their comrades as earnestly as did ever politicians labor for some post of emolument and trust, and very reluctantly acquiesced when the hour for closing the polls arrived. On the ballots being counted, it was found that Company G had won the fight by a majority of one vote, and the aspirant from this company was declared the fortunate candidate, amid the cheers of the regiment, who moved that the election be made unanimous.

A temporary platform, composed of cracker boxes, had been erected, and this was covered over by an awning of tent flies. Under this canopy was placed a seat for the candidate for regimental honors.

The soldier who was to be the recipient of the regiment's good will, was as brave a fellow as any in it, but, in truth, a homelier man could not be found in the Southern Confederacy. His natural inclinations all tended toward kindness, which made him very popular. A wreath of straw, in which had been entwined cedar boughs and dogwood blossoms, had been prepared for the occasion, and with this in hand the genial orator mounted the platform surrounded by the regiment; the lucky man having been seated in the chair of state, before mentioned.

Addressing the companions of his dangers, the Captain said: "Comrades, you have assembled this day to do honor to one of our number, and I know of none other among you more deserving of your favor in this especial line. He has met the enemy, and after an arduous fight for two hours, has won the prize for which he contended, and all of you should willingly acquiesce in his wearing the honors thus attained. The personal marks of his Creator's handiwork most eminently befit him to wear this wreath, while his natural beauty is in happy accord with the lovely crown which I hold in my hand. The

precious locks of auburn which flow in such luxuriant abundance over his cranium [he had very red hair, but very little of it, the top of his head being quite bald], add greatly to his remarkable features; the gazelle-like gaze of his penetrating orbs tells plainly enough of what stuff the character of the man is made.

"We congratulate the wife of his bosom on her choice in selecting him as a partner for life, and greatly admire his style of man. Who can look upon that mighty proboscis, so peculiarly curved on its ridge, without appreciating the stupendousness of its outline? Or gaze upon that chin without being convinced that at some near future day it, and his nose, will be drawn in closer communion?"

Then, turning to the candidate, he continued: "I crown you king of manly magnificence; as an example we all will strive to emulate. May you ever improve in good looks in the future, and should you ever be so unfortunate as to meet the enemy of your country, may he be palsied with affright upon beholding so splendid an exponent of the devil himself."

This speech was followed by three rousing cheers, and the medal was then presented. This was composed of slate, upon which had been impressed the roughest image of an orang-outang, beneath which image was inscribed these words, "God's noblest work." Then the candidate arose and said, "I thank you, fellow soldiers, for this mark of your esteem, and heartily agree with you in your selection. I feel that you have shown your good taste in the choice between my opponent and myself. I will ever guard, in sacred remembrance of your friendship, this highly prized and beautiful token, and pledge a soldier's word to bequeath it to the first young monkey that arrives in my family." And he kept his word.

CHAPTER VII.

ANTIETAM. LEE'S INVASION OF MARYLAND. HIS REASON FOR SO DOING. DESCRIPTIVE LETTER OF THE INVASION BY "A HIGH PRIVATE." MCCLELLAN TAKES COMMAND OF FEDERALS. ADVANCES TO FREDERICK CITY. LEE'S PLAN OF CAMPAIGN DISCOVERED BY MCCLELLAN. CONFEDERATES CAPTURE HARPERS FERRY. DEATH OF COLONEL MILES. BATTLE OF SOUTH MOUNTAIN. DEATH OF GENERAL RENO. BATTLE OF ANTIETAM. DEATH OF GENERAL MANSFIELD. GENERAL HOOKER WOUNDED. FRIGHTFUL SLAUGHTER ON BOTH SIDES. GENERAL LEE RECROSSES THE POTOMAC. ROSTER.

ANTIETAM.—LEE INVADES MARYLAND.

THE motives which induced General Lee to undertake the invasion of Maryland are thus given in his own words, as taken from his Official Report, dated March, 1863.

"The armies of General McClellan and Pope had now been brought back to the point from which they set out on the campaigns of the spring and summer. The objects of those campaigns had been frustrated, and the designs of the enemy on the coast of North Carolina and in Western Virginia thwarted by the withdrawal of the main body of his forces from those regions. Northeastern Virginia was freed from the presence of Federal soldiers up to the intrenchments of Washington, and soon after the arrival of the army at Leesburg, information was received that the troops which had occupied Winchester had retired to Harpers Ferry and Martinsburg.

"The war was thus transferred from the interior to the frontier, and the supplies of rich and productive districts made accessible to our army. To prolong a state of affairs in every way desirable, and not to permit the season for active operations to pass without endeavoring to inflict further injury upon the enemy, the best course appeared to be the transfer of the army into Maryland. Although not properly

equipped for invasion, lacking much of the material of war, and feeble in transportation, the troops poorly provided with clothing, and thousands of them destitute of shoes, it was yet believed to be strong enough to detain the enemy upon the northern frontier until the approach of winter should render his advance into Virginia difficult, if not impracticable.

"The condition of Maryland encouraged the belief that the presence of our army, however inferior to that of the enemy, would induce the Washington Government to retain all of its available force to provide against contingencies which its course toward the people of that state gave it reason to apprehend. At the same time it was hoped that military success might afford us an opportunity to aid the citizens of Maryland in any efforts they might be disposed to make to recover their liberties. The difficulties that surrounded them were fully appreciated, and we expected to derive more assistance in the attainment of our object from the just fears of the Washington Government, than from active demonstrations on the part of the people, unless success should enable us to give them assurance of continued protection.

"Influenced by these considerations, the army was put in motion, D. H. Hill's division, which had joined us on the 2d, being in advance, and between September 4th and 7th crossed the Potomac at the fords near Leesburg and encamped in the vicinity of Fredericktown.

"It was decided to cross the Potomac east of the Blue Ridge in order, by threatening Washington and Baltimore, to cause the enemy to withdraw from the south bank, where his presence endangered our communications and the safety of those engaged in the removal of our wounded and the captured property from the late battlefields. Having accomplished this result, it was proposed to move the army into western Maryland, establish our communications with Richmond through the valley of the Shenandoah, and by threatening Pennsylvania induce the enemy to follow, and thus draw him from his base of supplies."

From the moment of Lee's invasion of the North, General

D. H. Hill led the advance. The Potomac river was crossed near Leesburg, between the 4th and 7th of September, and the whole Confederate army was soon encamped near Frederick, in Maryland.

Lee's army at that time was composed of the command of General Longstreet, consisting of five divisions containing twenty brigades; Jackson's command of three divisions, containing fourteen brigades; D. H. Hill's division of five brigades; the brigade of General Evans, with a considerable force of artillery and cavalry, making a total of about sixty thousand men. Perhaps in the whole history of the Army of Northern Virginia, until the spring of 1865, there was never a time when they were in such a wretched condition as when they invaded Maryland, in 1862. Thousands of the troops, says General Lee, were destitute of shoes. Never, said General Jones, who commanded Jackson's old "Stonewall" division, had the army been so dirty, ragged, and ill provided for as on this march. The following description is graphically interesting and undoubtedly true. We quote the full text of a "Letter from a High Private" in "Southern Historical Papers," volume 10, page 504.

"On the twentieth day of August, 1862, our brigade (Kemper's), left Gordonsville to open the campaign against Pope. The orders were to leave all knapsacks behind, and to travel in light marching order with three days' rations in our haversacks, a blanket on our shoulders, and eighty rounds of cartridges in our boxes and pockets.

"Little we knew then that it would be two whole months to a day before we beheld our scanty wardrobe again, and for more than eight weeks we would be without a single change of underclothing, and that our attire on the return would shame the famous seven beggars of Coventry, and cause a decent scarecrow to look like a well-dressed gentleman beside us. There was not a single article of either kind in camp. The regiment, though reduced a hundred or so by the battles around Richmond, had yet comparatively full ranks, and their *esprit de corps* was unimpaired. Indeed, they had gained that

confidence in themselves and their officers that goes far to make a crack soldier and steady veteran; and veterans they were with Blackburn's Ford, Bull Run, Yorktown, Williamsburg, and the Seven Days' fight emblazoned on their banners.

"They knew what a soldier's life was by this time, and had got trained in every phase of it. In the cantonments at Manassas Junction, drilling six times a day; in the picket duty at Falls Church and Munson's Hill; in the bivouac at Fairfax court-house; in the winter quarters at Centerville, in the long marches from Manassas to Richmond, and thence to Johnson, on the York river; trench duty at Dam No. 1, at Yorktown; rear guard at Williamsburg; the skirmish line on the road, holding the enemy in check; the builders of miles of fortifications; in the sudden dash and desperate battle of Seven Pines, and then to the glorious excitement of following up the retreating army of McClellan; and then the battle of Frazier's farm, had taught Kemper's men what war really was, and changed the raw levies into gladiators who could meet death with a smile on their lips.

"And so in the bright morning sunshine they jested as they received abundance of cartridges and limited rations, which was in the same proportion as Falstaff's sack to his bread. Down the road, past Orange court-house, from there to the Rapidan, where we camped, thence to the Rappahannock river, where we remained two days, watching the enemy on the opposite side. Our rations now gave out, and how to live without eating became the problem that each soldier had to solve to suit himself.

"A long week of marching and counter-marching ensued, in which we subsisted on green corn and apples; then a forced march of twenty-eight miles to Thoroughfare Gap, on the hottest day I ever remembered, with the dull booming of the cannon on the other side of the ridge to quicken our wearied footsteps.

"The next day, the thirtieth of August, we fought the battle of Manassas, and lost a fourth of our brigade. The history of that glorious day I will skip.

"We got each a Yankee haversack and a full, square meal, and I saw scores of soldiers, nearly famished, eating while they fought, indeed, it used to be a saying of our foes, that a rebel soldier would charge through hell to capture a Yankee haversack.

"The night after the battle we drank a gallon of real coffee per man, and filled up on salt pork, boiled beef and canned vegetables, and groups of soldiers sat by the campfires, and boiled, stewed and fried, and ate off and on all night.

"Hunger is a fearful thing, and we forgot for a time many a loved comrade who was shot in the battle.

INTO MARYLAND.

"On Monday the march was continued toward Fairfax courthouse. The rain that had held up for the night now came down in streams. We ate our last mouthful this morning; indeed, but for the contents of the captured haversacks which the men shared with each other, there would not have been enough to pick one's teeth after. Nearly all that day we tramped through the muck of the road, that was ankle deep. There was a constant cannonading in our front.

"It was late in the evening when we arrived at Chantilly, that stately old country house where several of us had stood guard in the lovely autumn nights of 1861. It was raining in torrents, which fact prevented us from arriving earlier, to participate in the sharp action that our van had with Kearney's division. Indeed, we could not have been of any service if we had been present, for our ammunition was soaking wet, and there was not a gun in the division that would have gone off. Standing there in the drowning summer's storm we beheld the evidences so plain before our eyes of the sacked and ruined Chantilly, that sweet, lovely place, which, for nearly a century, had been famous for all that makes a home prized and loved, and an estate cared for and valued.

"The fences were all levelled, the out-buildings were demolished, the splendid park cut down, every shade tree was felled by the axe, even the fruit trees were hacked down out of mere

wantonness. As for the house it was hardly habitable, the furniture was smashed to kindling wood, the windows dashed to pieces with the butt-end of the muskets, the plastering from the walls knocked off, and the rooms so defaced and defiled that it discounted a hog-pen in filth. In this space lay many wounded and dead, among others General Phil. Kearney, the most brilliant, chivalrous, dashing officer in the Yankee army. His body was sent by order of General Lee to the Yankee lines under a flag of truce. He was killed in a charge, and rode in the advance with his hat in the air and the bridle held in his teeth, for he had but one arm, the other he lost in the Mexican war. He was a brave ideal of a soldier. Most of our soldiers viewed his dead body.

"In the wet, showery, drowning rain, we had to spend the night.

"There was but little distance between the two armies—one flushed with victory, the other sullen from defeat—but both at this moment equally limp, wet, hungry and miserable. But for the pouring rain drops, the sharp halt! and challenge of the enemy's pickets could easily have been heard.

"From camp to camp, from the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fixed sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch."

"It is said by those fishermen who ought to know what they are talking about, that eels at length learn how to get used to being skinned, and after a while rather enjoy the operation. So it is by continuous hardening soldiers learn to sleep in a drowning storm, in a mud-puddle, as sweetly as a citizen comfortably tucked away in his bed of down. They sleep in a rain that, were they not inured and seasoned, would make every man ill from the exposure.

"Next morning we awoke so stiff and rigid that it took us some time to straighten our limbs. Our bodies were chilled through, but to our great delight the sun's warm beams darted through the rift in the clouds, and dried the wet clothes, but still our situation was deplorable. Not a mouthful did we

have; some few had a ration left which they would swallow secretly; the haversacks were all turned wrongside out, and the very dust of the crackers was scraped out and devoured.

"That day some thieving Reb stole my oil cloth that I left drying on the bushes, and though I hunted clean through the brigade, I could not find it; I had no blanket, and that night I was in a woful fix, for the ground was still damp, the nights cool. As a makeshift, I begged a newspaper, a copy of the New York World, and lay on that, and as it kept the moistened earth from my person, it answered quite well, and for two weeks I had nothing to lie on but this newspaper; I would fold it up with great care every morning, but one night it rained, and there was nothing left of it. Anyway, I have always had a tender feeling for the New York World ever since.

"On the morning of the third we took up the line of march, with the head of the column striking northward, passing by Frying Pan church, which name is suggestive of some hot gospels, and a place where doubtless the doctrine of total damnation of man is preached.

"Still no signs of our commissary wagons, and not a mouthful of food did we have all day.

"The fourth found our column halted, and green corn served out.

"The fifth and sixth we marched toward Leesburg, passing through on the seventh, and crossed the Potomac, near Shepherdstown.

"On the eighth we struck up the refrain of 'Maryland, my Maryland!' and camped in an apple orchard. We were hungry; for six days not a morsel of bread or meat had gone in our stomachs, and our *menu* consisted of apples and corn. We toasted, we burned, we stewed, we boiled, we roasted, these two, together and singly, until there was not a man whose form had not caved in, and who had not a bad attack of diarrhea. Our underclothes were foul, and hanging in strips, our socks worn out, and half of the men were barefooted; many were lame, and were sent to the rear, others of

sterner stuff hobbled along, and managed to keep up, while gangs from every company went off in the surrounding country, looking for food, and did not rejoin their commands until weeks after. Many became ill from exposure and starvation, and were left in the road. The ambulances were full, and the whole route was marked with a sick, lame, limping lot, that straggled to the farmhouses that lined the way, and who, in all cases, succored and cared for them. But we fared better in the rich fields of Maryland.

"In an hour after the passage of the Potomac, the command continued the march through the rich fields of Maryland. The country people lined the roads, gazing in open-eyed wonder upon the long lines of infantry that filled the roads for miles, and as far as the eye could reach was the glitter of the swaying points of the bayonets. These were the first Ragged Rebels they had ever seen, and though they did not act either as friends or foes, still they gave liberally, and every haversack was full that day at least. No houses were entered, no damage was done, and the farmers in the vicinity must have drawn a long breath as they saw how safe their property was in the very midst of the army..

"On the tenth the Seventeenth defiled through the long avenue of Frederick City, and we were rather disappointed at our reception, which was decidedly cool. This wasn't what we expected. It is true the streets were generally well filled with citizens, and the balconies and porches too, but there was positively no enthusiasm, no cheers, no waving handkerchiefs and flags; instead, a death-like silence. Some houses were closed tight, as if some public calamity had taken place; there were many friendly people in the windows and doors, but they seemed afraid to make any manifestations of their feelings, only smiling covertly.

"The marching soldiery did not imitate the cautious silence of the Frederick citizens; they had full haversacks, and therefore light hearts, jokes, witticisms, and badinage flew from lip to lip, and some one striking up a song, it was chanted by the brigade, and in that way we went through the most loyal city in Maryland.

“The following intercepted letter, from a Union lady in Frederick to a friend in Baltimore, thus speaks of the passage of our army:

FREDERICK CITY, Md., Sept. 13, 1862.

I wish, my dearest Minnie, you could have witnessed the transit of the Rebel army through our streets a day or two ago. Their coming was unheralded by any pomp and pageant whatever. No burst of martial music greeted your ear, no thundering sound of cannon, no brilliant staff, no glittering cortege dashed through the streets; instead came three long, dirty columns that kept on in an unceasing flow. I could scarcely believe my eyes; was this body of men moving so smoothly along, with no order, their guns carried in every fashion, no two dressed alike, their officers hardly distinguishable from the privates, were these, I asked myself in amazement, were these dirty, lank, ugly specimens of humanity, with shocks of hair sticking through the holes in their hats, and the dust thick on their dirty faces, the men that had coped and encountered successfully, and driven back again and again, our splendid legions with their fine discipline, their martial show and color, their solid battalions keeping such perfect time to the inspiring bands of music? I must confess, Minnie, that I felt humiliated at the thought that this horde of ragamuffins could set our grand army of the Union at defiance.

Why, it seemed as if a single regiment of our gallant boys in blue could drive that dirty crew into the river without any trouble. And then, too, I wish you could see how they behaved,—a crowd of boys on a holiday don't seem happier. They are on the broad grin all the time. O, they are so dirty! I don't think the Potomac river could wash them clean; and ragged! There is not a scarecrow in the cornfields that would not scorn to exchange clothes with them; and so tattered! There isn't a decently dressed soldier in the whole army.

I saw some strikingly handsome faces though, or rather they would have been so if they could have had a good scrubbing. They were very polite, I must confess, and always asked for a drink of water, or anything else, and never think of coming inside of a door without an invitation. Many of them were barefooted. Indeed, I felt sorry for the poor, misguided wretches, for some of them limped along so painfully, trying hard to keep with their comrades. But I must stop. I send this by Robert, and hope it will reach you safely. Write to me as soon as the route is open.

KATE.

“Confederate currency now suddenly rose in value, orders having been issued that the storekeepers in the town should keep open their stores, and sell their goods for the ‘damn Rebel issue,’ as one of them called our Confederate ‘promise to pay.’ In an hour or two a store would be completely

cleaned out; not a thing was left behind, a shopkeeper having enough of the notes to paper his walls. Some of them, though, put the money carefully by, determining if it should by chance turn out ever to be of any value, that they would have a good amount.

"Another day's march brought us to Hagerstown, where the cornfields and orchards furnished our meals. The situation, in a sanitary point, was deplorable. Hardly a soldier had a whole pair of shoes. Many were absolutely barefooted, and refused to go to the rear. The ambulances were filled with the footsore and sick. Not a man among all the troops had had a change of underclothing since the army left Gordonsville, a month ago, and the consequence was that they were dirty, battered, and infested with vermin; and now I will devote a great many lines to this subject, which the fastidious had better skip. I am writing of the lights and shadows of a soldier's life, and the two twin evils of vermin and the camp itch were important institutions.

"They followed Johnny Reb everywhere, staid by him, refused to leave, resisted every effort of force, opposed every attempt at compromises, and they tarried with him until he doffed the gray uniform for a citizen's suit. Then only did both disappear and vanish out of sight and mind.

"These insects, which in camp parlance were called gray-backs, first made their appearance in the winter of 1861. At first the soldier was mortified, and felt almost disgraced at discovering one of these insects on his person; their crawling made his flesh creep, and energetic efforts were made to hide the secret, and eliminate the cause. At first the soldiers used to steal out companionless and alone, and hide in the woods and bushes, with as much secretness and caution as if he were going to commit some fearful crime. Once hid from the eyes of men, he would pursue and murder the crawling insects with a vengeful pleasure, thinking that now he would have peace and comfort of mind, and be able to hold up his head once more before his fellowmen.

"On his stealthy way back he would be sure to run in on a

dozen solitary individuals, who tried to look unconcerned, as if indeed they were in the habit of retiring in the dim recesses of the forest for private meditation.

"The satisfaction he felt would not last long; in a day or two his body would be infested again, and then, desperate, he would try every expedient, all to no purpose; it was simply impossible to exterminate them. The men would boil their clothes for hours, in a hissing, bubbling cauldron, dry and put them on, and next day these confounded things would be at work as lively as ever. Even at Fort Warren, where underclothing was so plentiful that each man had an entire change for every day in the week, it was found that these pests skirmished around as usual, though where they came from, and how they arrived, were mysteries never solved. The salamander gray-backs had more lives than a cat, and bred and propagated faster than a roe-herring.

"Once lodged in the seams of the clothing, they remained until time moldered the garments. You might scald, scour, scrub, cleanse, rub, purify, leave them in seething liquid, or bury the raiment in the ground, but it was wasted labor, for the insects seemed to enjoy the process, and increased and multiplied under it.

"On this march, particularly, when the troops had no change of clean clothes for weeks, the soldiers were literally infested with them. Many used to place their under raiment, during the night, in the bottom of some stream, and put a large stone to keep them down. In the morning they would hastily dry them, and get a temporary relief. Every evening in Maryland, when the army halted and bivouaced for the night, hundreds of the soldiers could be seen sitting on the roads or fields, half denuded, with their clothes in their laps, busily cracking, between the two thumb-nails, these creeping nuisances; a hundred full-fledged fathers of families were not considered an unusual number in one haul.

"To have a daily examination and execution was a habit just as regularly and naturally indulged in as washing our face and hands. In our march along the turnpike, there was

not left an ear of corn, or a green apple, in the bordering fields; the soldiery made a specialty of cooking these vegetables, eating them raw, roasted, boiled, and all mixed in a kind of soup, filling themselves full, but still longing for the meat and bread diet. The actions of the citizens of Hagerstown showed in vivid contrast to Frederick City, for not only were the men and women outspoken in their sympathy for the southern cause, but they threw wide open their hospitable doors and filled their houses with the soldiers, feeding the hungry and clothing the naked, as well as their limited means allowed. I saw a citizen in that place absolutely take the shoes off of his feet in the streets, and give them to a limping barefooted soldier.

"On the morrow, instead of advancing northward the order came to right about face, and march back on the same road we advanced up the evening before; back the brigade retraced its steps, and about four o'clock that evening, on the fourteenth, took position in a corn-field on a sloping hill. A savage attack came from the enemy on our left to break the line, but was repulsed; the musketry firing and cannonading was for a short time very severe; no determined infantry charge was made upon our brigade, though several Yankee batteries shelled the line, and a feeble attack made, which was easily checked, for the regiment was in place behind a fence. The Seventeenth only lost about half a dozen wounded.

"That night, or rather at early dawn of the fifteenth, the brigade marched toward Sharpsburg; the men had not a mouthful to eat, and squads from the different companies obtained permission to forage for themselves and comrades. I was on one of these details; leaving the road and striking across the fields, we entered into a yard in the center of which stood a fine brick mansion; we knocked at the door, there was no response, and then after waiting awhile we entered and found to our astonishment that it was deserted. The inmates had fled in anticipation of a battle, the fighting at Boonsborough a few hours before had evidently frightened them away.

"Not an article had been carried off, the parlor door was open, there stood the piano, the pictures depended from the wall, the curtains hung as gracefully as if some hand had just arranged their folds; we entered the dining-room, there rested the cat on the window sill, everything seemed so natural, it was difficult to realize that the hostess would not enter and welcome us in a few moments.

"We had no time to linger; the cannons sounded their warning notes; beside, we had come to get something to eat, and not to make any voyage of discovery. So finding nothing in the pantry, nor in the kitchen, we went to the spring and filled our canteens with water, then to the dairy at the foot of the hill, and discovered several buckets and cans of milk, which had been placed there last night by some visible means. We filled our canteens with the lacteal fluid, and noticing the loft, a room over the dairy, we climbed up, and found it a perfect storeroom. Several barrels were on stands, and on investigating the contents of one, it was found to be cider, and then the canteens were emptied of milk, and filled with the juice of the apple. An exclamation from one of the party brought us over to him, and he showed us a barrel of apple brandy. That cider in the canteens was soon poured on the floor, and the apple jack took its place.

"An animated discussion took place. The whole squad, except the sergeant, wanted to carry the barrel, and leave everything else behind, but then came the difficulty about obeying orders. The discussion waxed high, and to end the matter, the sergeant stove in the head of the barrel with the butt of his musket, and the precious liquid, that would have made glad, for a time, at least, the whole brigade, poured in a useless stream upon the floor.

"In the room were half-a-dozen tubs of apple butter, which we confiscated for the use of our comrades, and carried it off with us. Starting toward the reflected steel, that flashed in the sunlight like a beacon to the mariner, showing us where our troops were marching, we hurried after, and soon caught up with them. I will drop for a second the character

of a veracious chronicler, and not mention how many lips were glued long and lovingly to the mouths of those canteens. The owner's health was honestly drank, however, none asking or caring whether he was Yank or Reb."

It was a dark period for the Federal cause, in the history of the civil war, when the shattered remains of Pope's army were hurled back, broken and bleeding, upon Washington, at the close of his inglorious campaign. In that moment of supreme need, the country involuntarily turned to General McClellan as the only available man to reorganize the demoralized hosts, and lead them forth to encounter the triumphant forces of General Lee.

General McClellan was placed in immediate command. The work of reorganization had to be done largely on the march, as there was no time to lose, and soon the whole army moved in the direction of Frederick City, Maryland, to find Lee's invading forces.

General Hooker commanded the First corps, General Sumner the Second, General Porter the Fifth, General Franklin the Sixth, General Reno the Ninth, General Mansfield the Twelfth. The artillery was placed under the command of General Hunt, which, with the cavalry, made up an army of one hundred thousand men. At this time there was a force of twenty-five hundred men at Martinsburg, under the command of General White, and another of nine thousand at Harper's Ferry, commanded by Colonel D. H. Miles. These troops were under the immediate command of General Halleck.

General Lee, as a skillful commander, had supposed that Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry would have been evacuated when he crossed the Potomac and entered Maryland. McClellan urged that such a course should be pursued, but General Halleck persisted in holding those points, although it was apparent to all that such a policy endangered, if it did not sacrifice the garrisons.

McClellan's advance through Maryland until he reached Frederick City, was necessarily very slow, and General Lee arranged a bold and brilliant campaign based upon the sup-

position that General McClellan's movement would continue to be a tardy one

LEE'S PLAN DISCOVERED BY MCCLELLAN.

A singular and important incident occurred as McClellan reached Frederick City. A copy of General Lee's plan of invasion came into his possession which revealed to him all the plans of his antagonist.

The following is a copy of the information thus derived, and which proved to be of such importance.

SPECIAL ORDERS, NO. 191.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, }
September 9th, 1862. }

The army will resume its march to-morrow taking the Hagerstown road. General Jackson's command will form the advance, and, after passing Middletown, with such portion as he may select, take the route toward Sharpsburg, cross the Potomac at the most convenient point, and by Friday night take possession of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and capture such of the enemy as may be at Martinsburg, and intercept such as may attempt to escape from Harper's Ferry. General Longstreet's command will pursue the same road as far as Boonsborough, where it will halt with the reserve, supply, and baggage trains of the army.

General McLaws with his own division and that of General R. H. Anderson, will follow General Longstreet; on reaching Middletown, he will take the route to Harper's Ferry, and by Friday morning possess himself of the Maryland Heights, and endeavor to capture the enemy at Harper's Ferry and vicinity. General Walker, with his division, after accomplishing the object in which he is now engaged, will cross the Potomac at Cheek's Ford, ascend its right bank to Lovettsville, take possession of Loudon Heights, if practicable, by Friday morning, Key's Ford on his left and the road between the end of the mountain and the Potomac on his right. He will, as far as practicable, co-operate with General McLaws and General Jackson in intercepting the retreat of the enemy.

General D. H. Hill's division will form the rear guard of the army, pursuing the road taken by the main body. The reserve artillery, ordnance and supply trains, etc., will precede General Hill.

General Stuart will detach a squadron of cavalry to accompany the commands of Generals Longstreet, Jackson and McLaws, and with the main body of the cavalry will cover the route of the army and bring up all stragglers that may have been left behind. The commands of General Jackson, McLaws and Walker, after accomplishing the objects for which they have been detached, will join the main body of the army at Boonsborough or Hagerstown.

Each regiment on the march will habitually carry its axes in the regimental ordnance wagons, for use of the men at their encampments, to procure wood, etc.

By command of GENERAL R. E. LEE,

R. H. CHILTON, *Assistant Adjutant-General.*

MAJOR-GENERAL D. H. HILL, *Commanding Division.*

COMMANDING DIVISION.

This was the golden opportunity for McClellan; Lee's army, but scarcely one-half his own in size, was divided. The Potomac river and a goodly number of miles were between its parts.

If McClellan should hurl his left wing through Crampton's Pass he would come directly upon the rear of McLaws' division upon Maryland Heights. If he should thrust his right wing through Turner's Gap, he would have his army between the forces of Hill and Longstreet upon the one hand, and those of McLaws and Jackson upon the other, and could crush them in detail. It was a situation which required skill, energy, and a brave, aggressive spirit at its head. That Lee's army was not annihilated is due to the fact that the Federal army did not have such a spirit to lead it on.

General McClellan pressed on with some vigor to relieve the troops at Harper's Ferry.

General Lee, unaware that his plans were known to his antagonist, was suddenly informed by General Stuart that McClellan was pressing forward in force toward Crampton's Pass, and Lee immediately changed his plans, and ordered General D. H. Hill to move back from Boonsborough, and defend the passes of the South Mountain range of hills, and thus check McClellan's advance. He also ordered Longstreet to counter-march, and support the troops of General Hill.

CAPTURE OF HARPER'S FERRY BY CONFEDERATES.

The three columns of Confederates designated for the movement upon Harper's Ferry were put in motion early on the morning of September tenth. By rapid marching Jackson reached the point he was to occupy, near Boliva Heights,

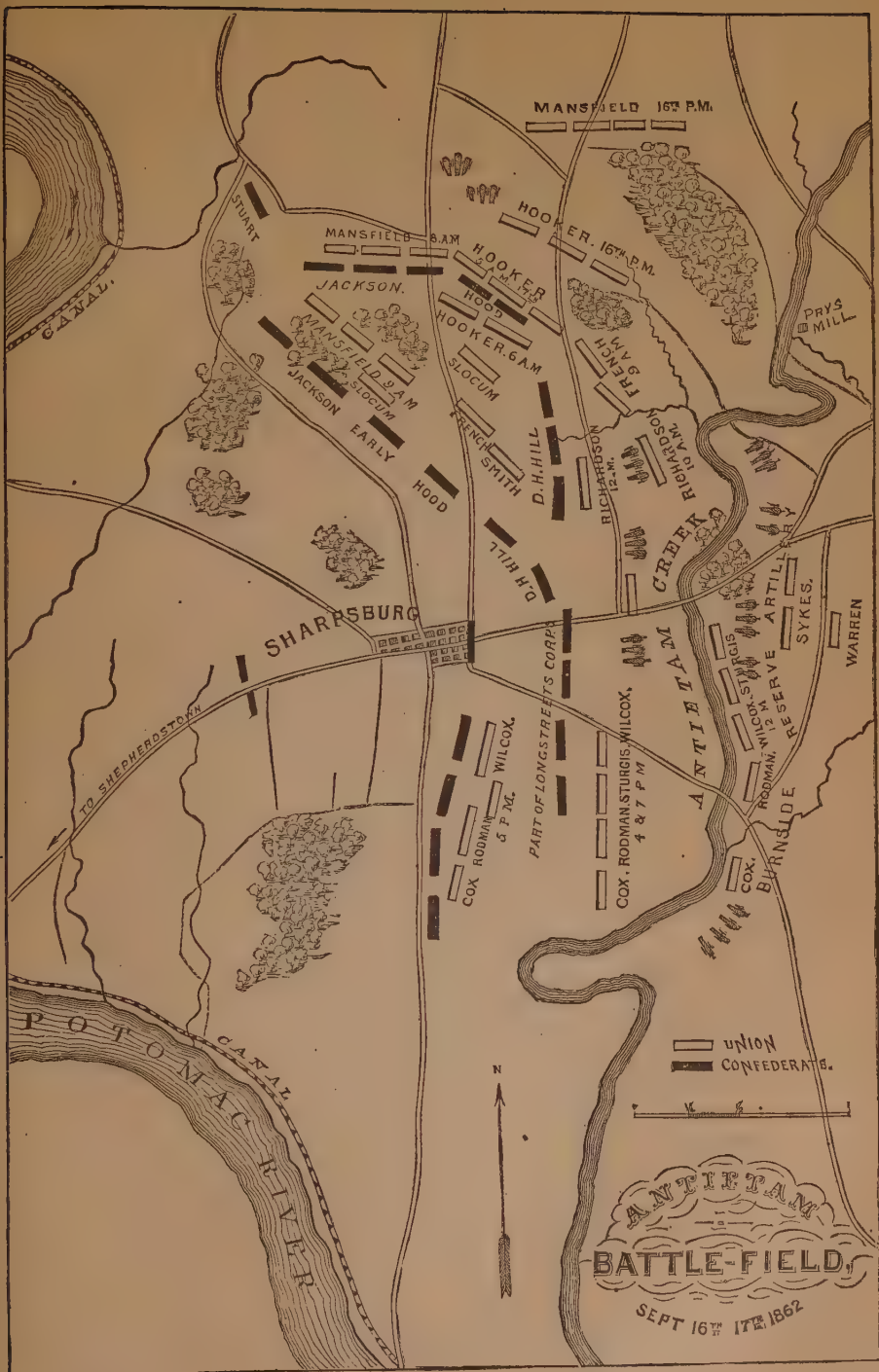
on the morning of the twelfth. The Union troops had retreated from Martinsburg at his advance, and joined Miles' command at Harper's Ferry. General McLaws reached his position, assigned on Maryland Heights, on the afternoon of the thirteenth, and General Walker reached the crest of Loudon Heights on the same day. Harper's Ferry was thus completely surrounded, and all hope of escape from capture cut off, unless the Army of the Potomac came to its rescue. This McClellan failed to do, and on the fifteenth the Confederates opened a tremendous fire upon the doomed garrison, which soon surrendered.

Colonel Miles, who had allowed himself to be thus hemmed in by the enemy, was killed just as the white flag was raised to indicate that the place had surrendered. Eleven thousand men, seventy-three pieces of artillery, many stores and small arms fell into the hands of the Confederates.

General Jackson left A. P. Hill to receive the surrender of Harper's Ferry, and by a night march of seventeen miles he reached Sharpsburg and joined the army of Lee on the morning of the sixteenth. General Walker's division also reported to General Lee at that city on the same morning.

We will now turn to General McClellan whom we left pressing upon General Lee's rear guard in the passes of the South Mountain range. These passes are great turnpikes built through the mountain gorges. Crampton's Gap was carried by the troops of General Franklin on the afternoon of the fourteenth, after a brisk struggle of three hours. The soldiers on both sides fought most heroically. The loss was about five hundred men killed and wounded, on either side. The Federals captured four hundred prisoners, one gun and three battle flags.

The battle of Turner's Gap was on a larger scale and became a most desperate conflict. General Reno with his command was to move up to the gap upon the turnpike from the south, while General Hooker was to reach the same point by pressing through a valley further to the north. The Confederates desperately opposed the Federal advance. The battle



raged at intervals during all the day of the fourteenth, and late in the afternoon the Federal troops with wild cheers swept through the pass, while the defeated Confederates fell back upon Boonsborough. The losses on both sides were heavy, General McClellan reporting a loss of one thousand five hundred and sixty-eight killed and wounded. Among the killed was the gallant commander of the Ninth corps, Major-General Reno.

The Confederates lost heavily in killed and wounded, also a loss of one thousand five hundred prisoners. The Confederates had gained their object notwithstanding their defeat, which was to check the great army of General McClellan until it was too late to relieve Harper's Ferry.

BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.

On the morning of September fifteenth, the advance of McClellan's army emerged from Turner's Gap upon the west side of the South Mountain range, near Boonsborough. At that hour Harper's Ferry surrendered, which fact was speedily made known to General McClellan.

General Lee, in the meantime, had prepared a line of battle upon the west bank of Antietam Creek, a stream running obliquely to the Potomac river, and emptying into it six miles above Harper's Ferry. This stream was spanned by four stone bridges; the one nearest its mouth was not used by the contending armies, excepting by the troops of A. P. Hill, as they came from Harper's Ferry to reinforce General Lee. The second has been known since the battle as "Burnside's bridge," and is that by which the road from Sharpsburg to Rohrer'sville crosses the Antietam Creek. The third is where the road from Boonsborough and Keedysville, to Sharpsburg, crosses the stream. The fourth is two miles and a half further up the stream, upon the road leading from Keedysville to Williamsport.

The Confederate army was still divided, and a vigorous movement of the Federals would have thrown their full force upon Lee before he could be reinforced by Jackson; but the

hours of the fifteenth passed away as the Army of the Potomac slowly formed its lines upon the eastern bank of the Antietam. The sixteenth was also passed in making preparations for the battle. Had it been pushed on this day by McClellan the fate of the Confederacy would probably have been decided upon the field of Antietam, instead of Appomattox, over two and one-half years later.

The plan of General McClellan was formed as follows: to attack the Confederate left with the corps of Hooker and Mansfield. These were to be supported by Sumner, and, if necessary, Franklin was also to move to their assistance. The Ninth corps, under the immediate command of Burnside, was to attack their extreme right, and when either flank was successful the center was to advance with all the available force that could be mustered. The plan was excellent, and if it had been carried out must have crushed Lee's army. At two o'clock General Hooker was ordered to cross his corps on the upper bridge and at a ford, and if possible to turn the left flank of the enemy; Mansfield's corps was also to cross during the night, Sumner being held in readiness to move at any moment. This was all the movement of any importance made by the Federal commander on the sixteenth. Hooker's command passed that night near the Hagerstown pike, about one and a half miles north of Sharpsburg village.

General Lee's line of battle extended from a point on the Hagerstown Pike, one and a half miles north of Sharpsburg, to another point below the Burnside bridge, a line some three miles in extent. His right was commanded by General Longstreet, his center by D. H. Hill, and the left of the line by General Jackson.

The battle was opened early on the morning of the seventeenth by General Hooker. The advanced line of the Confederates rested in a fringe of woods a short distance east of the Hagerstown Pike. This line was composed of Ewell's division, the old Stonewall division being held in reserve in the woods west of the pike. Hooker's command was ten thousand men, while Jackson had no more than half that

number. Hooker's object was to carry the Hagerstown road, and the woods upon the west side of it. Upon that small piece of ground the battle of the forenoon was fought.

After an hour's bloody struggle Hooker succeeded in driving the Confederates from the woods, across a small cornfield, and back upon the pike itself. The Federal center, under Meade, was immediately pushed across the cornfield to seize the coveted road, but Jackson's reserve division came to the rescue, pouring in a most deadly fire, and soon Meade was hurled, with fearful loss, back across the field. At the same time Hooker's left, commanded by Rickett, became warmly engaged with the troops of D. H. Hill, while Doubleday, commanding the Federal right, was held in check by Stuart's horse artillery, posted in his front and upon his right.

It was quite early in the morning, but Hooker's command had lost over one-half of its men by death, wounds and straggling. Its lines were torn in pieces in such a terrible manner that it ceased to be an aggressive force during the remainder of the day. General Jackson's command had also sustained great loss, the official reports of regimental and brigade commanders showing that he had lost over one-half of his men by wounds and death.

At the time Hooker's corps exhausted itself, General Mansfield's corps came to its support and relief. There were two divisions in this corps, commanded respectively by Generals Williams and Green. In deploying his corps, General Mansfield was killed, and the command devolved upon General Williams. These divisions pressed forward with great vigor and daring over the ground covered with dead and wounded of both armies. General Crawford, who succeeded to the command of Williams' division, seized a point west of the Hagerstown road, while Green's division crossed the road to the south of the Dunker's church. These points were held for a time by the Federals, but with great loss. The troops were put upon the defensive, while the Confederates concentrated in the woods in their front, and after desperate fighting for a while, wavered, broke, and were being driven from their position.

It was now nine o'clock; General Hooker was severely wounded, and as he was being carried from the field, General Sumner, with his corps, came up to relieve the corps of Mansfield. Up to this time the results of the battle may be stated as follows: Hooker had defeated one division of Jackson's command, and had then been driven back by the other. Mansfield's corps had driven back this division of Jackson, and had in turn been driven back, badly defeated, by the troops of General Hood.

Sumner's corps now rushed forward across the ground over which the red tide of battle had so frequently rolled that morning, and suppressing all opposition before him, seized the pike, the Dunker's church, and the woods beyond. At this time the divisions of French and Richardson, further down on the Union left, were ordered to advance, which order they executed with great gallantry, and pressed back the Confederates at every point. Richardson's artillery poured an enfilading fire upon a portion of the Confederate line, and so great was the slaughter that the place has been christened "the bloody lane."

Just at this moment of victory for the Federals, the fortunes of war changed, and rested upon the banners of their gallant foes. Two Confederate divisions, commanded by Generals McLaws and Walker, had hurried from their right and, with that dashing gallantry for which the Confederate infantry were ever noted, threw themselves upon the lines of General Sumner with such fury that Sedgwick's division was flanked, and the whole Federal force upon the right was thrown back across the cornfield to the woods beyond; the same position it had occupied in the morning. The Confederates, satisfied with what they had accomplished, did not advance beyond the turnpike, and the storm of war died away upon that portion of the field.

Three entire corps of the Federal army had fought in detail; the men had contended for victory with the most heroic bravery, and although they had severely punished their enemy, yet they found their own ranks so terribly shattered that they could no longer assume an aggressive movement.

Had all of these corps moved upon Jackson at the same time the result would have been far different. The Confederates, although suffering a terrible loss of men, had succeeded by the bravery of their troops and the superior generalship of their commanders, in holding their ground with a vastly inferior force, and had compelled the right of McClellan's army to assume the defensive attitude. Lee had accumulated so heavy a force upon his left, that after the repulse of Sumner's corps, the Confederates began to develop indications of making an aggressive movement.

At this hour, between twelve and one o'clock, General Franklin arrived upon the field with his corps. The third brigade of General Smith's division made a gallant charge and drove the Confederates back to the Dunker's church. The Seventh Maine regiment also made a very brilliant charge upon the enemy. General Sumner did not deem it wise for General Franklin to make a general movement with his corps, and the roar of battle soon died away upon that portion of the field.

It soon boomed forth, however, from the Federal left where the Ninth corps, under General Burnside, lay massed behind the heights on the east bank of the Antietam, and opposite to the Confederate right, which it was designed he should assail after he should force the passage of the bridge. It was of the utmost importance that this movement should have been made at the same time the attack was made upon the enemy's left. McClellan claims that he, early in the morning of the seventeenth, ordered Burnside to hold his troops in readiness to cross the bridge, and that at eight o'clock he gave him orders to cross immediately. These orders were not carried out, and hour after hour passed.

Lee, highly pleased with the inactivity of General Burnside, withdrew the divisions of McLaws and Walker from his right, and pressed them to his left, where their arrival turned the tide of battle in favor of the Confederates. At one o'clock, after the battle had ceased upon the Federal right, and when Lee was enabled to concentrate his forces upon his

right, Burnside's men gallantly assaulted the bridge, and carried the heights on the western side of the Antietam, and held it for nearly two hours. Here the Confederate troops, under General Jones, fought gallantly, but overpowered by numbers, were thrown back in the direction of Sharpsburg, by the victorious legions of the Ninth corps. Just at this moment, when victory seemed once more about to perch upon the stars and stripes, the Confederate division of A. P. Hill, which had made a forced march from Harper's Ferry, arrived on this part of the field.

These two thousand men, uniting with those of General Jones, assumed the offensive, and drove Burnside back over the ground he had taken, and to the shelter of the heights on the west side of the Antietam. Had Burnside's movement been made five hours earlier, the victorious legions of A. P. Hill would have been many miles away.

Thus ended the battle of Antietam.

The Union loss had been twelve thousand five hundred men killed and wounded, the Confederates having lost about eight thousand men from the same cause.

The troops on both sides had distinguished themselves by their remarkable bravery, each army having made a record of valor upon this field of carnage, of which the country will ever feel proud.

General McClellan had planned well, but owing to his own lack of energy, and the incompetency of many of his subordinates, gained but a barren victory as the fruits of the terrible sacrifice made by his soldiery. General Lee comprehending his desperate situation, planned to make the most of his resources, and by the skill of his subordinate officers, succeeded in extricating himself from his position of utmost peril.

The North was jubilant, and thanked God for what they supposed was a great victory; the South also rejoiced, and returned thanks to the same source for the triumph which they supposed they had gained at Antietam. And so the curtain drops upon the most bloody battle during the invasion of Maryland.

ROSTER A.

COMMANDERS IN THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC UNDER MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE B. McCLELLAN ON SEPTEMBER 14, 1862.¹

RIGHT WING.

MAJOR-GENERAL A. E. BURNSIDE.

FIRST ARMY CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER.

FIRST DIVISION.

- (1) BRIGADIER-GENERAL RUFUS KING.
- (2) BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN P. HATCH.
- (3) BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. DOUBLEDAY.

First Brigade.

- Brig.-General JOHN P. HATCH.
(2) Colonel WALTER PHELPS JR.

Second Brigade.

- (1) Brig.-General A. DOUBLEDAY.
(2) Colonel WM. P. WAINWRIGHT.
(3) Lieut.-Colonel J. W. HOFMANN.

Third Brigade.

Brig.-General M. R. PATRICK.

Fourth Brigade.

Brig.-General JOHN GIBBON.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES B. RICKETTS.

First Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. A. DURYEA.

Second Brigade.

Colonel WM. H. CHRISTIAN.

Third Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. GEO. L. HARTSUFF.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE G. MEADE.

First Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. T. SEYMOUR.

Second Brigade.

Colonel A. L. MAGILTON.

Third Brigade.

- (1) Col. THOS. F. GALLAGHER.
(2) Lieut.-Col. ROB'T ANDERSON.

NINTH ARMY CORPS.

- (1) MAJOR-GENERAL JESSE L. RENO.
- (2) BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. D. COX.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL O. B. WILCOX.

First Brigade.

Colonel B. C. CHRIST.

Second Brigade.

Colonel THOMAS WELSH.

¹ As shown by the Records of the Adjutant-General's Office. Furnished General F. W. Palfrey, in compliance with his request dated July 4, 1881.

BLUE AND GRAY.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL S. D. STURGIS.

First Brigade.

Colonel JAMES NAGLE.

Second Brigade.

Colonel EDWARD FERRERO.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ISAAC P. RODMAN.

First Brigade.

Colonel H. S. FAIRCHILD.

Second Brigade.

Colonel EDWARD HARLAND.

CENTER.

MAJOR-GENERAL E. V. SUMNER.

SECOND ARMY CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL E. V. SUMNER.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ISRAEL B. RICHARDSON.

First Brigade.

Brig.-General THOMAS F. MEAGHER.

Second Brigade.

Brig.-General JOHN C. CALDWELL.

Third Brigade.

Colonel JOHN R. BROOKE.

SECOND DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN SEDGWICK.

First Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. W. A. GORMAN.

Second Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. O. O. HOWARD.

Third Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. N. J. T. DANA.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. H. FRENCH.

First Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. NATHAN KIMBALL.

Second Brigade.

Colonel DWIGHT MORRIS.

Third Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. MAX WEBER.

TWELFTH ARMY CORPS.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. S. WILLIAMS.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL S. W. CRAWFORD.

First Brigade.

Colonel J. F. KNIPE.

Third Brigade.

Brig.-General GEO. H. GORDON.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE S. GREENE.

First Brigade.

Lieut.-Col. HECTOR TYNDALE.

Second Brigade.

Col. HENRY J. STAINROOK.

Third Brigade.

Colonel WM. B. GOODRICH.

LEFT WING.

MAJOR-GENERAL WM. B. FRANKLIN.

SIXTH ARMY CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL WM. B. FRANKLIN.

FIRST DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL H. W. SLOCUM.

First Brigade.

Colonel A. T. A. TORBERT.

Second Brigade.

Colonel J. J. BARTLETT.

Third Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. JOHN NEWTON.

SECOND DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL WM. F. SMITH.

First Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. W. S. HANCOCK.

Second Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. W. T. H. BROOKS.

Third Brigade.

Colonel W. H. IRWIN.

COUCH'S DIVISION (FOURTH CORPS).

MAJOR-GENERAL D. N. COUCH.

First Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. CHAS. DEVENS.

Second Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. A. P. HOWE.

Third Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. JOHN COCHRANE.

FIFTH ARMY CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL FITZ JOHN PORTER.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE MORELL.

First Brigade.

Colonel JAMES BARNES.

Second Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. CHAS. GRIFFIN.

Third Brigade.

Colonel T. B. W. STOCKTON.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE SYKES.

First Brigade.

Lieut.-Col. R. C. BUCHANAN.

Second Brigade.

Lieut.-Col. WM. CHAPMAN.

Third Brigade.

Colonel G. K. WARREN.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,

WASHINGTON, Sept. 5, 1861.

C. MCKEEVER,

Assistant Adjutant-General.

ROSTER B.

ORGANIZATION ¹ OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, FROM AUGUST 13 TO NOVEMBER 15, 1862, FROM REPORTS OF MILITARY OPERATIONS DURING THE REBELLION, 1860-1865, WASHINGTON, ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S PRINTING OFFICE.

LONGSTREET'S (FIRST) CORPS, OR RIGHT WING.

McLAW'S DIVISION. ²

Barksdale's Brigade.

13th Mississippi.
17th "
18th "
21st "

Semmes' Brigade.

10th Georgia.
53d "
15th Virginia.
32d "
Manly's Battery.

Kershaw's Brigade.

2d South Carolina.
8d "
7th "
8th "

Cobb's Brigade.

Colonel SANDERS Com'd'g at Sharpsburg.
Cobb's Georgia Legion.
16th Georgia.
24th "
15th North Carolina.
Read's Battery.

R. H. ANDERSON'S DIVISION. ²

Commanded by GENERAL WILLCOX. ³

Willcox's Brigade.

8th Alabama.
9th "
10th "
11th "

Pryor's Brigade.

14th Alabama.
3d Virginia.
5th Florida. ⁴
8th "

Featherston's Brigade.

Gen. FEATHERSTON and Col.
POSEY Commanding.
2d Mississippi Battalion.
12th Mississippi.
16th "
19th "

Wright's Brigade.

3d Georgia.
22d "
43th "
44th Alabama.
44th Georgia.

Armistead's Brigade.

14th Virginia.
38th "
53d "
57th "
Dixie Battery (Chapman's).

Mahone's Brigade.

Colonel PARHAM commanding
at Sharpsburg.
6th Virginia.
12th "
16th "
41st "

¹ Made up from reports, casualty sheets, organization table of July 23d, and return of September 30th. The arrangement of divisions accords with the latter, except in the case of D. H. Hill's division, which is there made to belong to Jackson's corps. Between these sources, and owing to changes made during this campaign, there are some discrepancies and some organizations will be found to appear twice, and an absolutely accurate table has been impossible.

² These two divisions were under McLaws' command in Maryland campaign.

³ General Willcox, in his report, states that his division was composed of three brigades (the first named), but the casualty sheet makes the division to consist of six.

⁴ Fifth in report of Fryor, Second in Guild's report.

JONES' (D. R.) DIVISION.

Anderson's (G. T.) Brigade.¹

Gen. EVANS Commanding.
1st Georgia Regulars.
7th "
8th "
9th "

Toombs' Brigade.¹

Gen. TOOMBS, Commanding.
Col. BENNING, Commanding
in Maryland.
2d Georgia.
15th "
17th "
20th "

Drayton's Brigade.¹

15th South Carolina.
50th ² " "
51st ² " "

Kemper's Brigade.³

Colonel CORSE Commanding
at battles of Grovetown and
Manassas.
1st Virginia.
7th "
11th "
17th "
24th "

Pickett's (or Garnett's) Brigade.³

8th Virginia.
18th "
19th "
28th "
56th "

Jenkin's Brigade.⁴

Colonel WALKER Com'd'g.
1st South Carolina.
2d "
5th "
6th "
Palmetto Sharpshooters.

WALKER'S DIVISION.

Ransom's Brigade.

24th North Carolina.
25th " "
35th " "
49th " "
J. R. Branch's Battery.

Walker's Brigade.

Colonel MANNING Com'd'g.
30th Virginia.
46th North Carolina.
48th " "
27th " "
3d Arkansas.
French's Battery.

Whiting's Brigade.

(See Hood's or Whiting's Division.)

PICKETT'S DIVISION.⁵

Kemper's Brigade.⁶

1st Virginia.
7th "
11th "
17th "
24th "

Pickett's (or Garnett's) Brigade.⁶

8th Virginia.
18th "
19th "
28th "
56th "

HOOD'S (OR WHITING'S) DIVISION.

INFANTRY.

Hood's Brigade.

Colonel WOFFORD Com'd'g.
18th Georgia.
1st Texas.
4th "
5th "
Hampton Legion.

Whiting's (Low's) Brigade.

4th Alabama.
6th North Carolina.
2d Mississippi.
11th "

Evans' Brigade.⁷

General EVANS and Colonel
STEVENS Commanding.
17th South Carolina.
18th "
22d "
23d "
Holcombe Legion.
Boyce Battery, Macbeth's
Artillery.

ARTILLERY.

Reilly's Battery.⁸

Garden's ⁸ "
Bachman's ⁸ "

Walton's Artillery Battalion, Washing-

ton Artillery, of Louisiana.
Lee's Artillery Battalion.

¹ In Maryland campaign these three brigades formed a temporary division under General Toombs.

² Called Georgia in Guild's report.

³ Attached to this division in the Maryland campaign, previous to which it was in Pickett's division.

⁴ Attached to this division in the Maryland campaign; belonged to Pickett's division in Northeastern Virginia.

⁵ Jenkin's brigade was in this division in Northeastern Virginia.

⁶ Belonged to D. R. Jones' division in Maryland campaign.

⁷ Not attached to any division.

⁸ In battle of Sharpsburg.

JACKSON'S (SECOND) CORPS.

JACKSON'S DIVISION.

TALIAFERRO, STARKE AND J. R. JONES, COMMANDING.

INFANTRY.

Winder's Brigade.

Colonels BAYLOR and GRIGSBY Com'd'g.

2d Virginia.

4th "

5th "

27th "

33d "

J. R. Jones' (or Campbell's) Brigade.

JONES, B. T. JOHNSON and SHEDDON Com'g.

21st Virginia.

42d "

48th "

1st Virginia Battalion.

Taliaferro's Brigade.

Cols. TALIAFERRO and WARREN Com'd'g.

23d Virginia.

47th Alabama.

48th "

37th Virginia.

10th "

Starke's Brigade.

STARKE, STAFFORD and PENDLETON Com'g.

1st Louisiana.

2d "

9th 1 "

10th "

15th "

Coppen's Louisiana Battalion.

ARTILLERY.

Major L. M. SHUMAKER, Commanding.

Brokenbrough's Battery.

Wooding's Battery, Danville Artillery.

Poague's Battery, Rockbridge "

Carpenter's Battery.

Caskie's "

Raine's "

EWELL'S DIVISION.

EWELL, LAWTON and EARLY, COMMANDING.

INFANTRY.

Lawton's Brigade.²

LAWTON and DOUGLASS, Commanding.

13th Georgia.

31st "

60th "

61st "

Early's Brigade.

13th Virginia.

25th "

31st "

44th "

49th "

52d "

58th³ "*Hays' Brigade.*

Gen. HAYS and Cols. FORNO and STRONG,

Commanding.

5th Louisiana.

6th "

7th "

8th "

Trimble's Brigade.

TRIMBLE, WALKER and BROWN, Com'd'g.

12th Georgia.

21st "

15th Alabama.

20th North Carolina.⁴

21st " "

ARTILLERY.

Major COURTNEY, Commanding.

Brown's Battery.

Dement's Battery.

Latimer's Battery.

Balthis' Battery (Lieut. Garber).

D'Aquin's Battery.

A. P. HILL'S DIVISION.

INFANTRY.

Branch's (or Lane's) Brigade.

37th North Carolina.

7th " "

18th " "

28th " "

33d " "

Field's Brigade.

Col. BROCKENBROUGH, Com'g.

55th Virginia.

47th "

2d " Battalion.

40th "

Archer's Brigade.

1st Tennessee.

7th " "

14th " "

19th Georgia.

5th Alabama Battalion.

¹ October 5th transferred to Hays' Brigade.² On Guild's report, Twenty-sixth and Thirty-eighth Georgia added.³ According to Guild's report.⁴ See also Garland's Brigade, D. H. Hill's Division.

Gregg's (or McGowan's) Brigade.

1st South Carolina Rifles
(Orr's).
1st South Carolina.
12th " "
13th " "
14th " "

Pender's Brigade.

16th North Carolina.
22d " "
34th " "
38th " "

Thomas' Brigade.

14th Georgia.
19th¹ "
35th "
45th "
49th "

ARTILLERY.

Major R. L. WALKER Commanding.

Braxton's Battery.
Latham's "
Crenshaw's "

McIntosh's Battery.
Davidson's "
Pegram's "

D. H. HILL'S DIVISION.

INFANTRY.

Garland's Brigade.

GARLAND and MCRAE Commanding.
20th North Carolina.³
3d⁴ " "
1st⁴ " "
5th " "

Anderson's (G. B.) Brigade.

2d North Carolina.
4th " "
13th " "
14th " "
23d " "
30th " "

Ripley's Brigade.⁵

4th Georgia.
6th "
21st "
44th "

Colquitt's Brigade.

19th Georgia.
23d "
27th "
28th "
13th Alabama.

Rodes' Brigade.

3d Alabama.
5th "
6th "
12th "
26th "

ARTILLERY.

Jones' Battery.
Lane's "
King William Artillery.

Bondurant's Battery.
Hardaway's "
(Carter's) Cutts' Battalion.⁶

J. E. B. STUART'S CAVALRY DIVISION.

Robertson's Brigade.

7th Virginia Cavalry.
2d " "
6th " "
12th " "
17th " " Battalion.⁸

Hampton's Brigade.

Jeff. Davis Legion (10 Companies).⁷
1st North Carolina Cavalry.
Cavalry of Cobb's Legion (9 companies).⁷
2d South Carolina Cavalry.
Phillips' Legion (5 companies).⁷

Fitzhugh Lee's Brigade.

1st Virginia Cavalry.
5th⁹ " "
3d " "
4th " "

Stuart Horse Artillery.

White's Battalion Virginia Cavalry (independent).¹⁰¹ See Guild's Report.² Appears to have been independent of any corps, though in field return of September 30th it is included in Jackson's corps.³ In Guild's report of Manassas the Twentieth North Carolina appears in Trimble's brigade, Ewell's division, but in his Maryland campaign it appears here.⁴ From Ripley's report it would appear these were in his brigade.⁵ See Garland's Brigade.⁶ Not known whether Cutts' battalion embraced any of the above batteries, or was separate and distinct from them.⁷ From return of October 24, 1862.⁸ Called Eleventh Virginia on return of October 24, 1862, and attached to another brigade with Fifth, Ninth, White's Cavalry and Scott's Rangers.⁹ Return of October 24, 1862, makes Tenth Virginia in place of this Fifth Regiment, which is assigned to another brigade with Ninth, Eleventh, White's Battalion and Scott's Rangers.¹⁰ Assigned to a brigade on return of October 24, 1862.

CHAPTER VIII.

REMINISCENCES. ANECDOTES. PERSONAL INCIDENTS. POEM.

TRUE TO THE FLAG.

WHEN the talk of war first fell upon the ear of the people, party lines were very closely drawn, even father and sons taking sides against each other. During these debates the hottest words would be indulged in, and often bitter excitement ensued.

Such an instance was illustrated in a southern family, the father and brother taking sides with their State, while a younger scion, a youth of twenty, manfully upheld the Constitution and national Union. The discussion was so heated, that, when hostilities began, the Union boy was ordered by his father to leave his home, and sneeringly advised to join the enemy.

"Father," exclaimed the youth, "your order to leave your house shall be obeyed, and your suggestion followed. As much as I love my home and the honor of my State, I love the Union better than all, and will exert every energy in my power to maintain the Constitution of our fathers, which you have trained me, from my infancy, to reverence and respect."

The next morning found this young man en route to Washington. His father and brothers became members of the Confederate army while he wore the uniform of the Union.

Unflinchingly did this son of Virginia battle for the national flag, while as bravely the other members of his family endeavored to pull it down.

Campaign after campaign brought the struggle nearer its end. This divided family had never met, or heard from each other, until the siege of Petersburg began.

One night, near the military road, a large number of Confederates were captured by the Federals on that part of the line, among them Colonel D. of Virginia.

The morning after their capture, as the line of prisoners was passing along the rear of the Union line, en route to City Point, a Union officer, near whose quarters they were marching, suddenly sprang in the midst of the prisoners, and seized the hand of Colonel D., in whom he recognized his father. The surprise of his brother officers was very great, until the young man explained the situation to his companions.

The Confederate colonel, although haughty and self-willed, had the feeling of a father, and in his heart admired the brave stand his son had taken years before. The recognition was mutual, and, by especial permission, his father was paroled, and allowed to return to his home.

Upon inquiry, it was found that his older brother had fallen early in the conflict, and that his father had long since seen the hopelessness of the cause in which he was engaged.

When the war ended, this father and son were reunited at their peaceful home, and both were contented over the triumph of the Union.

To-day there is not a more respectable man in his state than this ex-Federal soldier, nor an old Confederate, who is more tenderly cared for by his son, than is Colonel D.

THE SOLDIER'S APPEAL.

The penalty of desertion is death, and while this extreme penalty is necessary, that the safety of the army may be assured, there are instances where good judgment has heeded the dictates of extenuating circumstances, and acted with leniency toward the culprit.

No true soldier, however, has either confidence in, or respect for, a man who deserts from his line, and voluntarily enters into the service of the common foe. Distrust and contempt ever fill the breast of those to whom a deserter applies for permission to engage in their service, against his

former friends, and no place of any importance is ever assigned to any such.

As evidence of this, note the case of General Arnold, of revolutionary fame, who, although paid the price of his infamy by the British, was ever held in contempt by the officers of that Government, and finally died unwept, and clothed with the infamous scorn of both friend and foe.

A soldier who had proven his loyalty upon the hard-fought battlefields of three campaigns, and who bore upon his breast the scars of honorable wounds, made application to visit his wife, whom he had not seen for two long years, and who was at that time dying of consumption. A letter from his home had brought the sad tidings that she could not hold out much longer, and that she had expressed a wish to see him once more before she died. Upon this statement he hoped to get a leave of absence, but, although his application was indorsed by all of his regimental officers, it failed at headquarters, and he was refused the permit. His loyal soul, although true to his country, was truer still to the woman whom he had sworn to cherish before the altar of heaven, and he, revolting at this disappointment, clandestinely left the camp.

In due time he arrived at his home, just in time to see his wife die, and after burying her, he again started back to the army. In the meantime he was reported absent, without leave, and pronounced a deserter.

Upon reaching his camp he was promptly arrested, and court-martialed. That tribunal heard the charges against him, and heard their prisoner's plea of guilty distinctly pronounced by himself, and asked what he had to say in extenuation of the act.

"I would say that for three long years I have served my country with a loyal soldier's devotion, although I never swore to do it. At the altar I pledged my honor to my wife, to cherish her until death. When death summoned her, I asked leave to be permitted to see her die, and it was refused me, and in obedience to my oath I went to her bedside.

When all was over I laid her away, and came immediately back to my post. My duty to my country is secondary to my duty to my God. Find me guilty, and punish me with death."

That court never agreed upon a verdict, and Edmund Scott continued loyal to the cause, and witnessed the downfall of the Confederacy at Appomattox.

TRUE AS STEEL.

Both in civil and military life prejudice oftentimes causes much embarrassment, engendering feelings of dislike akin to hate, which only some superior circumstance could counteract. It was perfectly natural for the people of the South to look with distrust upon any who, though citizens by adoption, were northern born. How often distrust would arise, from no other source, the following incident will show, as also the awkward position which those who harbor such feelings are called upon to fill.

A native of Connecticut became a citizen of Virginia about two years prior to the breaking out of the war. He was a young machinist of talent and energy, and soon won the confidence and esteem of those by whom he was employed. In course of time he married into one of the first families of the section in which he resided.

When the call for volunteer troops was made this gentleman was among the first to respond, and enlisted in a company then being raised in the vicinity of his home. The branch of service to which it was assigned being the artillery, he was chosen to fill a non-commissioned officer's post. When it became generally known by the men of his command that he was northern born, many were the objections raised against serving under him, or even obeying his orders. Finding his presence as an officer objectionable to the men, he tendered his resignation, and asked permission to serve in the ranks.

Being a man of good judgment he bore the suspicions of his comrades in silence, never showing by his manner that he felt deeply the wrong they were doing him. The first oppor-

tunity which presented itself to crush this spirit of injustice arrived at Seven Pines, where he convinced all by his deeds of daring that he was far more worthy of their confidence than many of them were worthy of his respect.

When every man in his gun detachment had been killed or wounded, save one other and himself, he so successfully handled it as to check the enemy until relief came up, and his gun was borne from the field while every other piece of the battery fell into the hands of the Federal troops. This act of gallantry was witnessed by a prominent general officer who had known of the suspicions resting upon the sincerity of this soldier, and when the battle was over this private was promoted for special gallantry, and when he again faced the enemy he was in command of a six-gun battery.

Ever after this event the men of this command who had been his greatest enemies, became his warmest friends, and when his life-blood was spilt in defence of his adopted state, at Chancellorsville, there were expressions of deepest sympathy manifested over the fall of this brave and daring soldier whose loss was so keenly felt.

J. E. B. STUART.

Few cavalry commanders enjoyed to a greater degree the confidence of their troops than did General Stuart of Confederate fame. It has been often remarked that he was vain, with no desire, however, to detract from this gallant officer. Perhaps he was slightly inclined to vanity; and what mortal would not exhibit similar weakness, who possessed such natural endowments as he did?

A remarkably handsome head and face, set upon a finely molded form, the carriage of which was erect and commanding, added great weight to his appearance as a man.

With this was combined the popularity and exalted position which he deservedly held. It is not for us to speak of the man from any but a military standpoint. If his arm was raised in a mistaken cause, an honesty of purpose prompted the act, and to this should be given due credit.

No man ever led an army of horsemen with greater skill or better success than he, nor did any command troops who exhibited more confidence in a general.

Recklessly daring, and careless of his own personal danger, he would dash into the thickest of a fight, seemingly determined to set an example worthy of a great soldier.

Upon the field of Yellow Tavern, where this highly prized soldier lost his life, he rode into the jaws of death almost single-handed, and faced the foe unflinchingly.

One more link was gone when Stuart fell, and one more nail was driven into the coffin of the fast-dying Confederacy.

His place was filled by Wade Hampton, who led well the southern cavalry, but General Hampton was not General Stuart, nor was there another leader in the south who could have filled his place with equal success.

COLONEL DALGHREN.

The people of the North, or at least many of them, were led to believe from reports which had no foundation in fact, that the death of Colonel Dalghren, one of General Kilpatrick's celebrated raiders in the spring of 1864, was purely an act of revengeful murder on the part of those at whose hands he lost his life. This is a report which has been so greatly exaggerated that it has not a semblance of truth left about it.

The actual facts touching the death of this officer can be told in one word, — foolhardiness. When he was ordered to surrender by an overwhelming force, he persistently refused to do so, and in the effort to capture him he was slain. The time for truth has arrived, and as only true reports, however melancholy, should be entertained, the mind of the people ought to be disabused respecting this and all other prejudicial rumors.

BEFORE BREAKFAST.

During the fall of 1864 the Confederates surprised the command of General Kautz at a place called Darbytown, below Richmond, capturing many of his command, and driving many

more into the White Oak Swamp. Preparatory to this surprise they captured the Federal pickets, and placed their own men in their stead before dawn, and awaited the coming of the Union relief. This came about daylight and was immediately gobbled up. Then the whole line moved forward upon the camp.

The sun had not yet risen, and it was quite dark, as the advance line of the Confederates was hailed by the Union inside picket, with, "What command is that?" "The — Virginia," replied the colonel, who was leading the column. "Halt!" shouted the sentinel. This defiant order from a single man to the advanced regiment of a division of thousands of men was indeed wonderful.

The command not being obeyed the brave trooper raised his rifle and would have fired had not the weapon been knocked from his hands, and he sent to the rear as a prisoner.

When the Confederates got into the Federal camp many of the men had not yet risen, and the scene which followed was truly ludicrous. Such scrambling in endeavoring to escape from their tents, was truly laughable. Some had on their trousers and some didn't. Being a complete surprise, many did not awake until called from their beds by the soldiers.

The sutler's tent was soon found, and the cavalymen made short work of whatever it contained.

General Kautz escaped, but his headquarters fell into the hands of the cavalry, as also his private baggage. Many of his troopers spoke only the German language, and therefore could not understand the full meaning of the men when ordered to surrender, and this called forth many a hearty laugh at their expense.

YOUTHFUL PATRIOTS.

The year 1864 brought with it the severest hours the Confederacy had ever experienced, and in consequence of this necessity, every one able to bear arms was appealed to, to enlist in the army, without regard to age or condition.

Two young brothers, aged respectively fifteen and sixteen,

stirred by this appeal, left their far southern home, and entered the army. Arriving at Richmond, they were assigned to a light battery of artillery, and soon shared the fortunes of their command.

When the Union army made its appearance in front of Petersburg, the command to which they were attached was among the first to engage the enemy.

These boys had been soldiers about three weeks; they had left behind them a good home and kind parents, who, until they were regularly mustered into the service, did not know their whereabouts. In less than an hour, after the battery became engaged in the fight, they both fell, mortally wounded by the relentless explosion of a shell, and their mangled and torn bodies were sent back to their distant home in one coffin.

PRIVATE SHIELD.

Not all the bravery nor wit displayed in the army emanated from those who held commissions. There were men in the ranks of both armies who were capable to command, either in the field or the senate chamber; men whose courage and ability were equal to any, and yet, from the position which they occupied, were never known outside of their immediate circle of friends. Thousands fell in that cruel and unhallowed fratricidal strife, who might have honored any position in the power of their country to bestow, and yet these men were only private soldiers. They have passed away; their individual achievements are unrecorded, and their names unsung by the muse of history, but their memory will live on in the hallowed gratitude of their country, while deeply will be cherished their undying heroism by their surviving comrades.

In a battery of Virginia Light Artillery there was a soldier of the class referred to, one whose splendid abilities, mental qualifications and high social standing eminently entitled him to fill any position attainable by the most worthy, and yet this gentleman was only a private soldier, who cheerfully obeyed the orders of those in authority over him without a

murmur, though none of them were his equals in social rank or mental culture. Poor Shield is dead now, but one who knew him well and loved him better, lives on to honor his goodly name and gallant memory. Though full of fun, his brilliant mind could be read in his countenance; generous to a fault, he was ever ready to sacrifice his own convenience to relieve a friend; and last, but not least, the soul of honor; he was as brave and true as he was generous and bright.

One night after a tedious march his command halted, and the men occupied the old abandoned quarters of Longstreet's corps, which had been vacated only a few days before. On spreading his blanket in one of the bunks in the hut which he occupied, all who were near him will ever remember the hearty laugh which he drew from his weary and jaded comrades, by solemnly folding his arms, as he was about to lie down, and most reverently lifting his eyes in the attitude of prayer, recited the following parody:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
While 'gray-backs' o'er my body creep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord their jaws to break."

A SCHOOLMARM'S TRICK.

During the afternoon of the first day's fight at Gettysburg, the Union forces having been driven back in disorder by the Confederates, the latter's line was so far advanced as to include a school-house which had been previously in the Federal lines. In the basement of this house, at the time, was a preceptress, her father, and several Union officers, among whom was Colonel Wheelock of the Ninety-seventh New York infantry. These were all made prisoners by the advancing Confederates.

A Confederate colonel noticing that Colonel Wheelock still retained his sword, demanded it of him. He positively refused to give it up, remarking at the time, that "no rebel shall ever have it." It had been presented to him. "Then," said the rebel officer, "I will shoot you."

The lady to whom reference has been made, now attempted to reason with her countryman, advising him to do as the Confederate demanded, adding that his refusal would cause him to lose his life, and his country a valuable soldier. This suggestion was seconded by her father. The colonel was obstinate, however, and declined to give up this precious arm.

Just then the attention of his captor was diverted and the lady seized the sword and, concealing it in the folds of her dress, disappeared. When the rebel again turned to the Federal he was told that one of his men had taken the sword.

A few days after this event transpired, Colonel Wheelock escaped from capture and sought Miss —, who had safely concealed his sword, and, upon having it restored to him, kept it raised against the South to within three weeks of the time of his expiration of service, when he died. Thus the sword was never captured, which he had preserved at the imminent peril of his life, the taking of which, by the Confederate officer, would have been perfectly justifiable at the time he refused to surrender it.

ROUGH, BUT EXPRESSIVE.

Jack Williams was a brave sergeant belonging to one of the regiments composing a part of the Army of the Potomac. His regiment had joined the army undrilled and undisciplined, just as the terrible campaign of 1864 began. Before it reached Spottsylvania, his commanding officers were killed, and Jack commanded his company. He displayed such bravery during the campaign, that when the army was before Petersburg he was recommended for a captaincy in the regular army, and was ordered before an examining board of regular officers at Washington.

He put in an appearance, dressed in a soiled and torn uniform; his face and hands were bronzed, and his beard uncut. The trim, dapper officers composing the board, were shocked at the unsoldierly appearance of our hero, but decided to proceed with the examination. They had never seen a battalion in the field, but knew much about the theory of war.

They asked Jack all sorts of questions about engineering, mathematics, philosophy and ordnance, of harbor warfare, of field campaigns, etc.

Not a single one of these questions could he answer.

"What is an echelon?" one asked. "Don't know," was the reply.

"What is an abatis?" "Never saw one."

"A redan?" "You fellows have got me again," was the response.

"Well, what is a hollow square, sir?" "Never heard of one before; guess they don't have them down at the front, do they?" replied Jack. A lisping young fellow in white gloves, and wearing eye-glasses, now inquired, "What would you do if you were in command of a company, and cavalry should charge on you?" "Do, you fool?" thundered Jack. "I would give them hell, that's what I should do."

The examination ended here, and the papers containing the adverse report of the committee were sent to President Lincoln for his approval. He looked the report over with interest, and when he came to the only answer Jack had given, evidently concluded that he was just the kind of a man needed in the service, for, with a look of great good nature, he seized his pen, and wrote, "Give this man a captain's commission."

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

A very touching incident occurred in the Wilderness, after the great battle was fought there, in 1864, down upon the left, where Hancock had been engaged, near the plank road.

At a point in the dense, dark forest, where the battle had raged the most fiercely, a burial party found a wounded Federal soldier, surrounded by the Confederate dead. He was only a smooth, thin faced lad, but nevertheless a brave soldier.

He had been wounded severely the previous day, and while lying upon the ground, surrounded by the evidences of the bloody strife, saw some beautiful violets, which had not been trampled by the feet of the combatants, and with a childish

love for the beautiful, though faint from loss of blood, not able to stand, he had crawled upon the ground, and gathered a beautiful bouquet of flowers.

He was borne tenderly away upon a stretcher; death soon came to his relief, and the flowers were taken from his lifeless hand and placed upon his rude grave.

DE BONE DON'T FIGHT.

The following dialogue took place at a hotel, between a guest and waiter, at one time during the war:—

GUEST. "Well, Jim, I suppose you intend to join a colored regiment and become a soldier?"

JIM. "Me, massa? O no, me nebber tink of it at all."

GUEST. "Never thought of it? Why I supposed that all you fellows would be glad to enlist and fight during the war. Why don't you enlist?"

JIM. "Well, massa, I tell you why. Did you ebber see two dogs fighting ober a bone?"

GUEST. "Yes, of course, but what has that to do with this matter?"

JIM. "Don't you see, massa, de bone nebber fight; de bone take no part in the scuffle. De Norf and Souf are de two dogs fighten ober de bone, and we niggers am de bone. We don't propose to take no part in the scuffle what ebber, sah."

PAT'S WIT.

A flag was being presented to the Fifteenth Indiana regiment by the young ladies of the city in which the regiment had been mustered.

The presentation speech had been made, and the commanding officer was making his reply; he was very flowery in his remarks and was endeavoring very hard to be eloquent.

Having reached the supreme moment of his endeavor, a moment when a speaker does not, to say the least, desire to be interrupted, and while holding the beautiful banner before the vast multitude of people, he uttered these words: "Tell

the young ladies, that when the war is over, their then sanctified gift shall be returned to them, unless torn to shreds by the bullets of the enemy."

An Irish private in the ranks, shouted, "An thin we'll bring them back the old pole." This transition from the sublime to the ridiculous, was so sudden that the people roared with laughter, and the speech was ended.

GREAT UNION CONVENTION.

Bishop E. R. Ames, of the Methodist Episcopal church, was once preaching at a camp-meeting to an audience of many thousands of people. It was at one of the darkest periods of the war, when the friends of the Union were holding conventions in many sections of the country, to arouse and maintain a spirit of loyalty.

The eloquent bishop, in a manner peculiar to himself, alluded to these conventions, and the great results arising from them, remarking that there had been held one Union convention which had not been reported by telegraph, "held amid the fastnesses of the everlasting hills; the Rocky Mountains presided; the mighty Mississippi made the motion; the Alleghany mountains seconded it, and every mountain, hill, river, and valley in this vast country sent up a unanimous voice:

"RESOLVED, That we are one and inseparable; and what God has joined together, let no man put asunder."

The great audience rose to their feet and involuntarily gave three cheers for the Union.

COURTESY.

Many pleasing incidents often occurred between the officers of the contending armies, who had formerly been intimate friends at West Point, and afterward in the regular army.

The following spicy correspondence passed between General Charles Griffin, afterward the gallant commander of the Fifth corps, and the famous Confederate chieftain, General J. E. B.

Stuart. They had been great chums at West Point, at which place Stuart had been named "Beauty."

Soon after the first battle of Bull Run, Stuart, with a small force of Confederates, advanced on Lewinsville and drove back a Federal force, a part of which was Griffin's battery. The latter left the following note with a citizen for General Stuart.

DEAR BEAUTY:—I have called to see you, and regret very much that you were *not in*. Can't you dine with me at Willard's to-morrow? Keep your "black horse" off me!

From your old friend,

GRIFFIN.

To which Stuart immediately replied, as follows, sending the reply to Griffin:

DEAR GRIFFIN:—I heard that you called, and hastened to see you, but as soon as you saw me coming you were guilty of the discourtesy of turning your back upon me. However, you probably hurried on to Washington to get the dinner ready. I hope to dine at Willard's, if not to-morrow, certainly before long.

Yours to count on,

BEAUTY.

NEVER MIND THE PICTURES.

Captain C. R. Mason, a railroad contractor of Virginia, was attached to the staff of Stonewall Jackson, as chief of pioneers.

During the seven days' battle on the peninsula, Jackson was obliged to rebuild the Grapevine bridge across the Chickahominy.

Time was precious, and Jackson was in a great hurry. He sent for Captain Mason, and explained to him what he wanted, and ordered him to be ready to rebuild the bridge as soon as the engineers could prepare the plans and specifications.

The veteran bridge builder immediately replied, "Never mind the pictures, General; if you will just send me men enough, who will wade in the water, and tote poles, I will have the bridge ready by the time the engineers can prepare the pictures."

The men were detailed, and the bridge was speedily constructed.

HEROISM.

While the terrible battle of Chancellorsville was raging, Major McClellan, of the Confederate army, met a lad coming back from the front, whose arm was dangling from some shreds of flesh at the elbow, and was accosted by him with "Mister, can't you cut this thing off, it keeps knocking against the trees, and it is mightily in my way."

The gallant officer dismounted from his horse, and did as the young man desired. While fastening a strip of blouse around the stump of the arm, to prevent it from bleeding, he inquired, "Which is your regiment?"

"I belong to that North Carolina regiment in there," responded the lad. "I am just sixteen, and have just come from home. Don't you think it is a hard case that I should get hit in my first fight? We drove them out of one line of breastworks, and I was on top of the second, when I got hit. But O, how we did make them git!"

"UNKNOWN" DEAD.

BY L. D. M.

Where the James is rippling gently,
Wandering o'er its rocky bed,
Many years ago they laid him,
"Much Beloved," yet "unknown" dead.
Flowers strewn by kindly fingers
O'er his couch their fragrance shed,
Whilst the low winds, murmuring softly,
Sigh their requiems o'er his head.

What bright hopes may here be buried,
Who the slain, no one can say,
Yet we know "somebody's" darling
Sleeps beside the James to-day.
On his grave the sunlight lingers,
And the silvery moonbeams fall,
Here he sleeps, far, far from kindred,
Sleeps until the last great call.

Loving hearts mayhaps have waited
For this "unknown" one to come,
Long, perhaps, yes long, long after
He had found his narrow home.
Now when hope has died in anguish,
Aching hearts this blessing crave,
That love soothes his last hard pillow,
Love still tends this "unknown" grave.

Many hearts and blades were broken,
Thousands of the noblest "braves"
Wrapped in jackets gray are sleeping
Coldly in their "unknown" graves;
Many "Rachels" still are weeping,
Though so many years have fled,
Weeping for their sons returned not,
Waiting for their "unknown" dead.

Ye who weave for them fresh garlands,
O'er their graves sweet flowers spread,
Know the prayers of many mothers
Call down blessings on your head.
Loving acts bring blessings always,
For thy Father says to thee,
"As ye soothe My suffering children,
So ye did it unto Me."

O, ye mothers, wives and daughters,
Tend each "unknown" grave with care;
Who can tell, your own loved darling
May be called their fate to share.
Then as ye would have some fair one
Strew with flowers his lonely bed,
With kind hands and hearts most loving
Watch and tend our "unknown" dead.

CHAPTER IX.

CAMPAIGN AGAINST FREDERICKSBURG. McCLELLAN'S TARDINESS SEIZES HARPER'S FERRY. HIS PLAN OF ACTION. RELIEVED. BURNSIDE IN COMMAND. MARCHES TO FALMOUTH. FATAL DELAY. ACTIVITY OF CONFEDERATES. BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG. SHELLING THE CITY. BRAVERY OF MICHIGAN AND MASSACHUSETTS TROOPS. FEDERALS DEFEATED. RETREAT ACROSS THE RAPPAHANNOCK. GREAT LOSS OF LIFE. BURNSIDE PREFERS CHARGES AGAINST HIS SUBORDINATES. RESIGNS. GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER SUCCEEDS TO COMMAND OF FEDERALS. ROSTER.

"FREDERICKSBURG."

MANY weeks of valuable time were lost by McClellan after the battle of Antietam, which were passed by the Federal army in the vicinity of the battlefield.

During the first days immediately following the battle, in a severe skirmish with the Confederates, McClellan threw the first division of Porter's corps across the river, which was speedily driven back by the Confederates with considerable loss. Lee removed his army to the Shenandoah valley to recruit his ranks so badly thinned by the storms of war, and to give his men the rest they so much needed. McClellan seized Harper's Ferry and threw pontoon bridges across both the Potomac and the Shenandoah rivers. Two corps of the Federals encamped at or near that point.

On the twenty-sixth the advance of McClellan's army crossed the Potomac upon a pontoon bridge, at Berlin, and by the second of November he had thrown his entire army across that river, and was moving along the eastern base of the Blue Ridge, in the direction of Warrenton, which place he reached on the ninth. One half of Lee's army was at Culpepper court-house, while the remainder under Jackson was sent west of the Blue Ridge to prevent the Federal army from crossing through the mountain passes to the Shenandoah

valley. McClellan's plan was to place his troops between the two wings of the Confederates and crush that portion at Culpepper, before the wing under Jackson, which was at least two days' march distant, could arrive to lend any assistance. This plan whether wise or not was never carried into execution. The authorities at Washington, impatient at the many and seemingly unnecessary delays of General McClellan resolved to relieve him of his command, and on November seventh, in the midst of a terrible snow storm, a messenger arrived in great haste from Washington and handed an order to General McClellan; we give that order in full.

GENERAL MCCLELLAN RELIEVED.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 5th, 1862.

By direction of the President of the United States, it is ordered that Major-General McClellan be relieved from the command of the Army of the Potomac, and that Major-General Burnside take the command of that army.

By order of the Secretary of War.

E. D. TOWNSEND,

Assistant Adjutant-General.

Upon the receipt of this order, General McClellan turned quietly to Burnside, who happened to be in his tent at this moment, and remarked, "Well, Burnside, you are to take command of the army."

This honor and responsibility came to General Burnside unsought and unexpected. Upon assuming command he made a halt of ten days at Warrenton, which was disastrous, as it enabled General Lee to concentrate his army to oppose any movement General Burnside might make.

When the Army of the Potomac moved it was in the direction of Richmond, by the way of Fredericksburg. The Sixth corps of this army had now been consolidated into three grand divisions, of two corps each. The right grand division was composed of the Second corps, under General Couch, and the Ninth corps under General Wilcox. The center grand division of the Third corps was under General Storeman, and the Fifth corps under General Butterfield; the left grand division

of the First corps under General Reynolds, and the Sixth corps under General W. F. Smith. These grand divisions were commanded respectively by Generals Sumner, Hooker, and Franklin. It has never been clearly demonstrated what plans Burnside had in view by changing the theater of action to Fredericksburg, but in that direction he slowly moved, and to Fredericksburg, with his consolidated army, General Lee went in search of him. The Federal line of march was along the north bank of the Rappahannock river to Falmouth; pontoon bridges were to be forwarded from Washington to cross the river at Fredericksburg, and seize the heights upon the southern bank of the Rappahannock. General Sumner's grand division marched in the advance, and on the afternoon of the seventeenth it reached Falmouth. Fredericksburg was at that time occupied by four companies of Mississippi infantry, a regiment of Virginia cavalry and one light battery of artillery.

As Sumner's men reached Falmouth they were shelled by this battery, but its guns were soon silenced by a Union battery. There were at that time several points near Falmouth where the river could be easily forded, and General Sumner was anxious to cross, occupy the city and seize the heights. General Burnside did not deem the movement a wise one until his communication should be established. On the nineteenth and twentieth the grand divisions of Hooker and Franklin arrived, and the whole army was encamped near Falmouth.

When the Federal army began its movement from Warrenton, General Longstreet's corps of the Confederate army was at Culpepper, General Jackson's corps, excepting one division which he had sent to the eastern side of the Blue Ridge, was in the Shenandoah valley. As soon as Burnside's plans became apparent to General Lee, Jackson's corps was ordered to Orange court-house, and Longstreet was instructed to march to Fredericksburg where he arrived two days after Sumner arrived at Falmouth. In a few days Jackson also came up, and General Lee assumed his new line of defence south of the Rappahannock river. Whatever point General Burnside had

hoped to gain by his advance upon Fredericksburg was now lost, for he now had not only the Rappahannock river in his front, but the army of General Lee drawn up upon the heights beyond to dispute his advance. Had these heights been seized before the arrival of Lee's army, the situation would have been very different.

Another event here occurred which made the situation still more disastrous. It was either the fault of General Halleck or General Burnside that no pontoon bridges had arrived at Falmouth, and another week's delay ensued while waiting for them, which delay offered General Lee ample opportunity to establish himself and strongly fortify his new line of defence. These lines of defence extended from the river one mile and a half above the city to a point three miles below the town. So rapidly did General Lee press his work that at the end of the week's delay on the part of the Federal army, the whole ridge was crowned with batteries and long lines of earth-works. A volcano of death only awaited the order to be given by its creator to belch forth its destructive torrents upon the long lines of assailants.

Burnside had established his line of communications with Washington by way of Aquia Creek, and felt that action on his part was very imperative. The works of Lee upon the Fredericksburg Heights, which were plainly in view of the Union lines, were so formidable that it was thought best to effect a crossing of the river, some twelve miles below Fredericksburg, but the Confederates learned of the proposed movement, and convened their forces there in such numbers that Burnside abandoned the idea. Then it was proposed to cross the river several miles above Fredericksburg, but finally it was determined to cross at Fredericksburg, and undertake the fearful task of assaulting the heights so strongly fortified.

To cross a large river with a great army, in the face of a powerful foe, strongly intrenched, is a most hazardous undertaking, yet General Burnside boldly assumed that responsibility, and on the tenth of December his preliminary arrangements were all made, and it was determined to cross upon

the morrow. Such was the geographical situation that General Lee could not have prevented the crossing of the river by his opponent, even if he had so desired, as the Stafford hills on the north bank approach close to the river margin, while the heights, on the southern side of the river are from one-half to three-fourths of a mile distant, with a broad plain intervening. This plain was commanded by artillery placed upon Stafford hills, in the night time, by General Webb, chief of artillery; a force of one hundred and forty-seven pieces being there arranged to reply to the Confederate batteries commanding the plain and the town, also to protect the crossing. General Lee's army numbered seventy-eight thousand men; his right was commanded by Jackson, his center by Hill, and his left by Longstreet. General Burnside's army consisted of one hundred and thirteen thousand men. It was determined to throw five pontoon bridges across the river, three at the city and two at a point two miles below. On the former the grand divisions of Sumner and Hooker were to cross, while that of Franklin was to cross on the lower ones.

BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

Before the dawning of the day, on the morning of December eleventh, the pontoons were taken from the wagons, at the river's margin, and in silence, and with great rapidity, the engineers began their allotted task. The whole scene of activity was covered by a dense fog, but no sooner had they begun their work than sharp, heavy volleys of musketry, at short range, rang out through the misty air, from the Confederate riflemen on the opposite bank, who were sheltered by stonewalls, houses, and every possible position that was handy. At this time there also boomed forth the heavy report of a Confederate cannon, as a signal in the gloom for the Confederate forces to assemble to repel the long-expected attack. General Lee had planned to retard the work of crossing as much as possible, even if he could not prevent it. For this purpose he had posted the Seventeenth Mississippi



and Eighth Florida regiments at a point of crossing at the city, and the Eighteenth Mississippi behind the stonewalls of the river street of Fredericksburg, to shoot the engineers as they should undertake to lay the pontoon bridges. Down below the city, where Franklin was to cross, riflemen were also placed behind light earth-works, to perform a similar service.

General Franklin soon succeeded in dislodging these, and at noon his two bridges were ready for use. The attempt to place those in front of the city was not so successful. The aim of the keen-eyed riflemen was deadly in the extreme, and the fire thus poured upon the Federal engineers was a most murderous one. After awhile they were compelled to cease their efforts entirely. Several hours passed. It was evident that the pontoons could not be laid until the sharpshooters were dislodged, but how to get rid of them was the grave problem to be solved.

At ten o'clock Burnside gave the order for all his batteries to open fire upon the city and batter it down. This was in the morning, and this dreadful fire opened, and continued for an hour. Each gun fired fifty rounds, and hundreds of tons of iron were hurled within the doomed and devoted city, which was concealed from view by the dense fog. At noon the mist cleared away and revealed the fact that the city was on fire at several points. The bombardment of Fredericksburg, was of very small importance as a military movement. The troops of General Lee were out of range behind the distant hills, and the sharpshooters were so near the water front of the town that the guns could not be sufficiently depressed to dislodge them. The fire soon died out. Many buildings were shattered and much property destroyed, but it all had but little influence upon the results of the battle.

During the terrible bombardment a fresh attempt was made to complete the pontoon bridge, but the brave riflemen on the southern bank of the river, not daunted by the terrible cloud of screaming shells passing over them, remained at their posts and soon drove the engineers away. At this moment General

Hunt offered a suggestion which was adopted with success. He proposed that parties should cross the river in open pontoon boats, and either capture or disperse the enemy. Three regiments of Howard's division immediately volunteered to perform this heroic service. They were composed of the Seventh Michigan and the Nineteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts regiments. Ten pontoon boats were at that time lying at the bank of the river waiting to be placed in the unfinished bridge. The men rushed down the hill and found shelter from the enemy's fire behind piles of planks and poured a heavy fire upon the Confederate marksmen while the boats were being placed in position. This accomplished they sprang into the boats and the oarsmen pulled with great vigor for the other shore.

The Confederates still clung to their position, and poured a most murderous fire upon the boats, by which several men were killed and wounded. They soon found shelter beneath the bluff; other boats followed, and when a sufficient force had reached the southern shore of the river, they dashed up the bank. There was a short, sharp, desperate hand-to-hand conflict. A number of the Confederates were captured, and the others dashed up the streets. Thus by a simple movement the result was accomplished which the terrible bombardment had failed to produce. Great credit is due to the brave men who formed the assaulting party. The pontoon bridges were soon completed. That night, and early the next morning, the entire right grand division, under General Sumner, crossed the river, and formed their lines of battle. During the same time General Franklin crossed a large portion of the left grand division upon the lower pontoon bridges. The center grand division, under General Hooker, still remained upon the northern bank of the river.

Thus the whole day of December twelfth was occupied in crossing the river. That night the troops slept upon their arms, ready for the great battle which was to be fought on the morrow. Forty-eight hours had elapsed since the signal gun, warning the Confederates that Burnside was about to

cross the river, had been fired, and these had been busy hours of activity within their lines. Their whole army of seventy-eight thousand men was now concentrated at or very near the city of Fredericksburg.

Longstreet's corps formed the left of the line, with Anderson's division resting upon the river, it being the extreme left of the Confederate line of battle. Ransom's division supported the batteries on Marye's and Willis' Hills, at the foot of which Cobb's brigade of McLaws' division, and the Twenty-fourth North Carolina regiment of Ransom's brigade, were stationed behind a stonewall. The Washington artillery, under Colonel Walton, occupied the crest of Marye's Hill, the redoubts to the right and left being held by a part of the reserve artillery, Colonel E. P. Alexander's battalion, and the division batteries of Anderson, Ransom and McLaws. A. P. Hill, of Jackson's corps, was posted between General Longstreet's extreme right and Hamilton's crossing on the railroad. His front line consisted of the brigades of Pendar, Lane and Archer, which occupied the edge of a wood. Lieutenant-Colonel Walker, with fourteen pieces of artillery, was posted near the right, supported by two Virginia regiments: General Early's and Taliaferro's divisions composed Jackson's second line, D. H. Hill his reserve. General Stuart, with two brigades of cavalry and some horse artillery, occupied the plain on Jackson's right, extending to the Messaponax Creek.

When the morning of the thirteenth dawned the plain was still covered by a dense fog. There were occasionally the sharp ringing shots of the skirmishers, and both armies were in a fever of excitement. We will not attempt to give General Burnside's plan of battle; in fact, it would be as well to say he had none. His troops were thrown across the river and were to make assaults upon the enemy's line, and if any favorable event occurred they were to take advantage of it. We have no desire to discuss the wisdom or folly of such a movement, neither is it for us to decide whether he received the hearty support from his subordinate commanders to which every commander-in-chief is entitled.

Over twenty years have passed away; many of the principal actors in that battle are numbered with the dead; we have no desire to assail those who cannot speak in their own defense. It is only our intention in this volume to give the movements of the troops; to record the valorous deeds of the soldiers in the two armies, many of whom fell in battle upon the bloody field of Fredericksburg. At ten o'clock on this morning the sun shone out, dispelling the clouds of fog, and revealing to each other the hostile armies. At this moment a portion of General Franklin's grand division moved forward to assault the position in its front. This column was composed of General Meade's division, in front, with that of Gibbon's in support, upon its right, and Doubleday's division in reserve for any emergency that might occur.

Meade bravely advanced, but was soon checked for a while by one of the batteries of Stuart, upon his left, which enfiladed his fire. This battery was eventually silenced, and he again pressed forward; his battle line being preceded by a heavy line of skirmishers, and his artillery vigorously shelling the woods in his front. The Confederate batteries did not reply until the command of General Meade was in point-blank range. Then they suddenly opened and poured in a most terrible and destructive fire of shells, grape, and canister upon the solid lines of blue, sending death and carnage upon every hand; yet this did not check the onward course of this gallant division. They cut their way through all opposition, and the Confederate batteries posted in front of the railroad had to be withdrawn. They made an opening between the brigades of Archer and Lane upon the one hand, and the division of A. P. Hill on the other, and forced a portion of the former and the whole of the latter to give way before them.

Meade pressed on with great gallantry, capturing two hundred prisoners, and soon reached a new military road which General Lee had constructed to connect the two wings of his army, and behind which Jackson's second line was posted. Jackson's reserve—notably among them Gregg's

South Carolina brigade—sprang to their feet and poured a terrific fire upon the advancing columns. The missiles of death came from his front and both of his flanks. His command was thrown back with the greatest slaughter, losing forty per cent of his men. Reynold's corps, which had been thus engaged lost four thousand men.

While this bloody struggle was being enacted on the left, General Sumner was ordered to open the battle upon the right, which attack was to be made by a single division, supported by another. The Second corps, under General Couch, was in position on the right of the Federal line, while the Ninth, under Wilcox, was in the center, between the city and Franklin, thus causing the attack to be made to fall on the troops under Couch, who, in obedience to his orders received at noon, moved forward the division of General French, supported by that of General Hancock. French moved his command out on the Plank and Telegraph roads, until he had crossed the canal, where, under cover of a slight rise of land, he formed his division in brigade front. Kimball's division was placed in advance, followed by those of Palmer and Marshall. Hancock's division assumed the same form, with the brigade of Zook in advance, those of General Meagher and Caldwell following.

From the moment these troops left the town they were exposed to a very galling fire of artillery which was planted upon the heights. The Federal guns could not fire for fear of injuring their own men. Longstreet's advanced line was at the stonewall, already mentioned; Cobb's brigade, posted behind this wall, was reinforced by that of Kershaw, both of McLaws' division, numbering all together about two thousand men, and were amply sufficient to repulse all of the terrible assaults of the Federal troops, as the whole plain over which the Federals were compelled to pass was swept by the murderous fire of the Confederate batteries. So fatal was the deadly storm of iron hail, and so rapidly were the assaulting columns smitten down by the bolts thus flung at them, that even a smaller force of infantry would have sufficed.

French's division charged across the field with a heroic determination, but the batteries placed upon the crest of the hill in the form of a semicircle, hurled them back with a loss of nearly one-half of their number. The shouts and cheers of the Confederates were heard above the thundering roar of battle. Hancock's division, with such part of French's as could be rallied, dashed out across the plain, reaching a point beyond where French had gone, when after a period of fifteen minutes, in which time those heroes had immortalized their names, they, too, were hurled back.

Of the five thousand men whom the gallant Hancock had led on that fatal charge, over two thousand were killed and wounded, and it was found after the battle that many of these had fallen within twenty-five paces of the stonewall. Howard's division was now ordered in to relieve the shattered ones of French and Hancock. The division of Sturgis and Getty, of the Ninth corps, advanced upon the left of the Second, to aid them all they possibly could; but at the most they could only hold an advanced line which was under a most murderous fire of artillery.

General Burnside, almost beside himself over this terrible sacrifice of his brave men, rode down to the bank of the river and declared that those heights "must be carried to-night." At this time the grand division of General Hooker was ordered to cross the river. He immediately obeyed the command. He surveyed the field, consulted with the commanders who had preceded him in the battle, and seeing the hopelessness of the case, returned to General Burnside and begged him to desist. This he refused to do, and General Couch was thrown forward with two batteries, to within one hundred and fifty yards of the Confederate line, where he opened a terrific fire, hoping to make a breach large enough in the enemy's line to admit a forlorn hope. After a vigorous cannonading, which produced no visible effect, General Humphrey's division was formed in column of assault and ordered in. These were instructed to make the assault with unloaded muskets, as there was no time to load and fire. When the command was given

the men dashed forward with great impetuosity, and advanced nearly to the same point which had been reached by Hancock's troops, close up to the stonewall, when they were caught up on the awful tide of death and borne backward with the loss of one thousand seven hundred of the four thousand who had made the assault.

Night now mercifully drew its curtains over the terrible scene. The battle was fought, and lost by the Federal troops. The Federals lay upon their arms during Sunday and Monday, and upon the night of the last named day, the fifteenth, were safely withdrawn to the northern bank of the Rappahannock.

The Federal loss was twelve thousand three hundred and twenty-one, killed, wounded and missing. That of the Confederates was five thousand three hundred and nine, killed, wounded and missing.

The North was very much discouraged over so disastrous a defeat, yet rejoiced that its great army had escaped from its foe, from a position so perilous. The South rejoiced over the glorious victory won by its troops, but were bitterly disappointed because General Lee had permitted the defeated army of Burnside to recross the river without firing a single gun to oppose it. He had not forfeited their confidence in his manhood, but the battle of Fredericksburg caused the army to lose its faith in the ability of General Burnside as a commander. He essayed one or two movements during the weeks immediately following the battle, but owing to the heavy storms and the impassable condition of the roads, they all ended in disaster before he met the enemy. General Burnside laid serious charges against several of his most important subordinate commanders. If he retained his position they must be removed. Immediately upon his return from what was known as "Burnside's Stick-in-the-Mud," he prepared an order, dismissing from the service of the United States Generals Hooker, Cochran, Brooks and Newton, and relieving from their commands in the Army of the Potomac Generals Franklin, Smith, Sturgis, Ferrero and Colonel Tay-

lor. Upon this order he made his issue with the Government, and demanded of the President its approval, or the acceptance of his resignation as commander of the Army of the Potomac.

As General Burnside did not charge these officers with anything more serious than that they did not have confidence in him as a commander, the President thought it the wisest course to accept his resignation. This was done, and General Joseph Hooker was appointed to succeed him in the command.

ROSTER A.

ORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
DECEMBER, 1862, MAJOR-GENERAL A. E. BURN-
SIDE, COMMANDING.¹

LEFT GRAND DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL W. B. FRANKLIN, COMMANDING.

SIXTH CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL W. F. SMITH, COMMANDING.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. T. H. BROOKS, COMMANDING.

INFANTRY.

First Brigade.

Colonel A. T. A. TORBERT, 1st New Jersey Volunteers, Commanding.

1st New Jersey Volunteers,	Lieut.-Colonel M. W. Collet.
2d " "	Colonel Samuel L. Buck.
3d " "	Colonel Henry W. Brown.
4th " "	Colonel William B. Hatch.
15th " "	Lieut.-Colonel E. L. Campbell.
23d " "	Lieut.-Colonel H. O. Ryerson.

Second Brigade.

Brigadier-General J. J. BARTLETT, Commanding.

27th New York Volunteers,	Colonel A. D. Adams.
121st " "	Colonel Emory Upton.
5th Maine " "	Colonel E. A. Scammon.
16th New York " "	Lieut.-Colonel J. J. Seaver.
96th Pennsylvania " "	Colonel H. L. Cake.

Third Brigade.

Colonel G. W. TOWN, 95th Pennsylvania Volunteers, Commanding.

18th New York Volunteers,	Colonel George R. Myers.
31st " "	Lieut.-Colonel L. C. Newman.
32d " "	Captain Charles Hubbs.
95th Pennsylvania " "	Lieut.-Colonel E. Hall.

ARTILLERY.

Battery D, 2d U. S. Artillery,	First Lieutenant E. B. Williston.
" A, 1st New Jersey Artillery,	Captain W. Hexamer.
" A, 1st Massachusetts Artillery,	Captain W. H. McCartney.
" A, 1st Maryland Artillery,	Captain J. W. Wolcott.

¹ From Reports of Military Operations during the Rebellion, 1860-65. Washington. War Department Printing Office, 1877.

BLUE AND GRAY.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. P. HOWE, COMMANDING.

INFANTRY.

First Brigade.

Brigadier-General CALVIN E. PRATT, Commanding.

5th Wisconsin Volunteers, Colonel Amasa Cobb.
 49th Pennsylvania Volunteers, Colonel William H. Irwin.
 6th Maine Volunteers, Colonel Hiram Burnham.
 43d New York Volunteers, Colonel B. F. Baker.
 119th Pennsylvania Volunteers, Colonel P. C. Ellmaker.

Second Brigade.

Colonel HENRY WHITING, 2d Vermont Volunteers, Commanding.

2d Vermont Volunteers, Colonel ———.
 3d " " Colonel B. N. Hyde.
 4th " " Colonel C. B. Stoughton.
 5th " " Colonel Lewis A. Grant.
 6th " " Colonel N. Lord jr.
 26th New Jersey Volunteers, Colonel A. J. Morrison.

Third Brigade.

Brigadier-General FRANCIS L. VINTON, Commanding.

77th New York Volunteers, Colonel James B. McKean.
 49th " " Colonel D. D. Bidwell.
 20th " " Colonel E. Von Vegesack.
 33d " " Colonel Robert F. Taylor.
 21st New Jersey " Colonel Gilliam Van Houten.

ARTILLERY.

Battery F, 5th U. S. Artillery, Captain R. B. Ayres.
 " B, 1st Maryland Artillery, Captain Alonzo Snow.
 1st Battery, New York Light Artillery, Captain Andrew Cowan.
 3d " " Captain William Stewart.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN NEWTON, COMMANDING.

INFANTRY.

First Brigade.

Brigadier-General JOHN COCHRANE, Commanding.

82d Pennsylvania Volunteers, Colonel D. H. Williams.
 23d " " Colonel T. H. Neill.
 61st " " Colonel G. C. Spear.
 65th New York Volunteers (1st U. S. Chasseurs), Col. Alexander Shaler.
 122d " " Colonel Silas Titus.
 67th " " (1st Long Island), Lieut.-Col. Nelson Cross.

Second Brigade.

Brigadier-General CHARLES DEVENS, Commanding.

2d Rhode Island Volunteers, Colonel Frank Wheaton.
 7th Massachusetts " Colonel D. A. Russell.
 10th " " Colonel H. L. Eustis.
 36th New York " Colonel W. H. Browne.
 37th Massachusetts " Colonel Oliver Edwards.

Third Brigade.

Colonel THOMAS A. ROWLEY, Commanding.

62d New York Volunteers, Colonel David I. Nevin.
 93d Pennsylvania " Colonel J. M. McCarter.
 98th " " Colonel J. F. Ballier.
 102d " " Lieut.-Colonel J. M. Kinkead.
 139th " " Colonel F. H. Collier.

ARTILLERY.

Battery C, 1st Pennsylvania Artillery, Captain J. McCarthy.
 " G. 2d U. S. Artillery, Lieutenant J. H. Butler.

FIRST CORPS.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. F. REYNOLDS, COMMANDING.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. DOUBLEDAY, COMMANDING.

INFANTRY.

First Brigade.

Colonel WALTER PHELPS JR., Commanding.

2d U. S. Sharpshooters, Major H. B. Stoughton.
 14th New York State Militia, Lieut.-Colonel W. H. De Bevoise.
 22d " Volunteers, Lieut.-Colonel J. McKee jr.
 24th " " Major R. Oliver jr.
 30th " " Lieut.-Colonel M. H. Chrysler.

Second Brigade.

Colonel JAMES GAVIN, Commanding.

56th Pennsylvania Volunteers, Lieut.-Colonel J. W. Hofmann.
 95th New York " Lieut.-Colonel J. B. Post.
 76th " " Colonel W. P. Wainwright.
 7th Indiana " Lieut.-Colonel J. F. Cheek.

Third Brigade.

Brigadier-General G. R. PAUL, Commanding.

20th New York State Militia, Lieut.-Colonel J. B. Hardenbergh.
 21st " " Volunteers, Captain G. N. Layton.
 23d " " Colonel H. C. Hoffmann.
 35th " " Colonel N. B. Lord.

Fourth Brigade.

Colonel L. CUTLER, Commanding.

6th Wisconsin Volunteers, Lieut.-Colonel E. S. Bragg.
 2d " " Colonel L. Fairchild.
 7th " " Lieut.-Colonel C. A. Hamilton.
 19th Indiana " Lieut.-Colonel S. J. Williams.
 24th Michigan " Colonel H. A. Morrow.

ARTILLERY.

Captain G. A. GERRISH, Commanding.

Battery B, 4th U. S. Artillery, Lieutenant James Stewart.
 " D, 1st Rhode Island Artillery, Lieut. G. C. Harkness.
 " D, 1st New Hampshire Artillery, Lieut. F. M. Edgell.
 " L, 1st New York Artillery, Captain J. A. Reynolds.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN GIBBON, COMMANDING.

INFANTRY.

First Brigade.

Colonel ADRIAN R. ROOT, Commanding.

94th New York Volunteers, Major John A. Kress.
 104th " " Major G. G. Frey.
 105th " " Major D. A. Sharp.
 107th Pennsylvania " Colonel T. F. McCoy.
 16th Maine " Lieut.-Colonel C. W. Tilden.

Second Brigade.

Colonel P. LYLE, 90th Pennsylvania Volunteers, Commanding.

26th New York Volunteers, Colonel R. H. Richardson.
 12th Massachusetts " Colonel J. L. Bates.
 90th Pennsylvania " Lieut.-Colonel W. A. Leech.
 136th " " Colonel Thomas M. Bayne.

Third Brigade.

Brigadier-General NELSON TAYLOR, Commanding.

83d New York Volunteers, Colonel John W. Stiles.
 97th " " Colonel Charles Wheelock.
 13th Massachusetts " Colonel S. H. Leonard.
 11th Pennsylvania " Colonel Richard Coulter.
 88th " " Colonel G. F. McLean.

ARTILLERY.

Captain GEORGE F. LEPPHEN, Commanding.

Battery F, 1st Pennsylvania, Lieutenant R. B. Ricketts.
 Independent Battery, Pennsylvania, Captain J. Thompson.
 Battery E, Maine, Captain G. F. Lepphen.
 " B, " Captain J. A. Hall.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE G. MEADE, COMMANDING.

INFANTRY.

First Brigade.

Colonel WILLIAM SINCLAIR, 6th Pennsylvania Reserves, Commanding.

1st Rifles, Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, Captain D. McGee.
 1st Infantry, " " Captain W. C. Talley.
 2d " " " Colonel W. McCandless.
 6th " " " Major W. H. Ent.
 121st Pennsylvania Volunteers, Colonel C. Biddle.

Second Brigade.

Colonel A. L. MAGILTON, 4th Pennsylvania Reserves, Commanding.

3d Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, Colonel H. G. Sickles.
 4th " " " Lieut.-Colonel R. H. Woolworth.
 7th " " " Colonel H. C. Bolinger.
 8th " " " Major S. M. Bailey.
 142d " Volunteers, Colonel R. P. Cummins.

Third Brigade.

Brigadier-General C. FEGER JACKSON, Commanding.

5th Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, Colonel J. W. Fisher.
 9th " " " Lieut.-Colonel R. Anderson.
 10th " " " Lieut.-Colonel A. J. Warner.
 11th " " " Colonel T. F. Gallagher.
 12th " " " Colonel M. D. Hardin.

ARTILLERY.

Battery A, 1st Pennsylvania, Lieutenant J. G. Simpson.
 " B, " Captain J. H. Cooper.
 " C, " Captain F. P. Amsdon.
 " C, 5th U. S. Artillery, Captain D. R. Ransom.

Line of Extra Caissons.

Captain J. M. CLARK, Co. F, 2d Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, Commanding.

CAVALRY BRIGADE.

Brigadier-General GEORGE D. BAYARD, Commanding.

1st Pennsylvania Cavalry, Colonel Owen Jones.
 10th New York Cavalry, Lieut.-Colonel William Irvine.
 2d " " Major H. E. Davies.
 1st New Jersey " Lieut.-Colonel Joseph Karge.

ARTILLERY.

Battery C, 3d U. S. Artillery, Captain H. G. Gibson.

CENTER GRAND DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER, COMMANDING.

THIRD CORPS.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE STONEMAN, COMMANDING.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL D. B. BIRNEY, COMMANDING.

INFANTRY.

First Brigade.

Brigadier-General JOHN C. ROBINSON, Commanding.

20th Indiana Volunteers, Colonel John Van Valkenburg.
 63d Pennsylvania Volunteers, Major J. A. Danks.
 105th " " Colonel A. A. McKnight.
 114th " " Colonel C. H. T. Collis.
 141st " " Colonel H. J. Madill.
 68th " " Colonel A. H. Tippin.

Second Brigade.

Brigadier-General J. H. HOBART WARD, Commanding.

57th Pennsylvania Volunteers, Colonel C. T. Campbell.
99th " " Colonel A. S. Leidy.
3d Maine Volunteers, Colonel M. B. Lakeman.
4th " " Colonel E. Walker.
55th New York Volunteers, Colonel R. De Trobriand.
88th " " Lieut.-Colonel William Birney.
40th " " Lieut.-Colonel N. A. Gesner.

Third Brigade.

Brigadier-General H. G. BERRY, Commanding.

5th Michigan Volunteers, Lieut.-Colonel John Gilluly.
37th New York Volunteers, Colonel S. B. Hayman.
101st " " Colonel G. F. Chester.
17th Maine Volunteers, Colonel T. A. Roberts.
1st New York Volunteers, Colonel J. Frederick Pierson.
3d Michigan Volunteers, Lieut.-Colonel Byron R. Pierce.

ARTILLERY.

Captain G. E. RANDOLPH, Commanding.

Batteries K and F, 3d U. S. Artillery, Captain L. L. Livingston.
Battery E, 1st Rhode Island Artillery, Lieutenant P. S. Jastram.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL DANIEL E. SICKLES, COMMANDING.

INFANTRY.

First Brigade.

Brigadier-General JOSEPH B. CARR, Commanding.

11th Massachusetts Volunteers, Colonel W. Blaisdell.
16th " " Colonel T. R. Tannatt.
1st " " Lieut.-Colonel C. B. Baldwin.
26th Pennsylvania " Lieut.-Colonel B. C. Tilghman.
11th New Jersey " Colonel R. McAllister.
2d New Hampshire " Colonel G. Marston.

Second Brigade.

Colonel GEORGE B. HALL, Commanding.

70th (1st Excelsior) New York Volunteers, Colonel J. Egbert Farnum.
71th (2d Excelsior) " " Major Thomas Rafferty.
72d (3d Excelsior) " " Colonel William O. Stevens.
73d (4th Excelsior) " " Colonel William R. Brewster.
74th (5th Excelsior) " " Lieut.-Colonel W. H. Lounsbury.
120th New York Volunteers, Colonel George H. Sharp.

Third Brigade.

Brigadier-General J. W. REVERE, Commanding.

5th New Jersey Volunteers, Colonel William J. Sewell.
7th " " Colonel Louis R. Francine.

ARTILLERY.

Battery K, 4th U. S. Artillery, Lieutenant F. W. Seeley.
Battery H, 1st U. S. Artillery, Lieutenant J. E. Dimick.
Battery B, 1st New Jersey Artillery, Captain A. J. Clark.
4th Battery, New York Artillery, Captain James E. Smith.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. W. WHIPPLE, COMMANDING.

INFANTRY.

First Brigade.

Brigadier-General A. SANDERS PIATT, Commanding.

124th New York Volunteers, Colonel A. V. Ellis.
86th " " Lieut.-Colonel B. I. Chapin.
122d Pennsylvania " Colonel Emlen Franklin.

Second Brigade.

Colonel S. S. CARROLL, Commanding.

84th Pennsylvania Volunteers, Colonel S. M. Bowman.
110th " " Lieut.-Colonel J. Crowther.
163d New York Volunteers, Major J. J. Byrne.

Independent Command.

Colonel J. H. POTTER, Commanding.
12th New Hampshire Volunteers.

ARTILLERY.

11th Battery, New York Artillery, Captain A. A. Von Pattkammer.
2d Battery (Excelsior), New York Artillery, Captain J. T. Braen.
Battery H, 1st Ohio Artillery, Lieutenant G. W. Norton.

FIFTH CORPS.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL DANIEL BUTTERFIELD, COMMANDING.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL CHARLES GRIFFIN, COMMANDING.

INFANTRY.

First Brigade.

Colonel JAMES BARNES, 18th Massachusetts Volunteers, Commanding.

18th Massachusetts Volunteers, Lieut.-Colonel J. Hayes.
25th New York Volunteers, Captain P. Connelly.
13th " " Colonel E. G. Marshall.
118th Pennsylvania Volunteers, Lieut.-Colonel J. Gwyn.
1st Michigan Volunteers, Lieut.-Colonel I. C. Abbott.
22d Massachusetts Volunteers, Lieut.-Colonel W. S. Tilton.
2d Maine Volunteers, Lieut.-Colonel G. Varney.

Second Brigade.

Colonel J. B. SWEITZER, Commanding.

14th New York Volunteers, Lieut.-Colonel T. M. Davies.
4th Michigan Volunteers, Lieut.-Colonel G. W. Lombard.
9th Massachusetts Volunteers, Colonel P. R. Guiney.
62d Pennsylvania " Lieut.-Colonel J. C. Hull.
82d Massachusetts " Lieut.-Colonel G. L. Prescott.

Third Brigade.

Colonel T. B. W. STOCKTON, Commanding.

12th New York Volunteers, Lieut.-Colonel R. M. Richardson.
17th " " Captain John Vickers.
44th " " Lieut.-Colonel F. Conner.
16th Michigan " Lieut.-Colonel N. E. Welch.
20th Maine " Colonel Adelbert Ames.
83d Pennsylvania " Colonel Strong Vincent.

ARTILLERY.

Captain A. P. MARTIN, Battery C, Massachusetts Artillery, Commanding.
Battery C (3d), Massachusetts Artillery, First Lieutenant V. M. Drum.
" E (5th), " " Captain C. A. Phillips.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE SYKES, COMMANDING.

INFANTRY.

First Brigade.

Lieut.-Colonel R. C. BUCHANAN, 4th U. S. Infantry, Commanding.

3d U. S. Infantry, Captain John D. Wilkins.
4th " " Captain Hiram Dryer.
1st Battalion, 12th U. S. Infantry, Captain M. M. Blunt.
2d " 12th " " Captain T. M. Anderson.
1st " 14th " " Captain J. D. O'Connell.
2d " 14th " " Captain G. B. Overton.

Second Brigade.

Major GEORGE L. ANDREWS, 17th U. S. Infantry, Commanding,

11th U. S. Infantry, Captain C. S. Russell.
Battalion of 1st and 2d U. S. Infantry, Captain Salem S. Marsh.
" of 6th U. S. Infantry, Captain Levi C. Bootes.
" of 7th " " Captain D. P. Hancock.
" of 10th " " Captain H. E. Maynadier.
" of 17th and 19th U. S. Infantry, Captain J. F. Wales.

Third Brigade.

Brigadier-General G. K. WARREN, Commanding.
 5th New York Volunteers, Colonel C. Winslow.
 140th " " Colonel P. H. O'Rorke.
 146th " " Colonel K. Garrard.

ARTILLERY.

First Lieutenant M. F. WATSON, 5th U. S. Artillery, Commanding.
 Battery I, 5th U. S. Artillery, Lieutenant M. F. Watson.
 " L, 1st Ohio Artillery, First Lieutenant F. Dorries.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. A. HUMPHREYS, COMMANDING.

INFANTRY.

First Brigade.

Brigadier-General E. B. TYLEE, Commanding.
 91st Pennsylvania Volunteers, Colonel E. M. Gregory.
 134th " " Lieut.-Colonel E. O'Brien.
 126th " " Colonel James E. Elder.
 129th " " Colonel J. G. Frick.

Second Brigade.

Colonel P. H. ALLABACH, 131st Pennsylvania Volunteers, Commanding.
 131st Pennsylvania Volunteers, Lieut.-Colonel W. B. Shunt.
 123d " " Colonel J. B. Clark.
 133d " " Colonel B. F. Speakman.
 156th " " Colonel E. J. Allen.

ARTILLERY.

Captain A. M. RANDOL, 1st U. S. Artillery, Commanding.
 Battery H, 1st U. S. Artillery, Captain A. M. Randol.
 Section of Battery C, 1st New York Artillery, Lieut. W. H. Phillips.

GRAND DIVISION CAVALRY.

Brigadier-General W. W. AVERELL, Commanding.

RIGHT GRAND DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL E. V. SUMNER, U. S. A., COMMANDING.

SECOND CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL D. N. COUCH, COMMANDING.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. S. HANCOCK, COMMANDING.

INFANTRY.

First Brigade.

Brigadier-General J. C. CALDWELL, Commanding.
 61st New York Volunteers, Colonel N. A. Miles.
 64th " " Captain Harvey L. Jones.
 145th Pennsylvania " Colonel H. L. Brown.
 5th New Hampshire " Colonel E. E. Cross.
 81st Pennsylvania " Lieut.-Colonel H. B. McKeen.
 7th New York " Colonel George Von Schack.

Second Brigade.

Brigadier-General THOMAS F. MEAGHER, Commanding.
 69th New York Volunteers, Colonel R. Nugent.
 88th " " Colonel P. Kelly.
 63d " " Major J. O'Neill.
 28th Massachusetts " Colonel R. Byrnes.
 116th Pennsylvania " Colonel D. Heenan.

Third Brigade.

Colonel S. K. ZOOK, 57th New York Volunteers, Commanding.

57th	New York Volunteers,	Major N. G. Throop.
53d	Pennsylvania "	Colonel John R. Brooke.
3d	Delaware "	Colonel W. P. Bailey.
52d	New York "	Colonel Paul Frank.
66th	" "	Captain Julius Wehle.
27th	Connecticut "	Colonel R. S. Bostwick.

ARTILLERY.

Battery C, 4th U. S. Artillery, Lieutenant Evan Thomas.
 " B, 1st New York Artillery, Captain R. D. Pettit.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL O. O. HOWARD, COMMANDING.

INFANTRY.

First Brigade.

Brigadier-General ALFRED SULLY, Commanding.

34th	New York Volunteers,	Colonel J. A. Suiter.
15th	Massachusetts "	Major C. Philbrick.
82d	New York "	Colonel H. W. Hudson.
19th	Maine "	Colonel F. D. Sewell.
1st	Minnesota "	Colonel G. N. Morgan.

Second Brigade.

Colonel J. T. OWEN, 69th Pennsylvania Volunteers, Commanding.

69th	Pennsylvania Volunteers,	Lieut.-Colonel D. O'Kane.
71st	" "	Lieut.-Colonel J. Markoe.
72d	" "	Colonel D. W. C. Baxter.
106th	" "	Colonel T. G. Morehead.

Third Brigade.

Colonel NORMAN A. HALL, Commanding.

20th	Massachusetts Volunteers,	Captain George N. Macy.
19th	" "	Captain J. F. Plimpton.
42d	New York "	Lieut.-Colonel G. N. Bomford.
127th	Pennsylvania "	Colonel W. W. Jennings.
7th	Michigan "	Lieut.-Colonel Henry Baxter.
59th	New York "	Lieut.-Colonel Wm. Northedge.

ARTILLERY.

Battery A, 1st Rhode Island Artillery, Captain Tompkins.
 " B, 1st " " " Captain J. G. Hazard.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. H. FRENCH, COMMANDING.

INFANTRY.

First Brigade.

Brigadier-General NATHAN KIMBALL, Commanding.

4th	Ohio Volunteers,	Colonel John S. Mason.
14th	Indiana "	Major E. H. C. Cavins.
7th	Virginia "	Colonel James Snyder.
8th	Ohio "	Lieut.-Colonel F. Sawyer.
24th	New Jersey "	Colonel W. B. Robertson.
28th	" "	Colonel M. N. Wisewell.

Second Brigade.

Colonel O. H. PALMER, 108th New York Volunteers, Commanding.

14th	Connecticut Volunteers,	Lieut.-Colonel S. H. Perkins.
108th	New York "	" "
130th	Pennsylvania "	Colonel H. I. Zinn.

Third Brigade.

Lieutenant-Colonel JOHN W. MARSHALL, Commanding.

132d	Pennsylvania Volunteers,	Lieut.-Colonel Charles Albright.
4th	New York "	Colonel John D. McGregor.
1st	Delaware "	Colonel J. W. Andrews.
10th	New York "	Colonel John E. Bendix.

ARTILLERY.

Battery G, 1st New York Artillery, Captain John D. Frank.
 " G, 1st Rhode Island Artillery, Captain C. D. Owen.
 SECOND CORPS RESERVE ARTILLERY.
 Battery I, 1st U. S. Artillery, Lieutenant E. Kirby.
 " A, 4th " " Lieutenant R. King.

NINTH CORPS.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL O. B. WILLCOX, COMMANDING.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. W. BURNS, COMMANDING.

INFANTRY.

First Brigade.

79th New York Volunteers,	Lieut.-Colonel David Morrison.
2d Michigan " "	Colonel Orlando M. Poe.
17th " " "	Colonel W. H. Withington.
20th " " "	Colonel A. W. Williams.

Third Brigade.

45th Pennsylvania Volunteers, Colonel Thomas Welsh.

ARTILLERY.

Battery D, 1st New York Artillery, Captain T. W. Osborn.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL S. D. STURGIS, COMMANDING.

INFANTRY.

First Brigade.

Brigadier-General JAMES NAGLE, Commanding.

6th New Hampshire Volunteers,	Colonel S. G. Griffin.
7th Rhode Island Volunteers,	Colonel Z. R. Bliss.
2d Maryland " "	Major H. Howard.
48th Pennsylvania " "	Colonel J. K. Sigfried.
12th Rhode Island " "	Colonel George H. Browne.
9th New Hampshire " "	Colonel E. R. Fellows.

Second Brigade.

Brigadier-General EDWARD FERRERO, Commanding.

51st Pennsylvania Volunteers,	Colonel J. F. Hartranft.
21st Massachusetts " "	Lieut.-Colonel W. S. Clark.
51st New York " "	Colonel R. B. Potter.
35th Massachusetts " "	Lieut.-Colonel S. Carruth.
11th New Hampshire " "	Colonel W. Harriman.

ARTILLERY.

Battery E, 4th U. S. Artillery, Lieutenant George Dickenson.
 " D, 1st Rhode Island Artillery, Captain W. W. Buckley.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE W. GETTY, COMMANDING.

INFANTRY.

First Brigade.

Colonel RUSH C. HAWKINS, Commanding.

9th New York Volunteers,	Major E. A. Kimball.
89th " " "	Colonel H. S. Fairchild.
103d " " "	Major B. Ringold.
10th New Hampshire " "	Colonel M. T. Donohoe.
13th " " "	Colonel A. F. Stevens.
25th New Jersey " "	Colonel Andrew Derrom.

Second Brigade.

Colonel EDWARD HARLAND, Commanding.

4th	Rhode Island Volunteers,	Major Martin P. Buffom.
21st	Connecticut	Colonel Arthur H. Dutton.
8th	"	Major John E. Ward.
11th	"	Colonel Griffin A. Stedman jr.
15th	"	Lient.-Colonel Samuel Tolles.
16th	"	Col. Frank Beach (Cap. 4th U. S. Artillery).

ARTILLERY.

Battery E, 2d U. S. Artillery, Lieutenant S. N. Benjamin.
 " A, 5th " " Lieutenant C. P. Muhlenberg.

CAVALRY DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ALFRED PLEASANTON, COMMANDING.

First Brigade.

Brigadier-General J. H. FARNSWORTH, Commanding.

8th	New York Volunteers,	Colonel B. F. Davis.
6th	"	Colonel T. C. Devin.
8th	Illinois	Colonel W. Gamble.

Second Brigade.

Colonel D. McM. GREGG, 8th Pennsylvania Volunteers, Commanding.

8th Pennsylvania Volunteers, ————
 6th U. S. Cavalry, Captain G. C. Cram.

ARTILLERY.

Battery M, 2d U. S. Artillery, Captain A. C. M. Pennington.

CHAPTER X.

STORIES OF TENT AND FIELD. THRILLING INCIDENTS. POEM.

THE MULE RACE.

IN camp, when the exciting cares of active service are over, the monotony which prevails is almost unbearable. Anything for fun is the unanimous vote of every one, and many devices are inaugurated to make the time pass away agreeably.

The quartermaster of a certain regiment announced a mule race for the next day, the winner to receive a silver (prize) cup. The teamsters were to be the competitors, and the rules were that one man from each company in the regiment was to ride. The man from Company A to ride a mule from Company B, and so on through the whole; the last man getting to the stake to win.

When the hour arrived for this singular sport, which any may conceive who are acquainted with a mule, all of the regiment were in attendance. Each rider made up his mind to use both lash and spur to help his animal along, hoping that his company's mule might be the last to reach the stake.

When the start was made there were ten mules in line just half a mile from the distance pole. The word "go," sent each mule on the start, some quickly, some on the trot, while others were scarcely moving. Then began the fun, the riders doing everything possible to force the stubborn animals forward, while their comrade spectators were cheering and yelling at the top of their voices. The race was won by Company D; the mule from this company could not be induced to go half-way to the stake notwithstanding the use of whip and spur, and was therefore declared the winner amid the shouts of the soldiers.

Now the cup was brought out and presented to the winner in an appropriate speech. Upon close inspection of this valuable prize, it was ascertained that its material was tin, and had done duty as a fruit can. The day had been agreeably spent, however, and the men who had taken part in the race were happy.

"CHALK THAT DOWN."

If there was any one class of men in the army which was generally disliked more than another, that class was the sutlers, and although one might be occasionally found who was really a good man, yet, as a rule, they were a very sordid set, and never of any benefit, except as retail speculators, who most always had a claim upon the advance pay of the soldiers, and in nine cases out of ten, were heartily disliked by them. Every opportunity that offered itself was taken advantage of, and the men would do something to annoy this element of the army. No one thought it wrong to "beat" the sutler whenever chance permitted. The officers used to encourage the men in so doing, by never seeing anything wrong that was perpetrated, and if complaint was made against any soldier, the colonel could never find time to investigate it.

The sutler of a cavalry division was one of that class which was greatly disliked by the men, and was frequently the recipient of a practical, and often expensive, joke.

In the ranks of a certain regiment were many young men who, at home, were of the better element, and were always recognized by their officers as social equals, when not on duty. One of these fellows, well known throughout the regiment for his liberality and love of fun, conceived the idea of having some sport at the expense of the sutler. The scion of wealthy parents, he possessed unlimited means and credit, all of which his intended victim well knew. One day, after the regiment had been on dress parade, and was returning to camp, this soldier got permission from the colonel to treat the whole regiment, and as they were passing the sutler's tent at

the time, they were halted and drawn up, facing it. The sutler came out, and was ordered to give every one either a drink or a cigar. Knowing his man, a broad smile spread over the features of the merchant, and soon the boys were being served, beginning at the colonel, and so on, until the last private had either a drink of whiskey or a cigar.

The young man then rode out of the ranks, and addressing the sutler, said, "I have been in this regiment for over a year, and am confident you have swindled me out of more than a thousand dollars, and propose now to get some of it back. Colonel, I am obliged to you for giving me the opportunity of doing so. Mister Sutler, you chalk that down, and when the charge becomes an eyesore, you rub it out." This speech was followed by three rousing cheers, and the regiment went back to camp.

"PLAY KATIE DARLING."

In the cavalry branch of the service the regimental surgeon always detailed a man from the ranks, whose duty it was to carry on the march the doctor's medicine chest, and this service exempted the soldier from all other.

An incident occurred in the Seventh Virginia once, while on the march through a village of West Virginia, which is worthy of note. Private C., a fine young fellow who was very popular with all the regiment, and a brave soldier, was detailed from the arduous duties of the ranks, to perform this service.

The medicine chest was a box about eighteen inches long, ten inches in width and two-thirds of a foot deep, made of mahogany and generally covered with stout leather. As the regiment was passing along the street above mentioned, the surgeon and his aid riding together, they were hailed by a little negro who was at a cottage gate by which the regiment was passing. "Mister, O Mister!" she cried, "please play Katie Darling on your organ," mistaking the chest which C. carried for a hand-organ.

Cheer after cheer followed this request, while C. turned red to the roots of his hair. When the regiment halted he told

the surgeon to detail somebody else to carry the chest; that he had rather go back to the ranks and face the whole Yankee army single-handed, than stand the jokes of his comrades or be considered an organ grinder.

“WHAT WILL YOU DO NOW, SIR?”

Vigilance is one of the most commendable characteristics of the true soldier. He who is ever on the alert, and watchful of the interest of his confiding comrades, in the hour of danger, is always regarded with respect. The great mass of men who constitute an army, however, cannot be intrusted with this important task without some supervision and discipline.

Every camp had its sentinels regularly posted, and the duties of those on guard were often very stringent. Any soldier who slept on his post was liable to be shot, and if he deserted his post, and went over to the enemy, if ever captured, his life would surely pay the forfeit of his treachery.

No trifling with sentinels was ever permitted, and the command from a sentinel to “halt,” had to be obeyed by any to whom it was addressed. His duties were full of responsibilities and his powers supreme.

That every man might be known to be faithfully attending to his duty, certain officers were detailed to supervise the posts, and were known as “grand rounds.” They were always accompanied by the sergeant of the guard, and never were allowed to approach too closely without being halted, and made to give the countersign. Colonel N. was once performing this duty, and approaching one of the sentinels, complimented him upon his soldierly bearing, and the fine condition of his gun. No one is ever allowed to give up their gun while on post, and this officer was only striving, by working upon the vanity of the soldier, to win his confidence, and then get his gun from him.

“You do not carry your gun properly,” remarked the colonel, coming close up to the sentinel. “Let me show you how to carry it,” at the same time reaching out to receive from the unsuspecting soldier his musket.

The man promptly handed him the gun, when the officer excitedly exclaimed, "What will you do now, sir? I have taken your gun from you, a soldier on post!"

Not a moment elapsed ere that sentinel had realized the perilous position in which he had heedlessly put himself, and as quick as a flash, with his bare fist, he knocked Colonel N. his full length upon the ground, and before the astonished officer could recover himself, had regained his gun and resumed his post.

Colonel N. carried a pair of black eyes for several weeks thereafter, and around headquarters it was reported that he had been kicked in the face by a jackass. It is needless to state that he never attempted to tamper with another sentinel.

BATTERY "B."

Battery B, under the command of Captain H., occupied one of the heaviest works which formed a part of the Richmond defences. The captain was a very efficient officer, an accomplished gentleman, and a very strict disciplinarian. He especially prided himself upon the fine display which his men were capable of making, from a military standpoint, and was very fond of dress parades. He often overtaxed the energies of his men simply to please his many friends, both male and female, who often rode out from Richmond to visit him.

There was one very serious affliction from which the captain suffered, and sometimes it was very annoying. He stammered while speaking, and this had caused confusion in his ranks more than once. Receiving notice that the Confederate Cabinet would inspect his battery one morning, he prepared to receive them. At roll call he notified his men of what would take place the next day, and especially intimated that they were expected to lend a cheerful obedience to every command and thus deport themselves as creditably as possible. In due course of time the Presidential party, including several members of the fair sex arrived, and the bugle immediately called the men to the parade ground.

All acted their part finely, going through the artillery man-

ual perfectly, and the captain began the infantry evolutions. This was well rendered until at an unfortunate moment as the men were marching company front, and within a few feet of the embrasures, Captain H. in attempting to give a command began to stammer, and before he could either articulate that order or halt his men, they were climbing upon the parapets, some over the walls of the fort, while others were marking time. He had been unsuccessful in giving the command and finally, amid the laughter of his men and that of the spectators, he at last blurted out, "Go to the devil, every one of you!"

"NARY LOCK LEFT, MISS."

Everybody has heard of General John Morgan of Confederate cavalry fame. He was so successful as a raider that the people in the sections through which he passed ever dreaded to hear of his coming.

After many hair-breadth escapes from capture, and not until he had inflicted upon the Union supply trains and army stock severe damage, was he at length captured by the Federals, and, having been proclaimed an outlaw by the authorities of Ohio, was turned over to that state to be dealt with according to its laws. He was tried and sentenced to the Penitentiary. His head was closely cropped. He was a fine looking man, and could boast a splendid head of raven locks which flowed far over his shoulders in profusion. He had become very conspicuous among the southern people and was highly esteemed by all who knew him, personally or otherwise.

After having served a part of his sentence in the Ohio prison, he escaped, and succeeded in making his way back to the Confederate lines. While en route to Richmond on the cars, between Danville and the above-named city, it was learned by the passengers that he was on board the train, and the desire to see and shake hands with him was very great. All ceremony was discarded, and only sympathetic congratulations were in order.

General Morgan was very quietly seated, with a large wool

hat drawn closely over his eyes, in order to conceal his features, and the loss of his hair, not half an inch in length.

A very pretty young lady, daughter of a Confederate Congressman, introduced herself, and offered him her hand and congratulations. "O General," she exclaimed, "I am so glad you have escaped; so often we have all heard of your daring exploits, and how much we have admired them! General," she continued, "won't you give me a lock of your hair as a souvenir?" Unfortunate request!

Old John had sat quietly, as above stated, during all of this innocent gush of admiration, but upon that request being made, he straightened himself, and lifting his broad-brimmed hat high above his head, he exclaimed, "Nary lock left, Miss," and again resumed his former position, as the young lady stood with crimson cheeks, and the passengers roared with laughter.

"L. I. G.'S."

In many parts of the South during the war, boys too young to be enrolled, as also men over the age of conscription, were banded together as militia, and were known as Home Guards. If an enemy made his appearance in the districts not protected by the regular army, these fellows would be called together and held to meet an emergency.

Just such a motley crowd were banded together on the south side of the James river, during the year 1862-3, and it often happened that their captain called them together to guard against the approach of an imaginary foe.

The officer in command of this crowd was an ambitious old planter, whose idea of self-importance was well known to his company; in fact it was decidedly more conspicuous than his bravery. The clan had never met the foe, and while the captain seemed anxious to catch them, somehow it always happened that he didn't. No especial discipline was required in the ranks of the Light Infantry Guards; every man did as he pleased, and made his own choice of weapons and uniform; muskets, shot-guns and pistols were all brought into requisition, while none of the crowd were familiar with the tactics.

Knowing their captain's failing, and being desirous of having some sport, the boys thought they would play a joke on him one night. Everything was peaceful on the line, when suddenly firing began, and the pickets fell back and reported the enemy advancing in force. It had been prearranged that a number of their body should impersonate the foe, and these had left camp after nightfall and gone in advance of the pickets. Soon they were concealed on the roadside, and awaited the coming of the L. I. G.'s, whom the firing had aroused.

Soon all of the boys in camp fell in line, and as the captain had no idea how many there had been, roll-call being a thing seldom known, did not miss those who were absent. Now they moved forward to meet the foe, well known to all except the captain to be some of their own number.

Those who were in ambush, waited until the company passed their position, when they opened a simultaneous fire of blank cartridges into their rear. Taken completely by surprise, the captain of this go-as-you-please sort of procession, began to give orders: "Right about! by the left flank! double-quick!" he shouted in the dark, "the Yankees have ambushed us, and will hang every one they capture, sure." He then darted into the woods, followed by the boys, nor did he stop until he reached his camp.

Next day, when told of the joke, he immediately resigned, nor ever afterward did he express a desire to meet the Yankees.

THE FLATTENED BULLET.

The troops of Major-General Butler had landed ten days before at Bermuda Hundred, and were making desperate efforts to carry the Confederate lines, which were the key to Drewry's Bluff. The fire upon Fort Stevens was especially severe, from both artillery and infantry; utmost precaution was being taken by the officers commanding the batteries inside the works, to protect the gunners from the deadly aim of the Federal sharpshooters.

It was almost certain death to show one's head above the

works, and yet a sort of dare-devil fellow, belonging to one of the guns, mounted the works, and catching his red cap from his head, swung it defiantly at the enemy. Just then a bullet struck him squarely in the forehead, and he toppled over, from all appearances, dead. The stretcher-bearers lifted his body and bore it to the rear, where they left it, with many others, either dead or wounded.

Soon the field surgeon, passing that way, began to examine the bodies, and chanced to see this one. The hole in his forehead plainly told the tale, and the doctor was quite certain that the fellow thus shot, and lying perfectly motionless, was dead, yet placing an instrument in the wound, to his surprise he found that its pressure was resisted.

Upon close examination he found that the skull was not broken, and proceeded to cut the ball out. A large musket ball was taken from beneath the skin, and was found to have been flattened out as thinly as a copper cent.

The man was not dead, only stunned to insensibility, and in time revived. Two weeks later that fellow was again at his post. After this he often said that the bullet had never been made which would crack his skull, and as he never was shot again, we will have to believe him.

ONE THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED AND SIXTY YARDS.

Swift Creek is between Petersburg and Richmond, and is crossed by the turnpike connecting the two cities. The Confederates had earth-works along the bluffs of this creek, the waters of which flowed into the Appomattox river.

Across the creek in the distance, were the Union lines, and between the hostile forces was a dense skirt of pine timber. A sentinel was doing duty on the Confederate works, and the Union sharpshooters were attempting to pick him off.

From the top of a large pine tree was seen a puff of smoke, and the sentinel fell dead. The distance was so great that no danger had been apprehended, nor could the report of the rifle be heard. When the Federal line had been driven back, the distance from where the sentinel fell, to the top of the tree,

was taken, and proved to be nineteen hundred and sixty yards; or, one mile, two hundred yards.

THE ZOUAVES AND TIGERS.

Everybody has heard of Billy Wilson's Zouaves, as also of the Louisiana Tigers. The former were composed of that class of New York society who had spent much of their lives at the expense of the city, on Blackwell's Island, while the latter were composed of the ragtag and bobtail of the city of New Orleans.

Had every man in both of these commands been killed at one time, doubtless both cities would have been the recipients of a great blessing, but that was not to be expected, however. These fellows were so degraded in their habits that they would steal from their comrades, nor would the soldiers of either army associate with them.

They first made their appearance on the peninsula, during the campaign of 1862, and meeting in hostile array, both sides were severely handled. Not being satisfied with muskets alone, they carried huge cutlasses, weapons weighing nearly ten pounds. They came in collision on the Williamsburg road, about New Kent court-house, and then and there began to slaughter each other so fiercely that one is forcibly reminded of the Irishman's description of the battle between the Kilkenny cats, who said: —

“There once were two cats in Kilkenny,
And each thought there was one cat too many,
So they quarreled and they fit,
And they scratched and they bit,
Until, excepting their nails and the tips of their tails,
Instead of two cats, there weren't any.”

After the battle was over, it was found that these fellows had so butchered each other that it was necessary to disband them. A rather solemn and yet amusing joke is told about one of these, which is too good to be lost, and therefore shall be handed down to posterity.

The Confederates gathered up the wounded from the field,

when the fight was over, and were attending to their wants in a field-hospital. In this there were several hundred of the New Yorkers, mixed in with the Tigers, many of both so terribly cut up that recovery was not to be thought of. A sergeant of the Tigers came in the hospital to look after many members of his company, and passing along, saw one of the Zouaves, whose body was frightfully mutilated, writhing in the agonies of death. His brain, however, was clear, and as the soldier came up, he implored him, as a special favor, to kill him. This he declined to do, but stepping back to where the surgeons were amputating limbs, said to one of them that the man had asked him to kill him, as a special favor, and desired to know what his chances of recovery were. The surgeon told him the man would die in an hour, but forbade him doing anything of the kind, as mentioned. He then went back to the wounded man and told him what the surgeon had said, and prevailed on him to be patient, as death would soon relieve him of all trouble. This did not satisfy the wounded man, and he continued to beg him to put an end to his misery, and so persistent was he that the sergeant, in the presence of many others, drew his cutlass and deliberately killed him, and then turning from the sight, coolly asked if there were "any more fools present who wanted to die," and walked out of the tent.

A LIVELY CHASE.

A very amusing scene was enacted on the Charles City road, below Richmond, between the Confederate and Union scouts.

The Confederates had ridden close to the Union lines, and the horsemen of the latter gave them chase. There were not more than half-a-dozen engaged in this frolic. The rebs dashed up the road, the Yanks in hot pursuit. Soon the former came to a sudden halt, and turned upon the advancing foe, who, seeing that the advantage was with the rebs, thus quietly awaiting their approach, with rifles ready to fire, as suddenly wheeled and ran back. At this maneuver the

rebs gave chase, and soon the Yanks played the same game, and awaited the coming of the rebs. In this way matters continued for some time, and after an ineffectual attempt on the part of both, they returned to their respective lines none the worse off than when this laughable chase began, several hours before.

BEN BUTLER'S STRATEGY.

From the batteries at Howlett's House and Drewry's Bluff, an easy view of the works of General Butler, engaged in digging the Dutch Gap canal, could be obtained, and the batteries had but little trouble in getting range upon his men.

For quite a length of time those who were engaged in removing the earth from the proposed canal, were greatly annoyed by the shells from the forts above referred to, and they were found to be a serious obstacle. As a last resort, General Butler placed a squad of Confederate prisoners in the immediate vicinity of those engaged in the work, giving the Confederate artillerist notice of what he had done. Cruel as this act was, he did not scruple to do it, and thus carried his point. The guns of both forts were silenced, and old Benjamin dug his ditch in peace.

A SAD FATE.

During the siege of Petersburg a Confederate general obtained leave of absence from the commander-in-chief to visit Richmond. The object of this visit was that he might be married. The officer hastened to meet his expectant bride, and only a few hours elapsed before he was bound in the bonds of matrimony.

Not an hour had elapsed, after this happy event had transpired, when a dispatch from General Lee ordered his immediate return, as the threatening attitude of the enemy demanded his presence. This mandate the bridegroom of an hour promptly obeyed, without a murmur, taking the first train for Petersburg.

In less than twenty-four hours the terrible assault at

Hatcher's Run was made, and during the encounter which ensued, this man was struck by a shell, and his head completely taken from his body. The next day his lifeless form was sent back to Richmond to his beautiful wife.

This melancholy reminiscence is given without comment, as it is but one instance of the many thousands where the miseries of war were entailed upon the domestic circle.

BISHOP SIMPSON AND THE FLAG.

Of all the eloquent advocates whose words inspired American hearts with a love for the flag, in the days of the civil war, not one excelled this gifted bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church.

During the autumn of 1864 he was presiding over the deliberations of the Pittsburg conference. After the introductory services, he, for more than an hour, addressed the vast audience of talented ladies and gentlemen, on the following questions:

Shall our Government be destroyed, and swept from the earth?

Can we be divided into two or more Governments?

Shall we have a new form of Government?

Is not the nation to rise out of the present troubles better, firmer and more powerful?

As he proceeded in his magnificent, grand, and eloquent address, the whole assembly seemed spellbound under its influence, save when a mighty tide of applause would burst forth. Just as he reached the peroration of his remarks, the speaker took up the torn and bullet-riddled colors of the Seventy-third Ohio regiment, and in burning words spoke of the many battlefields on which they had been baptized in blood; of the beauty of the flag itself, as a small patch of azure, filled with stars, which an angel had snatched from the heavenly canopy, to deck the crimson stripes. The effect of the description, and the appeal, were wonderful, and when the climax was reached by the words, "place the flag beneath, and only a little lower than the cross," a scene, such as

Demosthenes might well have envied, was the result. The whole congregation arose, as if by magic influence, screaming, sobbing and shouting; the air was filled with hats and handkerchiefs; everything was wild with excitement.

Colonel Moody sprang upon the top of a seat, and called for the "Star Spangled Banner," which was sung, or shouted, until the vast audience dispersed.

This was undoubtedly the most remarkable scene which ever transpired upon the continent.

AN INCIDENT OF EARLY ASSOCIATION.

When hostilities first began, and the excitement over the bombardment of Fort Sumter was greatest, two young men sat in their room, at the boarding-house, at the University of Virginia. They were roommates; one a native of Virginia, the other a resident of Boston, Massachusetts.

The students, composed of men from every state in the Union, were very much excited. Many were making preparations to return to their homes; among these were the two above alluded to, and between whom a close feeling of regard had sprung up which no trifling affair could sunder. Just now their minds were too busy, their hearts too full for utterance. At last the native inquired of the Boston boy whether he was going in the army. "No," he replied; "I believe the action of the South to be very hasty, and think her leaders will see their error, but in the event the worst does come, I cannot think that I will ever raise my arm to strike a blow against those for whom I have formed so strong an attachment. I don't think this matter will amount to much, however; do you?" he asked. "I cannot answer that question," rejoined the other.

That night at the railroad station at Gordonsville, these two boys parted, one returning to his distant New England home, while the other went to Richmond. War in all of its most sickening and miserable horrors came most rapidly on, and the native often thought of his college chum of Boston.

Time, that soother of bitterest grief and destroyer of dear-

est memories, sped on, until, amid the bloody scenes of battle, or the excitement of the camp, the past was engulfed in oblivion and the classmate was forgotten.

The campaign of 1864 found the hostile forces of Grant and Lee facing each other, upon the deplorable field of Spottsylvania. Amid the hottest hours of the conflict, at a time when human life was being sacrificed in sickening abundance and the field of battle was filled with the sound of moaning and grief, the cry of suffering fell upon the ear of a Confederate officer who chanced to be riding over a certain part of the field, from which the Union line had retired, and in turning his horse's head in the direction indicated, he beheld a captain of the Federal army, seemingly in the throes of death.

Dismounting, to render whatever assistance might lie in his power, he drew near the prostrate man, when, to his astonishment, he recognized his classmate of four years before. Reason had not forsaken her throne, and while only speedy relief could assure the safety of the precious life so fast ebbing away from sheer exhaustion and loss of blood, the wounded man turned toward his supposed enemy, and asked for water. This was quickly given him, and the Confederate pronounced his name.

"Who are you?" asked the Federal. "Your roommate at the Virginia University," responded the other. The surprise was mutual, but there was no time for explanations.

Mounting his horse, the Confederate moved off, and soon found the field surgeon, whom he briefly acquainted with the facts, and together they returned, accompanied by two men and a stretcher, to the spot where the wounded man lay.

The surgeon administered stimulants, temporarily bandaged the wound in the breast, and the soldier was gently lifted, placed on the stretcher by his friend of former years, and was borne by the men to the rear.

At the hospital a close examination of the wound demonstrated beyond a doubt that a vital cord had been severed by the bullet which penetrated his body, and that death was inevitable.

All that night the Confederate watched by the death-couch of his youthful college friend, and though the power of speech had been overcome, yet the intelligent look which beamed in the eye of the dying man, portrayed plainly enough what the lips fain would whisper.

As the first dawn of light flashed in the east, a glance into the calm face told plainly that his end was fast approaching, and as the golden beams of the sun's morning rays reflected themselves upon the features of that handsome soldier, his spirit took its flight, and left a semblance of calm repose upon the alabaster cheek of death.

In a soldier's grave, made hallowed by the sympathy of a former classmate, he was decently buried, and over his resting-place was reared a temporary slab of wood, upon which was inscribed his name and regiment.

Thus is briefly told the story which is still fresh in the mind of the writer, and while the ashes of the dead may have long ago lost their identity, and his name forgotten by those to whom he was endeared by kindred ties, still his memory will ever live in the bosom of his friend, nor shall time obliterate the sympathy of his college companion.

"ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC TO-NIGHT."

The following beautiful lines are from the gifted pen of a private soldier, Theodore Oliver, of the Second Georgia regiment, who lost his life in the late war.

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night,"

Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman, hid in the thicket.

'Tis nothing—a private or two now and then
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost, only one of the men
Moaning out, all alone, the death rattle.

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night,"

Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires, are gleaming.

A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night wind
 Through the forest leaves slowly is creeping,
 While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
 Keep guard,—for the army is sleeping.

There is only the sound of the lone sentry's tread
 As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
 And thinks of the two on the low trundle-bed,
 Far away in the cot on the mountain.
 His musket falls slack, his face, dark and grim,
 Grows gentle with memories tender,
 As he mutters a prayer for his children asleep,
 For their mother, may heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine as brightly as then,
 That night, when the love yet unspoken
 Leaped up to his lips, and when low, murmured vows
 Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
 Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
 He dashes off tears that are welling,
 And gathers his gun close up to its place,
 As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree,
 The footstep is lagging and weary,
 Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
 Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.
 Hark! was it the night wind that rustled the leaves?
 Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
 It looked like a rifle,—ah Mary, good by!
 And the life-blood is ebbing and splashing.

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night,"
 No sound save the rush of the river,
 While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
 The picket's off duty forever.

CHAPTER XI.

PEN PICTURES OF FAMOUS GENERALS.

ULYSSES S. GRANT.

IN 1864 the features and form of this commander were not as familiar to the American people as they now are.

When he established his headquarters with the Army of the Potomac there was much anxiety on the part of the soldiers to see the hero of Shiloh, Fort Donaldson, and Vicksburg. There was great faith in his ability, and much was expected from the results of the campaign in which he was to lead. It was late in the afternoon of May fifth; the battle of the Wilderness had just begun; the troops of Warren and Ewell had been engaged in a deadly struggle on the old Wilderness pike for several hours, and the crash of battle was then extending for a long distance through the dense tangled forest, as other troops of both armies were hurried to the front. Hundreds of wounded men were pouring to the rear, while the whole struggle was concealed from view by the dense pine foliage.

The feelings of admiration awakened in the breast on beholding this man on whom such a load of responsibility was resting, was wonderful. He sat upon his horse at a point near where the Germania Ford road crossed at right angles the old Wilderness pike. His staff and military escort were near at hand. He was dressed in a simple fatigue suit of uniform; the only indications of rank were the three small golden stars upon either shoulder, and the cord and tassels upon his slouched black hat. Any uniform would have been forgotten in that moment. Short, thickly set, firmly and well built, his shoulders were square and broad, his neck thick, head large, with finely formed features, countenance of a cast-iron expres-

sion, a vision which seemed to take in the whole situation at a single glance,—he looked like a statue.

As little as was known about the situation of the army, or the pending result of the great battle then raging, there could be read in that silent and immovable countenance one fact: there were to be no more retreats for the Army of the Potomac. His form became a very familiar one before the final surrender of Lee's army at Appomattox. The troops all learned to admire and repose great confidence in the ability of the silent, unostentatious, yet stubborn man, who persisted in pounding the enemy to death.

When the end came the generous terms granted to General Lee and his soldiers, won all hearts in both armies. Since those days his countrymen have awarded him the highest gift in their power to bestow, and the civilized world did him honor which has never been bestowed upon any other man.

May his life be spared for many years to enjoy the fruits of his genius and toil.

ROBERT E. LEE.

The subject of this brief and imperfect sketch, at the breaking out of the war, was an officer in the regular army. To draw a pen picture of the man, which would be considered at all accurate, in the minds of those who were intimately acquainted with him, is not here guaranteed, nor can it be expected that one who had no personal acquaintance with him can speak of his private characteristics with any assurance of certainty. Howbeit, we feel justified in laying before the reader our ideas and belief in this regard, and only regret that our knowledge of General Robert E. Lee is so limited and imperfect.

The campaign of 1862, when he assumed command of the southern forces on the peninsula, Joseph E. Johnston being unfit from wounds, to longer lead them, brought prominently before the people this officer, who afterward became so justly famous throughout the civilized globe. From limited observation at the time, our remembrance of him is slight, but his

keen eye and stern features, together with his commanding, yet unassuming, presence, produced an impression which would have been quite lasting, had not the effects of future events so changed the features of the man and imprinted upon that splendid countenance the stamp of care and premature decay. The raven locks, which in luxuriant abundance covered his finely formed head, became rapidly gray, and dull anxiety rested its heavy burden upon his stout form, until the head naturally bowed down under such tremendous pressure.

It was often the case that General Lee would ride around his lines in company with some of his aids, and it was then that the superiority of the man was more prominently discovered, by comparison. "

In dress he was very plain, considering the position he occupied. Often a fatigue suit, simply decorated with a concealed star, being his only dress, and often his rank could not be discerned.

His broad face, covered over with a thick beard, which seemingly became more silvered day after day, was never mistaken by his troops, and his presence was always recognized by a cheering shout. Naturally he was unostentatious and courteous in his manner, ever recognizing the honor which was bestowed upon him by his men in appropriate terms of politeness, and whenever saluted by any member of his command, he invariably returned it. These marks of soldierly bearing won for him the adoration of the army, and sealed that confidence which was ever displayed by the soldiers.

Well does the writer remember him while undergoing that trying ordeal at the final surrender of the army at Appomattox, with which every one is familiar.

As he sat upon his horse, surrounded by the staff of his antagonist, in that hour when the decimated ranks of his war-worn and dispirited soldiers pressed closely upon him in the vain hope of catching the last words which would ever fall from his lips, as their commander, then, when every eye was dimmed with tears, and the choking sensation in his throat

strangled his utterance, he looked the man which his past record had proven him to be, and in his humiliating position, drew expressions of manly admiration from his antagonist which raised him higher in the eyes and sympathy of the marshaled thousands, who victoriously surrounded him. There are times in life which try men's souls, and at these the superiority of greatness is fully manifested in the dignity which surrounds the victim.

No pen can ever do justice to Robert E. Lee at the supreme moment of his humiliation, nor portray in letters of adequate truth the manly feelings which rankled in his bosom. From the plain of his defeat he retired to the ranks of civil life, and when its cares, which had so burdened him, pressed him down to the grave, the man alone died, for his deeds and his memory are immortal.

PHILLIP H. SHERIDAN.

Without doubt this man was the most remarkably brilliant and successful general developed in the Union army during the civil war.

His career was one of marked success, being undimmed by a single cloud. His victories were the most glorious ever won by the commander of an army. At his command the very earth trembled beneath the furious tread of his invincible legions of war steeds, as led on by this perfect warrior; his soldiers rushed to battle.

He was a thick-set man of short stature, deep chested and broad shouldered; his legs were short, his head large, and, owing to the peculiar formation of his neck, seemed to rest on his shoulders; his features were inclined to coarseness; a stub beard covered his face, while he wore a mustache, also; his dress while upon the march always looked slouchy and ill-fitting. A low crowned, soft felt hat rested upon a portion of the back of his head, being far too small to cover the whole of it. He always rode at a round trot and bounded up and down upon his horse in genuine school-boy style.

He was perfectly reckless of his personal safety in the hour

of battle, riding amidst the storm of leaden hail, as if he courted the soldier's death.

As a commander he was active, restless, and always aggressive. All had a boundless confidence in his ability, none fearing to follow him to battle. He was always greeted with great enthusiasm by his men, and his approach was ever dreaded by his foes. He won some fame in the West as a leader, but the unprecedented fame of this general was gained while acting with the Army of the Potomac.

His campaign in the valley of Virginia, against General Early, was the most brilliant of the year, and his ride from Winchester on the day of the battle of Cedar Creek, which has been so finely described in the subjoined poem, gave him a world-renowned fame.

To Sheridan must be awarded much of the credit for the capture of the Confederates on their retreat from Petersburg, and for their final overthrow at Appomattox.

The nation is fortunate in still retaining in its service a man of such high and merited fame. His counterpart would be hard to find if such there really is. He will ever be held in fond recollection by the veterans of the late war, under the familiar title of "Little Phil."

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Up from the south at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan, twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan, twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway, leading down,
And there through the flash of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass, as wild eagle flight.
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battlefield calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
What was done,—what to do,—a glance told him both,
And striking his spurs, with a terrible oath
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye and his red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down, to save the day."

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldier's temple of fame,

There with the glorious General's name,
Be it said in letters both bold and bright,
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester, — twenty miles away."

STONEWALL JACKSON.

In attempting to do justice to this world-renowned soldier we feel fully our inability to portray, in the slightest degree, the merit which so honestly belongs to the undying name of General Thomas J. Jackson.

From the earliest days of civilized warfare every nation has had its famous chieftain. From the days of Xerxes and Hannibal down to the present century, able men have been found who have led victoriously the troops under their command, and their name is legion who have won immortal fame.

England boasts of her Wellington, and France of her Napoleon; America hails with reverence the name of the father of his country, who, a hundred years ago, wrung from the grasp of the oppressor this glorious land of the free; yet has an entire world never, with one accord, rendered such unbounded praise, or treated with such marked respect the name of any as that of Stonewall Jackson.

A christian, a soldier, a gentleman. What more could he be?

Acknowledging the supreme hand of God in everything, he humbly bowed before His divine will.

A soldier, his every energy and his life were given his country. While others slept, Jackson knelt before the throne of God and invoked strength and instruction; while his opponent tarried, this remarkable man swept down upon him like a tornado from a clear sky.

A gentleman; no one could assail his fair fame, or point at him the finger of discourtesy.

Plain and unobtrusive, he wielded a power which, from behind the throne, was "greater than the throne itself."

Idolized by his men, he could lead them on to the accomplishment of deeds which no one else would dare attempt.

The respect in which he was held by his troops may be well

expressed in the following extract from a poem written in his honor :

“Silence! Ground arms! Kneel all! Caps off!
 Old Blue Lights going to pray;
 Strangle the fool who dares to scoff—
 Attention! its his way.
 Appealing from his native sod,
In forma pauperis to God—
 ‘Lay bare Thine arm! Stretch forth Thy rod!
 Amen!’—that’s Stonewall’s way.”

At the hands of his own troops, who fired upon him through mistake, he fell upon the bloody battlefield, and upon that fatal day, while the fleeing legions of the enemy told that the victory of the day rested upon the southern banners, the first great and irreparable blow was struck which finally culminated in the downfall of the Confederacy.

From amid the galaxy of departed heroes, no name shines forth with a luster greater than that of Jackson; and when other centuries shall have taken the place of this one, and the march of science has made mighty strides, even then the leaders of posterity will point backward to the name of the great southern hero, as a befitting example of glory and honor.

He died May 10th, 1863, mourned by his friends, and admired by his foes.

“Ay, toll! toll! toll!
 Toll the funeral bell!
 So let its mournful echoes roll
 From sphere to sphere, from pole to pole,
 O’er the flight of the greatest, kingliest soul
 That ever in battle fell.

“Yes, weep! weep! weep!
 Weep for the hero fled!
 For death, the greatest of soldiers, at last
 Has o’er our leader his black pall cast.
 From earth his noble form hath passed
 To the home of the mighty dead.

“Then toll, and weep, and mourn!
 Mourn the fall of the brave!

For Jackson, whose deeds made the nation proud
 Whose very name was a war song loud,
 With the 'crimson cross' for his martial shroud,
 Now sleeps his long sleep in the grave.

"His form has passed away;
 His voice is silent and still;
 No more, at the head of 'the old brigade,'
 The daring men who were never dismayed,
 Will he lead them to glory that never can fade,
 Stonewall, of the iron will.

"He fell as a hero should fall;
 'Mid the thunder of war he died,
 While the rifle cracked and the cannon roared,
 And the blood of the friend and foeman poured,
 He dropped from his nerveless grasp the sword
 That erst was the nation's pride.

"Virginia, his mother, is bowed,
 Her eyelids heavy and low.
 From all the south comes the wailing moan,
 And mountain and valley re-echo the groan
 For the gallant chief of her clans has flown —
 The nation is filled with woe.

"Rest, warrior, rest!
 Rest in thy laureled tomb!
 Thy mem'ry shall live to earth's latest years,
 Thy name shall still raise the despot's fears,
 While o'er thee falls a nation's tears;
 Thy deeds shall not perish in gloom."

GOUVERNEUR K. WARREN.

Was one of the most youthful and brilliant commanders in the army; one who deserved much at the hands of his country, and yet one who went to his grave a broken-hearted man. Broken-hearted by the treatment received from his superiors, whom he always obeyed, and the country which he so faithfully served.

He was a most skillful engineer, a wise and safe counselor, and a brilliant, tireless commander.

He was first prominently brought before the world by the deeds he performed at the ill-starred battle of Chancellors-

ville, where he acted as messenger between Generals Hooker and Sedgwick. Day and night he was in the saddle without rest, making himself familiar with the country and the movements of the enemy.

Had his advice been followed, undoubtedly Chancellorsville would have been a glorious Union victory.

At Gettysburg he was chief engineer of the army, and as such, rendered the most valuable service.

His timely discovery of the importance of Little Round Top, on the National left, saved the victory to the Union cause.

In the campaign which followed he was in command of the Second corps, General Hancock being disabled by wounds received at Gettysburg, and while in command he gained a brilliant victory over the Confederates at Bristow's Station in October, 1863.

He was in command of the Fifth corps during Grant's campaign in 1864, and was distinguished for his brave and brilliant movements. When the campaign opened in 1865, his corps was sent to co-operate upon the Union left, with the cavalry, the whole being under the command of General Sheridan. General Warren's troops encountered the enemy on the twenty-ninth, thirtieth and thirty-first days of March, in each instance pressing them backward.

On the first day of April by a dashing movement he flanked their position on the White Oak road, at Five Forks, and gained a complete victory, capturing many thousands of prisoners. General Sheridan arrived upon the field, with his cavalry at the moment of this success, and to the astonishment and disgust of the whole Fifth corps, relieved General Warren of his command; an action both unjust and cruel, and one which has never been satisfactorily explained.

General Warren endeavored for seventeen years to obtain a hearing before a tribunal of his countrymen, his entire private fortune being expended in the attempt, and then died before the cherished boon was granted.

General Sheridan bears many honors which the most exalted

may well covet; he also bears the responsibility of that one act, which the most degraded would gladly be excused from assuming.

In person General Warren was of slight form, black eyes, which gleamed with the earnestness and intensity of his active mind, dark complexion, long black hair, and fine Grecian features. A model soldier, a skillful commander, a dead, yet beloved comrade.

JAMES LONGSTREET.

One of the most noted lieutenants of General Lee is the subject of this sketch, and while men may differ in opinion as regards the course which he pursued after the cessation of hostilities, it is not for us to judge of his private opinions in any degree.

Our aim here is to speak of the man only from a military standpoint, and render unto this able soldier the meed of praise which he so justly merits, and to which he is so honestly entitled.

The impression we have always associated with this man's name, when speaking of his prowess in the field, has ever been coupled with ability and endurance.

If an important post was to be occupied, or dangerous line held, Longstreet's corps was invariably selected to perform the service.

One of the most noted characteristics of the man was his bull-dog tenacity, when once he got hold and his position was established. It was seldom that his corps was driven from any position which it assumed, and while he would never fall back, unless ordered, singularly he seldom advanced when the fortunes of war gave brilliant opportunity for glorious achievement. His motto ever seemed to be obedience of instructions strictly to the letter.

In person James Longstreet was rather a stern visaged man; his well-formed head rested upon a finely developed neck and shoulders; in stature he was tall and commanding; a heavy sandy beard so completely covered his face that his features

were partly concealed, yet his penetrating blue eyes gave much expression to his general appearance.

One fine opportunity was given the writer to study the man while his whole mind was centered on a single thought, and it was then that the impressions which are here given were formed.

In the hour of battle General Longstreet never swerved from his perilous responsibility, and still he could not be termed a dashing officer. He would have sooner been mistaken for an easy going planter, had his garb been different, than for the soldier which he really was.

He enjoyed perfectly the confidence of his troops who were ever ready to follow wherever he might lead them.

His name, associated with those of the brave men who immortalized themselves upon the bloody battlefield of Gettysburg, will ever live in the respect and memory of every true admirer of bravery and valor.

When the final act of surrender was being considered, he, holding a part of the Confederate line of battle, received notice from the enemy that an armistice was being indulged in on other parts of the line, by order of the commanding generals, and was requested to hold his fire. This he refused to do unless so ordered by General Lee, and did continue to hammer away at the Union line until peremptorily ordered by General Lee, which caused him to forever cease firing. As he still lives any words of eulogy would be out of place here and we refrain.

WINFIELD S. HANCOCK.

This officer, whose name became so familiar to the American people during the last presidential campaign, was one of the most successful leaders in the army of the Potomac. He was a tall, straight, fine-looking man, and one of the finest horsemen in the service.

The Second corps, under his command, became as gallant a body of troops as ever marched forth to battle, and, undoubtedly, very much of the glory which they won on the field of

carnage can be traced to their skillful and idolized commander.

His services at Gettysburg were of great value, and during the campaign from the Rapidan to the James, he was one of the most trusty lieutenants of General Grant. The famous charge made by the Second corps at Spottsylvania, was the most brilliant event of the campaign, and its successful execution is largely due to the skill and bravery of its commander.

His military record is so bright that words of eulogy cannot add to its luster. He deserves the admiration and gratitude of the whole country for the service he rendered the Union in the hour of her travail. May he live for many years to come, and enjoy a prosperity equal to the bravery he displayed upon the field of strife.

AMBROSE P. HILL.

General Hill enjoyed much of the respect and confidence of his commanding general. Being a descendant of one of the oldest families of Virginia, he early gave his services to his native state.

Not long after actual hostilities began, the name of this true and noble scion of the old dominion became famous, and his star of importance gradually arose toward the zenith of its glory.

So early as 1862 General Hill had become famous, and the brilliant record which he had achieved during the campaign of that year, never forsook him, while fresh laurels were ever being added to the wreath which encircled his brow.

The finely chiseled features of this man were remarkably striking, and brought quickly to mind the quaint old maxim, *vultus est index animi* (the countenance is an index to the mind), moreover, he was a handsome man. Nothing superficial marred his features, nature, seemingly, having especially perfected his cast, and stamped upon his mold the chosen seal of God.

Wherever the Army of Northern Virginia went, there

might be found this energetic and loyal soldier. If his soldiers were entrusted with any responsible undertaking, they always took with them the confidence of their comrades.

From the peninsula to Petersburg this gallant son of the South bore a full share of the burdens and responsibilities of that dreadful struggle through which it was called upon to pass, and gave up his life at the very hour that the last stronghold of the Confederacy was abandoned.

On Sunday morning, April 2d, 1865, near Petersburg, this brave man fell, fell to rise no more on earth. His corps gave up all hope when their leader was gone, and thousands of those who had borne the shock of a hundred battlefields, wept tears of bitter sorrow over their loss.

If the cause in which this man was engaged was a mistaken idea, so be it, yet his sincerity and honor will live on unsullied, and his name will ever find a prominent page in the history of America.

JOHN SEDGWICK

Was a brave, bluff, able, and unostentatious man, beloved by his men and feared by his foes, who had learned to appreciate the rugged valor of the man. Imagine a large muscular man clad in a simple suit of blue, and an old, slouched hat; one whose head and face were covered with long tangled hair and beard, and you have General Sedgwick as he looked to the careless observer, while a closer glance would have revealed more of the true nature of the man.

A noble brow, broad and deep, eyes flashing forth an intelligence, one glance of which would sweep a whole battlefield and analyze the situation; his head erect, and a calm self-possession which won the hearts of his men, who termed him "Uncle John," pervaded his entire being.

He was as fearless as a lion, a grand fighter, and under his leadership the Sixth corps did noble work for the Federal Union.

His death, at Spottsylvania, was a national calamity which cast a deep gloom over the army. During October, 1882,

the writer visited the spot on which he was shot, near the house of Mr. Alsop. The place is unmarked save by a small stump, nearly all of which has been carried away.

It is a pity the survivors of his old command do not inaugurate some plan whereby an enduring monument may be placed on that ridge of land to point out to coming generations the spot where brave "old John Sedgwick" gave up his life to preserve the union of states.

JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

At the commencement of hostilities every one in the South naturally turned to General Johnston as the leader of the Confederate forces. Having been an officer of the regular army, he was well fitted to fill this responsible post. Commanding in appearance, strict in military discipline, loyal in purpose toward the cause he had espoused, this favored son of the South found himself suddenly elevated to the highest post of trust to which his admiring countrymen could raise him.

With a well-equipped army, which was filled with enthusiasm, he faced the equally defiant forces of McClellan upon the historic fields of the James river peninsula, from Yorktown to Fair Oaks, and it has been said of him that his skillful and masterly retreat over that route won for him the admiration of military men everywhere.

He was not destined, however, to lead the Army of Northern Virginia through the many scenes which it eventually was called upon to pass, a wound in the arm so disabling him that his command devolved upon the shoulders of that greatest of the great men of the South, Robert E. Lee.

In appearance this general was very marked. The regulation cut of hair and beard was most prominently conspicuous, while in deportment he was very exact and concise. Of heavy frame, yet light in weight, he was what might have been termed a trim man in physical appearance, as he was far from being a fleshy man. His expression of countenance

was firm, although not remarkably attractive, while his manners were perfect and affable.

He seemed to fully realize the dignity and importance of his station, and allowed the responsibilities which were upon him to plainly indicate themselves.

As an able officer he will be ever remembered, and as one of the main military pillars of the rebellion his name will go down to posterity as the last general officer who surrendered to the Union forces, and forever furled his banner.

CHARLES GRIFFIN

Arose from the command of a battery, at the battle of Bull Run, until he commanded the Fifth corps, at Appomattox. During a large part of the interval he was in command of the first division of that corps, and as such was distinguished for his remarkable ability.

A tall, straight, well-formed man; every inch a soldier! one would involuntarily exclaim on seeing him. His head was always erect, while his chin, sharp and large, extended well to the front. His men believed in him and were ready to go wherever "Old Griff" should direct.

His presence was always an inspiration, and when he rode along his line, the air was filled with caps, and a wild chorus of cheers would arise on every hand.

He seemed to bear a charmed life, and although reckless in exposing his form to the fire of the foe, the bullets all passed harmlessly by this beloved leader.

With the corps, during the campaign of '63, he led his division from the Wilderness to Hatcher's Run; in 1864, his flag was cheerfully followed from thence to Appomattox in 1865, and then back through Petersburg, Richmond, and Fredericksburg to Washington. He took part in the great review which followed, and bade his soldiers farewell on Arlington Heights. Soon afterward he died of yellow fever, in Texas.

The stars and stripes, during the civil war, had no braver defender than Major-General Charles Griffin.

WADE HAMPTON.

This man, who has been ever held in high regard by the people of his native state of South Carolina, took an active part in the army of the rebellion as a cavalry leader, first making his *début* as the commander of a famous legion which bore his name.

Since the close of hostilities he has ever remained prominently before the people of the Union, and has for a long time occupied high positions in the state and national councils.

At the death of the lamented Stuart, he was promoted to full generalship, and led the cavalry arm of the Confederacy to the end of the war. General Hampton was an able officer and very daring in his undertakings. To him must be accredited the bold and hazardous feat performed in the early fall of 1864, of raiding around the Army of the Potomac and capturing from their rear the immense herd of cattle, which came so opportunely to the hungry soldiers of the South. This was one of the most brilliant strokes ever performed during the war by the cavalry leaders of either side, and gave to Hampton an enviable name of which he well may feel proud.

A graceful horseman, he attracted much admiration. Ever restless, and fired with an indomitable will and courage, he was continually on the alert, and considering the condition of the Confederate cavalry at the time he took command, his campaigns must be considered brilliant.

He still lives, however, and the fame of his deeds of the past are engulfed in the present prowess of the man. Other pens, at some future date, will be expected to do full credit to the man and his memory, while thousands yet unborn will admire the dashing spirit of this bold and chivalrous leader.

AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE.

This officer possessed many elements of true greatness, yet lacked many which are necessary in a man to constitute a great soldier.

His command in the Army of the Potomac should never have been larger than that of a division. His promotion was

unsought by him, however, and his consent to accept such a responsibility was not given until he was satisfied he could no longer honorably decline.

He was a fine-looking officer, one whose form was too familiar with our readers to require a description and his pictures in resembling each other, are true likenesses of the original.

His command of the Army of the Potomac was brief, as also the darkest in its history. The blunder at Fredericksburg was a terrible blow, made more disastrous perhaps, by the lukewarmness of subordinates. He, voluntarily, bore all the responsibility of that failure, and when removed, remained a loyal and brave defender of the country's flag.

In admiring the man, forget the mistakes of the soldier. At his death the nation lost a brave and able senator. May both the civil and military arm of the Union ever abound in men who are his equals in all that makes them true and great.

GEORGE E. PICKETT.

So long as the history of America lives, just so long will be found recorded therein the name of this man, a division commander in the late war, yet in the earlier stages of the struggle he commanded a brigade, consisting of the Eighth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twenty-eighth and Fifty-sixth regiments of Virginia infantry.

He was unknown to an admiring world, who is ever ready to recognize superior genius, until exceptionally brought to the front rank of brave men, on the afternoon of July 3d, 1863, on the memorable field of Gettysburg.

The last line had been formed, which constituted the full corps of Longstreet, to make the final charge upon the works of Major-General Hancock. These brave men felt the hopelessness of this suicidal step deeply and mournfully, yet, fired with that patriotic fame which they had so often experienced, and looking only to the mandates of their soldierly duties, they began the ascent of that terrible hill of death and ruin, unflinchingly led on by George E. Pickett.

Kemper, Garnett and Armistead were in the van, surrounded on every side by the brave soldiers of their respective brigades, but the brightest star amid that galaxy of devoted heroes was the man who led the advance.

As volley after volley belched forth from the throats of the Federal cannon swept through his serried ranks, carrying away whole lines of living beings down to eternal death, his voice could be heard above that dreadful roar. The din of death-dealing fury had no power to check the impetuosity of this bold and determined leader, who, upon that melancholy field, was to evince a spirit of manly valor, never before reached.

When the fight was over, and the ranks, so decimated and torn, retreated from the line, which, for a moment, they had wrung from the flower of the Army of the Potomac, their gallant leader was still there, and, by his superior skill, withdrew his shattered legions with a display of courage worthier of a better fate.

The field of Gettysburg, on which was spilt, like rain, the best blood of Virginia, will ever be associated with the name of this famous leader, who ranks so high amid the lights of the past.

GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN.

It was the misfortune of this officer to be placed in command in the early days of the war, before the vigorous and impatient people learned that it required time and patience to organize and discipline an army of a hundred thousand men. Another misfortune equally as great was that he evidently lacked some of the qualifications necessary to lead such an army successfully, when it was thoroughly organized.

In appearance he was the model soldier; possessing a fine physique and handsome features; a superb horseman, a skillful engineer, thorough disciplinarian, and a kind-hearted officer, he won the love of his entire command.

The Army of the Potomac was created by him, and it never ceased to worship its creator. Many persons, inspired by the

heat of political prejudice, have connected harsh terms with his name, but the impartial historian must admit that, while his conservatism, indecision, lack of energy and rapidity in the execution of a proposed movement, were all fatal to the claims of rare generalship, yet he was loyal and brave, painstaking in all his methods of labor, and that he exhibited great talent in many directions.

Had the Government manifested more sympathy in his plans, and given a more cordial support, his efforts would have been more satisfactory.

He is yet living, and has the sweet consolation of knowing that, so long as there are any survivors of the Army of the Potomac, "Little Mac" will ever be remembered.

FITZHUGH LEE.

Perhaps no other cavalry officer enjoyed more generally the confidence and esteem of his superiors, inferiors, and the common soldiery, than did this officer. Second in command of the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia; and a nephew of the general-in-chief of the southern forces, he enjoyed a reputation of great esteem. In the early days of the war he was rather spare in build; his countenance was bright and pleasing, spirits lively, and thoroughly imbued with the cause in which he was engaged. His uncle had a very great confidence in his ability, and was well acquainted with his spirit and daring.

In being selected to fill the post which he so deservedly occupied, he had the full approval of the leaders of the cause, and the hearty acquiescence of the soldiers who constituted his command.

In camp, on the march, or in the fight Fitz Lee was always the same good-hearted, brave and jovial soul, ever ready to indulge in appropriate fun, or turn to the stern duties of the hour and face the foe. He was thoroughly respected by his men, and his commands were ever cheerfully and confidently obeyed. Those who knew him more intimately enjoyed his society to a marked degree, both as an officer and a gentleman.

The boldness of his daring is especially signalized in his successful escape from the clutches of General Grant on the retreat from Petersburg, and the annoyance which he created by cutting the South Side railroad behind the Federal army while in pursuit of the Army of Northern Virginia toward Appomattox.

Since the cause for which he fought was lost, General Lee has ever remained popular, and as a good and honorable citizen has retained the respect of the people of both North and South. He still lives.

GEORGE G. MEADE

Had won an enviable reputation as a soldier before he was called to the command of the Army of the Potomac.

On the peninsula and at Antietam, his daring was very conspicuous. At Fredericksburg, upon the left of the National line, under General Franklin's immediate command, it was the division of General Meade, led by its brilliant commander, which made the famous charge upon the Confederate troops when their position was seized, the only point where the Union forces gained a foothold within their lines during that terrible battle.

When placed in command of the army, on the eve of the great battle of Gettysburg, the soldiers had the fullest confidence in his ability, and during all the bloody struggles which followed he never forfeited their confidence. No man ever appeared to comprehend the responsibility of his position more than he did.

A tall, spare man, with large frame, which seemed to stoop under the great burdens placed upon it; his countenance was very expressive and deeply seamed with lines of care; sharp eyes, high bold brow, large Roman nose, face and lip covered with full beard and mustache. His was a form which, when once seen, would not soon be forgotten. His dress was always plain, and when he rode along the lines, he always seemed to be looking upon the ground, at a point about twenty yards in advance of him. He was always received with enthusiastic

cheers at such times. When seen, that well-known stooping form, enveloped in a huge brown overcoat, riding out to superintend the formation of his battle lines, a sensational feeling of security was always felt.

The country mourned over his death, and will always remember him as the successful commander of its mightiest army, in its hours of greatest peril.

JOSEPH HOOKER.

The name of this brave, brilliant, reckless, and ambitious officer is most intimately connected with the history of the Army of the Potomac.

As a division commander he was successful; it was in this subordinate position that he won his laurels, and the famous title of "Fighting Joe." At Williamsburg, on the peninsula, and at Antietam, he won much fame, and when he was appointed to supersede Burnside, in the winter of 1863, much was expected of him.

The army was reorganized and inspired with new life and hope. The cavalry arm of the service was made effective, and when he moved to open the spring campaign, at Chancellorsville, it was with an army superior in numbers and discipline to any ever marshaled upon the continent.

The battle of Chancellorsville was well planned, but from the moment it began, the whole management was most wretchedly conducted, and notwithstanding the gallant behavior of the national troops, the daring and skill of corps and division commanders, it resulted in the most disgraceful defeat to the Union arms, of any field in Virginia. A cloud of mystery has always concealed many events of this inglorious field from the public view, and let it be hoped, for the sake of the country's honor, that that cloud may never be removed.

General Hooker rendered grand service in the southwest, after he resigned his position in the Army of the Potomac, and did much to regain his lost honors. That tall, erect form, neatly clad in the uniform of a major-general, will be

well remembered. The full, red face and prominent features! How he used to dash around the lines, far in advance of any of his staff officers, will not be forgotten. It is better to forget his failures, and remember only his virtues, as we say good by.

GEORGE CUSTER

Was the brilliant, dashing, chivalrous cavalier of the Union army. Young in years, slight in form, a face destitute of beard, save a slight mustache; he had a decidedly boyish appearance, yet no veteran in any army ever exhibited so little fear in the hours of danger as did this dashing cavalryman. His uniform was well decorated with gold lace; his hair was long, and hung in golden curls far down upon his shoulders. As a commander he was both restless and tireless; always in the saddle, he was either operating upon the flanks and rear of the enemy, or battering him in the front. He was perfectly at his ease in either place, and evidently was as fond of charging, with his dashing troopers, upon a battery of artillery, as upon a baggage train.

That he escaped with his life until the close of the war, was a surprise to every one who knew his reckless daring. His soldiers all worshiped him, and would go anywhere he ordered. Upon one occasion he was seen charging, with his squadrons, upon the foe, in the midst of a fearful storm of leaden hail. An old officer, near by, noticing how his men followed the flag of their leader, muttered, "Those fellows would ride through the gates of hell if Custer should lead the way."

His tragic death near the Rosebud river sent a thrill of sorrow through the whole country.

HENRY A. WISE.

From the hours of Know Nothingism, down to the time of his death, there was not a man in the entire South who figured more conspicuously in the annals of its history than this man.

Napoleon Bonaparte was said to be "grand, gloomy, and

peculiar," and of this man it might with equal appropriateness be remarked, he was bright, brave, and contrary.

With Henry A. Wise, as governor of Virginia, began the first gloomy foreboding of sectional strife, and yet this man did everything he could to stave off the impending catastrophe. He counceled moderation in the administration of the punishment which John Brown underwent, and opposed many of the ideas of brilliant members of the Virginia legislature, on the eve of its secession declaration.

When the smoke from the guns which were fired on Sumter had cleared away, and the battle of Roanoke Island had deprived him of his favorite son, the vials of resentful wrath suddenly burst, and there was not a more bitter partisan south of the Potomac.

He was a noted lawyer, who made a fine governor, his executive ability being second to none, but his military talents were never brilliantly displayed, neither did he especially distinguish himself in the minds of men of great military skill. His forensic talents were a perfect success, his oratorical powers being wonderful, and his bitter denunciations, when once let loose, were ever afterward felt by those on whom they fell. His prejudice was very strong, while his regard was eternal.

In appearance, he was tall and commanding as a Roman, his sharp, penetrating eyes having fine expression and deep significance. His features were very regular, his expansive forehead giving every indication of the brain power which he possessed. He was especially noted for his overbearing and vindictive spirit, which weakness made him less popular.

He is dead, and those who knew him best can truthfully claim that he left many worse men behind.

JAMES L. KEMPER.

This man commanded a brigade in General Longstreet's corps, of the Army of Northern Virginia. This gallant son of the Old Dominion was by profession a lawyer, who early tendered his services to his mother state in the hour of her peril.

General Kemper took an active part in the campaigns in which Longstreet's corps were engaged down to and including the battle of Gettysburg. On the afternoon of July third, he was severely wounded while engaged, and fell into the hands of the Federals. Being soon exchanged, and still suffering from his wound, he took command of the defences around Richmond, the nature of his wound being such as to unfit him for active service. Peace having been restored he retired to the walks of civil life, and soon after became one of the leading spirits of reconstructed Virginia.

By his wise suggestions much good was accomplished in the restoration of the affected portions of the state to peace and harmony.

Not many years after the close of the war he became a candidate and was elected to fill the executive chair of the state, a position which he occupied with ability and honor to himself and his state.

When the statue of "Stonewall" Jackson was unveiled, in the presence of thousands of eye witnesses, General Kemper, who was at that time governor, delivered the dedicatory address, and showed in a marked degree his ability and talent as an orator as well as a soldier. He still lives to do honor to Virginia as one of her noblest sons.

JUBAL EARLY.

This is another son of Virginia who figured conspicuously during the war.

As a brigade commander, he was a great success, yet, when promoted to a higher station, the fortunes of war seemed to be against him.

Of his personal appearance or private character we know very little, and only remember his prominent military exploits at this writing.

To him must be accredited the glorious victory gained over the Federal troops at Cedar Creek, and also to his mismanagement must be ascribed the inglorious defeat of the Confederates, after having won that splendid battle. A lack of

energy, or a loose method of taking advantage of opportunities, lost for him the most choice laurel he had ever won, and made the Union horseman, Sheridan, the king of cavalrymen. General Early still lives, and is more prominently known from his connection with the Louisiana State Lottery, than anything else.

RICHARD S. EWELL.

This officer had served in the regular army before the rebellion, and when war was declared cast his destiny with the South.

In command of a division, he was assigned to duty with the lamented "Stonewall" Jackson, and on the death of that famous leader assumed the command thus made vacant. There were many peculiarities about General Ewell, notably his quick and ungovernable temper, also his inveterate habit of swearing.

It would seem, on hearing him indulge in a freak of profanity, that he had been especially delegated by the devil to fully express the actual torments of hell, as conceived by man. When this torrent of oaths had subsided, a good-natured laugh would often take its place, and a more social or agreeable gentleman was not to be found.

In personal appearance he was a queer-looking specimen of humanity. A very broad forehead which was exceedingly high; deep-set yet very penetrating eyes; a long nose which curved on its ridge; the mouth was firm, yet so thickly was the upper lip covered with beard, that below the cheeks it was hard to tell the actual appearance of his features.

As a fighter he was bold and fearless, quick on the move, and daring in his maneuvers. To him has been given the credit of driving General Banks from Winchester, although it was generally conceded that Jackson planned that adventure, and he enjoyed the credit of the feat.

When Jackson died, General Ewell was promoted, and led the corps which Stonewall had so long and so favorably commanded. Much good judgment was displayed by him in this

position, but the corps, seemingly, were never so successfully led as when commanded by its old leader.

General Ewell retired to civil life at the close of the war, selecting Nashville as his home.

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

During 1861 General Beauregard was looked upon as being one of the finest and most accomplished engineers in the United States.

Having linked his destinies with the South, very naturally he became prominent as the leading man in the supervision of breastwork building and other defences. To him the South was indebted for the many intricate obstacles which impeded the Federal advance on her most important cities.

As a fighting man he first became conspicuous at Bull Run, he having planned and successfully fought that battle. He was chiefly occupied around Charleston, however, during the rebellion, seldom leaving unless to meet some very urgent demand. When General Butler advanced up the James river during the spring of 1864, Beauregard came to check his advance until the arrival of the Army of Northern Virginia.

In person we know but little of the man, and as he is a survivor of the conflict, we refrain from extended comment. He resided at or near the city of New Orleans.

WILLIAM MAHONE.

One of the most gallant of the many accomplished officers of the southern army was General Mahone.

He is a native of Virginia, and for his military advantages is indebted to chance, yet a finer engineer or better soldier can scarcely be found. He arose to the command of a division, and displayed much tact and skill as an executive officer of the Confederate army.

He was familiarly known as "Little Billy," his personal physique being very limited, although since the war he has grown to be a fleshy man of fair proportions. In the early part of the war he commanded a brigade, and did some fine

service, which gained an enviable reputation for both himself and his men.

When hostilities ceased he turned his attention to railroad-ing, and eventually became president of one branch. This step led to higher honor, and he became a political leader of a faction of Virginia, and was successfully elected to the Senate of the United States as the representative of the "read-juster element" of the state.

In that position we find him at this date.

CHAPTER XII.

CHANCELLORSVILLE. HOOKER IN COMMAND. ARMY OF POTOMAC REORGANIZED. THOROUGHLY DISCIPLINED. PLAN OF SPRING CAMPAIGN. MARCH TO CHANCELLORSVILLE. AUSPICIOUS BEGINNING FOR FEDERALS. FATAL MISTAKES. GENIUS OF LEE. JACKSON'S FLANK MOVEMENT. HOWARD CRUSHED. FEDERAL CONFUSION. KEENAN'S CHARGE. POEM. CONFEDERATES CHECKED. SEDGWICK ORDERED TO ADVANCE ON FREDERICKSBURG. "STONEWALL" MORTALLY WOUNDED—GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF HIS LAST HOURS. BATTLE OF SUNDAY. DEATH OF GENERAL BERRY. HOOKER KNOCKED SENSELESS. FEDERALS DEFEATED. SEDGWICK OCCUPIES FREDERICKSBURG. ASSAULT ON MARYE'S HEIGHT. DEATH OF COLONEL SPEAR. CONFEDERATES DEFEATED AND RETREAT. ADVANCE OF FEDERALS. BATTLE OF SALEM CHURCH. FEDERALS DEFEATED WITH HEAVY LOSS. CONFEDERATES RECAPTURE FREDERICKSBURG. CRITICAL POSITION OF FEDERALS. HOOKER RETREATS ACROSS THE RAPPAHANNOCK—LEAVES DEAD AND WOUNDED ON FIELD.

CHANCELLORSVILLE.

THE army rejoiced over the appointment of General Hooker, and with much enthusiasm welcomed its new commander, and under the inspiration of this man was infused with new life. The first thing which General Hooker did was to throw aside, as of no value, the grand division system introduced by General Burnside, and reorganize his army, dividing it into seven corps. General Reynolds commanded the First corps, General Couch the Second, Sickles the Third, Meade the Fifth, Sedgwick the Sixth, Howard the Eleventh, Slocum the Twelfth.

General Hooker proved himself to be an able and thorough disciplinarian. The cavalry was fully reorganized, and for the first time in the history of the Army of the Potomac, became an effective branch of the service. The artillery was also readjusted in perfect order. It was under this commander that the distinctive corps badges were brought into general use. General Kearney had introduced the idea at the battle

of Fair Oaks, where he ordered his men to sew a piece of red flannel upon their caps that he might recognize them in the tumult of battle. This idea Hooker developed into one of immense value to the army, as each corps, division or brigade could be recognized by its badge. The First corps badge was a round globe or ball, the Second a clover leaf, the Third a diamond, the Fifth a maltese cross, the Sixth a Greek cross, the Eleventh a crescent, the Twelfth a star. The colors red, white and blue were used respectively for the First, Second and Third divisions of each corps.

At the close of the month of April, General Hooker found himself in command of one of the finest armies ever marshaled upon the globe. The infantry and artillery numbered one hundred and twelve thousand men, beside a body of twelve thousand cavalry, splendidly equipped. He was therefore in a situation to make a vigorous movement, and at the close of April he determined to cross the Rappahannock river, and grapple with the Confederate hosts commanded by General Lee.

At this time Lee seemed but illy prepared to meet him; his army only mustered fifty thousand men, as General Longstreet had been detailed for duty south of the James river and had not then returned. During the winter Lee had made such disposition of his army that he guarded all of the available crossings of the Rappahannock river, and he occupied in force the heights south of that stream, extending from Skinner's Creek to United States Ford, a distance of about twenty-five miles. His forces were so deployed that he could easily concentrate them upon any given point. The Confederate right flank was secure against any attack from that direction, while any movement upon his left at United States Ford must involve the crossing of both the Rapidan and Rappahannock rivers.

It was quite a difficult problem which General Hooker was called upon to solve in his forward movement upon the Confederates, yet with a decision and boldness that even surprised his friends Hooker decided that the attack should be made on

the left flank of General Lee. This movement was to be made by a strong column which should move up the Rappahannock to Kelly's Ford, twenty-seven miles above Fredericksburg and pass around Lee's flank to Chancellorsville. To mask this movement he also determined to force a crossing of the Rappahannock, near Fredericksburg, and pretend to make his direct attack at that place. He expected that the flanking movement would compel Lee to fall back from his defences upon the river, when battle could be given him under very disadvantageous circumstances, and to co-operate with this attack he had arranged for a powerful body of ten thousand horsemen to assail Lee's line of communications with Richmond.

This turning column was composed of the Fifth, Eleventh and Twelfth corps. Marching forth from their winter quarters on the morning of Monday, April twenty-seven, they reached Kelly's Ford on the following day. During the night of the twenty-eighth and the morning of the twenty-ninth they crossed the river upon pontoon bridges, the boats of which were made of canvas, and encountered but slight opposition from a small skirmishing party at the crossing. These three columns were now divided into two columns, and moved along parallel routes for Chancellorsville, to reach which place they must cross the Rapidan river.

CROSSING THE RAPIDAN.

The right column, made up of the Eleventh and Twelfth corps, crossed the Rapidan river at Germania Ford, while the Fifth crossed the same stream at Ely's Ford. The water was deep and the current swift, but the men dashed in with shouts of mirth and laughter, and soon reached the other bank, and gayly turned their faces toward Chancellorsville, where they concentrated on the thirtieth. While this movement was being made by the way of Kelly's Ford, the Second corps, under Couch, marched to United States Ford, with orders to halt until the flanking column should sweep down to Chancellorsville, and thus uncover United States Ford. This object was gained the moment the flanking column

crossed the Rapidan. The same afternoon Couch threw a pontoon bridge across the Rappahannock, and reached Chancellorsville with his corps on the thirtieth, where the four corps bivouaced for the night.

IMPORTANT GAIN.

General Hooker now established his headquarters at Chancellorsville, occupying a large brick mansion as such. He had now gained a position which took in reverse the whole of Lee's line of fortifications. This movement, so successfully made, inspired the country with great hope as to the results that would be gathered from the campaign, so auspiciously begun.

In the meantime, General Sedgwick, with the First and Third corps, which, with the Sixth, had been placed under his command, was moving to cover, so far as possible, the more important movements being made by his commander. As soon as the flanking column was well under way, Sedgwick was ordered to cross the river at Fredericksburg, and make a direct demonstration at that place, as if it was the principal attack of the whole army.

Moving with his usual promptness, this energetic general, before daylight, on the morning of the twenty-ninth, sent a party across the river, three miles below Fredericksburg, near where Franklin had crossed the December before. This party captured a small squad of Confederates who were on duty there; then two bridges were quickly laid, and two divisions marched over the river.

These demonstrations were kept up during the twenty-ninth and thirtieth, until Hooker, with his four corps, was at Chancellorsville. The Third corps, under the command of General Sickles, was ordered to march and join Hooker; Sedgwick, with his two remaining corps, was to stay where he was, to await developments upon the Confederate right.

General Hooker was highly elated over the success of his movement, and in the style for which he was distinguished, on the night after his arrival at Chancellorsville, issued a

flaming order to his men, in which he boasted "That the enemy would either ingloriously fly, or come out from behind his defences, and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him." In his conversation with his officers he also said, "The rebel army is now the legitimate property of the Army of the Potomac."

LEE'S DESPERATE SITUATION.

General Lee now found himself in a very desperate situation. There is no proof that he had been surprised by the arrival of Hooker's army at Chancellorsville, for his brilliant cavalry general, Stuart, had kept him well posted, while watching the fords, as to the movements of his enemy. He was now threatened by two attacks; that of Hooker on his left and that of Sedgwick on his right.

The smaller force of Sedgwick, before the withdrawal of the Third corps to reinforce Hooker, was nearly the size of Lee's whole army at that time.

RARE GENERALSHIP OF LEE.

Perhaps there was no period during the whole war when the rare generalship of Lee shone forth to better advantage than in the cool, deliberate manner in which he prepared to meet the overwhelming forces of General Hooker. He watched both of the movements of General Hooker until he penetrated his design, and then made a rapid division of his army to confront him on two fields of battle.

On the twenty-ninth of April he moved his army in the direction of Chancellorsville, leaving Early's division to guard Marye's Heights at Fredericksburg. When near Chancellorsville he learned from General Anderson, who with two brigades had been watching the upper fords of the river, that the main body of the Federal army was approaching that point, and was threatening his left and rear. He had the tremendous array of Hooker in his front and Sedgwick in his rear, and was thus outnumbered two to one. His infantry force consisted of Jackson's three divisions, commanded by

Rodes, Hill and Trimble, and two divisions of Longstreet's former command, under McLaws and Anderson.

Chancellorsville, where Hooker had established his headquarters, was twelve miles west and south of Fredericksburg, with which it is connected by two excellent roads, known as the Orange court-house plank road and the old Wilderness pike. The Chancellorsville house stood in the midst of a large field, but was entirely surrounded by a dense forest of oak and pine. The plank road and the pike unite in passing up from Fredericksburg, just before reaching this point, and pass directly in front of the house. The roads leading from several of the fords upon the Rappahannock also center at this point.

It was not the design of General Hooker to have his army shut up in this forest, and on the first day of May he ordered a movement to be made along these roads in the direction of Fredericksburg.

These two roads, the plank road on the right and the turnpike on the left, unite at a point known as Tabernacle Church, about midway between Chancellorsville and Fredericksburg. To the left of the pike there is a river road, extending along the south bank of the Rappahannock river to Banks Ford.

Hooker's advancing columns were formed as follows: two divisions of Meade's corps were to move along the river road, while Sykes' division of the same was to advance along the turnpike. General Slocum's corps was to advance down the plank road. This was but a preparatory movement; a general advance of the whole army was to be made at two o'clock in the afternoon.

The column on the river road, composed of the divisions of Griffin and Humphries, moved on five miles to within sight of Banks Ford and did not discover any of the Confederates.

General Sykes in moving down the pike was supported by the division of General Hancock. When he had advanced about a mile, he came in contact with the Confederates whose advanced line was composed of the Eleventh Virginia infantry.

There was a sharp conflict, but the Confederates were pushed rapidly back and by noon Sykes occupied the position which had been assigned him. Slocum's corps advanced along the plank road and did not encounter any opposition until they gained a point as far advanced as that occupied by the other two columns.

The line thus formed by these three columns was on a ridge considerably elevated, well out of the Wilderness and which perfectly commanded Chancellorsville. The open country in the rear of Fredericksburg could be easily reached.

This movement had uncovered Bank's Ford, and shortened the distance between Hooker and Sedgwick at least twelve miles, which in itself was a most important fact. It was a position of the utmost value to both armies, one that General Lee was most anxious to obtain, and yet to the surprise of all of his subordinate generals upon that part of the line General Hooker ordered these columns to be withdrawn to Chancellorsville, as he had decided to fight a defensive battle.

General Warren urged upon Hooker the importance of holding the position, but all to no purpose. The lines were withdrawn and from that moment he flung away the golden opportunity of the glorious campaign that had been placed within his grasp.

Hooker arranged his line of battle running east and west along the Orange court-house plank road. The line as formed on Friday night extended a short distance east of Chancellorsville, and then westward in front of the plank road for nearly three miles, where the right plank road bent sharply back across the plank road, in a defensive attitude.

The Fifth corps, aided by one division of Couch's Second, under General Meade, formed the left. The Twelfth corps, assisted by one division of Sickles' Third, formed the center, and the Eleventh corps, under General Howard, formed the right; all the other divisions being held in reserve, as it was to be a defensive battle.

Trees were felled in front of the Federal lines to form an abatis, and long lines of rifle-pits were thrown up.

PREPARING FOR BATTLE.

During the night the sounds of thousands of axes, ringing out through the forests, indicated plainly that both armies were busily engaged in fortifying their respective positions. Saturday morning Hooker stood upon the defensive, waiting for the attack of General Lee. The latter, with his trusted lieutenant, General Jackson, was planning an attack which General Hooker little expected. Friday night these generals arranged a plan as bold in its conception as it was brilliant in its results.

The Confederate army was to be again divided, and while General Lee, with the two divisions of McLaws and Anderson, was to engage Hooker's attention in front, Jackson, with his entire corps of three divisions, was to move swiftly around Hooker's right flank, and strike him at that point.

General Jackson well understood the importance of the movement he undertook on that Saturday morning; it absorbed all of his attention and genius. His flank movement began on the night of May first, and was continued through the early part of the second day. His route on the second day was along the Brock road, which he followed until it intersects the old turnpike near the Wilderness tavern, several miles beyond the extreme right flank of Hooker's army.

He had thus passed along the entire front of the Federal army; his flank had been protected by the cavalry under General Stuart and Fitzhugh Lee; his march, though quietly and quickly done, had not altogether escaped the notice of the Union soldiers, as we shall presently see. While passing over a hill near the "Furnace," Jackson's column was exposed to the view of General Sickles' division, and as the road there bends to the south, the idea was conceived that the Confederates were retreating.

General Hooker ordered Sickles to advance immediately and attack the columns of the foe, and wrote a communication to General Sedgwick in which were the following remarkable words: "We know that the enemy is flying, trying to

save his trains; two of Sickles' divisions are among them." At three o'clock in the afternoon of May second, Sickles advanced through the thick wilderness for a mile and a half, reaching the road along which Jackson had passed, striking the rear of his column, and capturing some prisoners. Elated over his success, which he immediately reported to General Hooker, he asked for reinforcements. General Pleasanton's cavalry and two brigades of infantry were sent to him. General Hooker also notified Generals Slocum and Howard that a heavy body of Confederate troops was passing along his front, and for them to secure the right flank of the army against the danger of surprise.

General Howard, whose corps composed the extreme flank, seemed to attach no importance to the matter and adopted no measures to guard against danger. While Sickles was following the wrong lead, Howard was reposing in almost criminal security, and the commanding general was rejoicing over the supposed retreat of his foe, General Jackson was at that moment preparing to strike a blow that would be most fearful in its results to the Federal army.

BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

At five o'clock in the afternoon of May second, Jackson was in position with his corps of twenty-two thousand men, at a point upon the extreme flank of Howard's corps; and so imperfect was the Federal general's plan of defence, that General Jackson actually rode down through the oak trees and surveyed the flank of the Federal army without being discovered. General Devens' division was on the right; adjoining him was that of Shurz, and then the division of General Steinwehr; these divisions constituted Howard's corps.

At this time Lee's army was not only divided, but many miles of dense forest were between the two wings. It was indeed a most perilous movement the Confederate chieftain had undertaken to perform.

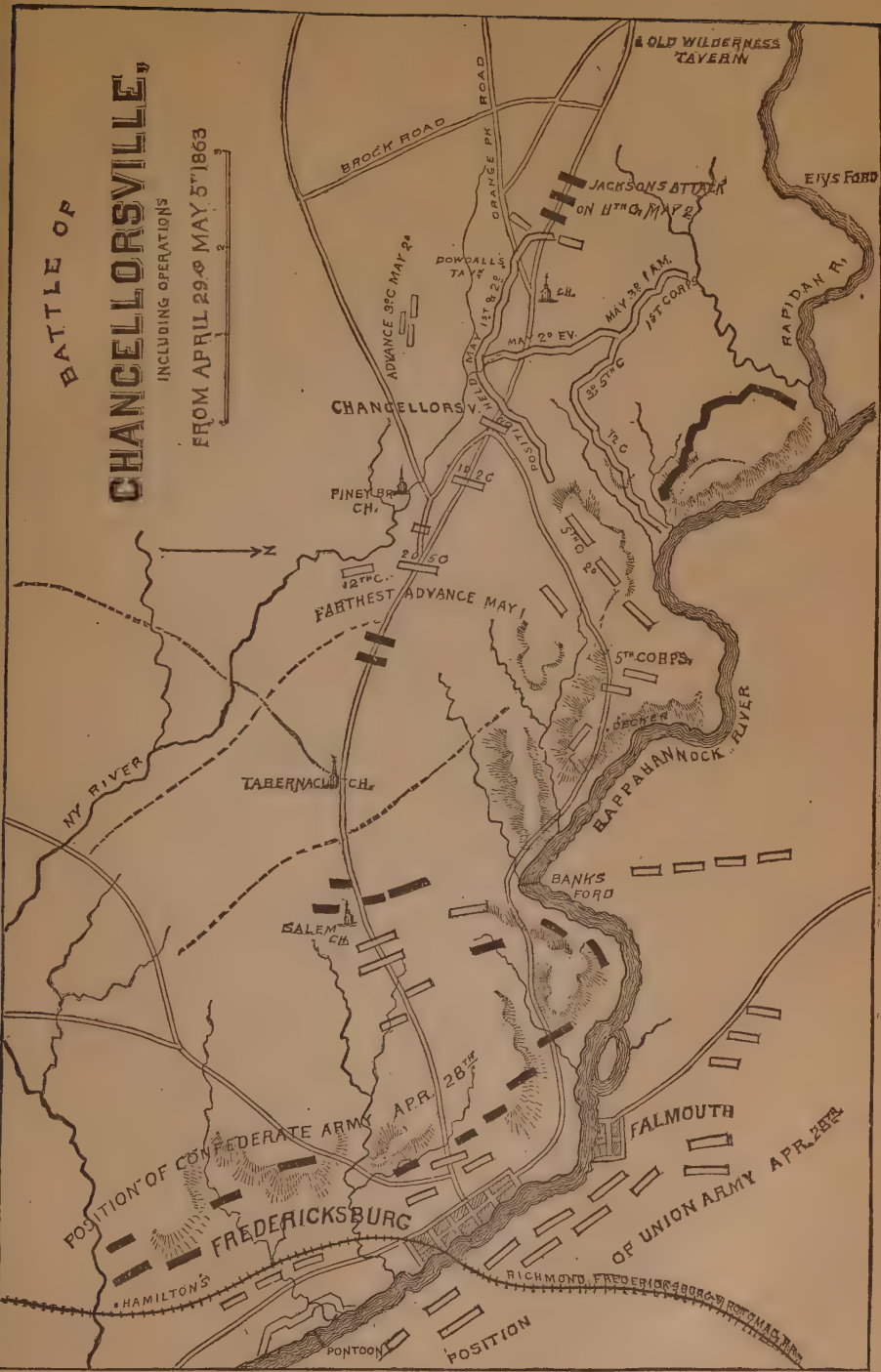
Howard's men were unconscious of the danger that threatened them; their guns were stacked behind the lines of

BATTLE OF

CHANCELLORSVILLE

INCLUDING OPERATIONS

FROM APRIL 29th MAY 5th 1863



breastworks; some of the men were cutting wood, others cooking their supper, some were asleep, and many were playing cards, when, as suddenly as a bolt from a clear sky, there came a crash and fearful roar from the forest in their front, and like a tidal wave the division of Rodes poured forth from the woods, and swarmed over the breastworks. The brave men of the Eleventh corps endeavored to rally, but all to no avail, though doing all that any men could under like circumstances. The disaster must be placed upon the shoulders of the officers, not upon the private soldiers. Devens' division was hurled back upon Schurz, and this in turn upon Steinwehr. Some brigades fought nobly, but were powerless to turn the tide of battle.

A. P. Hill's division followed closely upon that of Rodes, and that of Trimble followed the latter. The victorious Confederates swept everything before them, and poured down the turnpike in the direction of Chancellorsville in pursuit of the fleeing Federals, many prisoners and munitions of war having been captured by the victors. It was a moment of the greatest excitement at the Chancellorsville House. The infantry, artillery, and cavalry baggage train of the Eleventh corps, broken, demoralized and panic-stricken, came rushing down the road in hopeless confusion, and close after it the exultant, yelling, victorious Confederates. That terrible advance must be checked, or Chancellorsville and the whole army is lost.

At the same time with his two remaining divisions General Lee was making a most determined attack upon Hooker's left. The open field around Chancellorsville at this time presented a terrible appearance. Men, horses, guns, caissons, and baggage wagons went crashing along in the most terrible confusion toward the fords of the Rappahannock. Hooker rushed out and with some of his old-time fire took in the situation, and looked about him for an agent to check the advance of the foe. Providentially that agent was in call; the division commanded by Gen. Berry of the Third corps was near—it was Hooker's old division, a child of his own creation—and in this moment of peril he ordered it to form across the pike, advance and

check the Confederates. He shouted his commands to its commander in these words: "Throw your men into the breach, receive the enemy on your bayonets! don't fire a shot! they can't see you!" This gallant division under the lead of General Berry, one of the bravest officers in the army, with fixed bayonets and at a double-quick, moved down the pike and took their position on a crest at the western edge of the clearing around Chancellorsville. General Warren also came to the rescue with the artillery of the Twelfth corps, and Hay's brigade of the Second corps.

At this moment General Pleasanton, who at an early hour had advanced to reinforce Sickles, was now returning, and General Sickles accompanied him, although his command remained near the "Furnace." They learned of the disaster which had befallen the Federal right and rapidly rode in that direction. Their arrival was providential; they reached a point known as Hazel Grove, which was the key to the whole position. This open space—a slight eminence to the right and in front of the Chancellorsville House—was filled with flying men and horses, being swept backward as their line was being taken in reverse by the advancing Confederates. As the only method to stop the retreat and get rid of the confusion, Pleasanton ordered his cavalry to charge upon the flying mass, Sickles also ordered Pleasanton to take charge of the artillery, and twenty-two pieces were hastily collected, but unfortunately there was no time to load and fire as the Confederates were upon them. If this eminence, which overlooked Chancellorsville and the pike were lost, everything was lost. The moment was pregnant with the destiny of the armies.

There was only one way to delay the Confederates; some force must be sacrificed, and Major Peter Keenan, commanding the Eighth Pennsylvania cavalry, was ordered to charge the great advancing force in his front with his four hundred men. He of course knew it was death, but with a cheering smile he answered, "General, I will do it," and with his brave command dashed upon the foe until they were nearly impaled upon the bayonets of the Confederates. It was one

of the most brilliant deeds of the war, and has been made immortal in the following poem, the writer of which has appropriately styled it "Keenan's Charge."

"The sun had set;
The leaves with dew were wet;
Down fell a bloody dusk
On the woods, that second of May,
Where Stonewall's corps, like a beast of prey,
Tore through, with angry tusk.
'They've trapped us, boys!'
Rose from our flank a voice.
With a rush of steel and smoke
On came the rebels straight,
Eager as love, and wild as hate;
And our line reeled and broke,
Broke and fled.
No one stayed—but the dead.
With curses, shrieks and cries;
Horses and wagons and men
Tumbled back through the shuddering glen,
And above us the fading skies.
There's one hope still;
Those batteries parked on the hill!
'Battery! wheel!' ('mid the roar)
'Pass pieces! fix prolonge to fire!
Retiring, trot!' In the panic dire
A bugle rings 'Trot'—and no more.
The horses plunged,
The cannon lurched and lunged,
To join the hopeless rout;
But suddenly rode a form
Calmly, in front of the human storm,
With a stern, commanding shout:
'Align those guns!'
(We knew it was Pleasanton's).
The cannoneer bent to obey,
And worked with a will, at his word.
And the black guns moved as if they had heard,
But O, the dread delay!
'To wait is crime;
O God, for ten minutes' time!'
The General looked around;
There Keenan sat, like a stone,
With his three hundred horse alone,
Less shaken than the ground.

'Major, your men!' —
'Are soldiers, General.' 'Then
Charge, Major! Do your best;
Hold the enemy back, at all cost, .
Till my guns are placed, else the army is lost.
You die to save the rest!'

By the shrouded gleam of the western skies,
Brave Keenan looked in Pleasanton's eyes
For an instant—clear and cool and still;
Then with a smile he said: 'I will.
Cavalry, charge!' Not a man of them shrank.
Their sharp, full cheer, from rank on rank,
Rose joyous, with a willing breath—
Rose like a greeting hail to death.
Then forward they sprang, and spurred and clashed;
Shouted the officers, crimson-sashed;
Rode well the men, each brave as his fellow,
In their faded coats of the blue and yellow;
And above, in the air, with an instinct true,
Like a bird of war their pennon flew.
With clank of scabbards and thunder of steeds,
And blades that shine like sunlit reeds,
And strong brown faces bravely pale
For fear their proud attempt shall fail,
Three hundred Pennsylvanians close
On twice ten thousand gallant foes.
Line after line the troopers came
To the edge of the wood that was ring'd with flame;
Rode in and saber'd and shot—and fell;
Nor came one back his wounds to tell.
And full in the midst rose Keenan, tall
In the gloom, like a martyr awaiting his fall,
While the circle-stroke of his saber swung
'Round his head, like a halo there, luminous hung.
Line after line; ay, whole platoons,
Struck dead in their saddles, of brave dragoons
By the maddened horses were onward borne,
And into the vortex flung, trampled and torn,
As Keenan fought with his men, side by side.
So they rode till there were no more to ride.
But over them, lying there, shattered and mute,
What deep echo rolls? 'Tis a death salute
From the cannon in place; for, heroes, you braved
Your fate not in vain; the army was saved;
Over them now—year following year—
Over their graves the pine-cones fall,
And the whip-poor-will chants his specter call;

But they stir not again; they raise no cheer;
They have ceased. But their glory shall never cease,
Nor their light be quenched in the light of peace.
The rush of their charge is resounding still
That saved the army at Chancellorsville."

The precious time was gained; Pleasanton succeeded in clearing a space around his artillery, and now twenty-two guns loaded to their muzzles with grape and canister, opened upon the gallant Confederates. Warren's artillery in the field, in rear of Berry's line, was also vomiting its thunder, and thus fifty pieces of artillery were firing upon the Confederate lines, and after several terrible assaults their advance was checked.

This line of battle was now formed directly across the turnpike, about one mile to the right of Chancellorsville. Night drew its favoring mantle of darkness over the terrible scene. Within both armies it was a night of great activity and anxiety. On the part of the Federals a new line was formed on the right flank, composed of the troops of Sickles and Berry. Ward's brigade, of Sickles' command, made a gallant charge in the night, recapturing quite a number of the guns General Howard had lost, and repossessed quite a portion of the works from which he had been driven, and also strengthened the position of General Sickles at Hazel Grove. This was of great importance as no Confederate line could advance along the turnpike without being enfiladed by the fire from that position.

The First corps, under General Reynolds, now arrived and went into line upon the road leading to Ely's ford upon the Rapidan to Chancellorsville, and General Hooker sent an order to General Sedgwick to move at an early hour in the morning upon Fredericksburg.

Within the lines of Jackson important events were also transpiring. This chieftain elated by this, the most successful movement of his wonderful career as a commander, was preparing to make another upon the Federal flank, the disastrous result of which is taken from "Life of General Thomas J. Jackson," by Sarah Nicholas Randolph.

"All during this magnificent charge Jackson was the impersonation of military enthusiasm. Onward he dashed at the head of his conquering column, as much carried away by the brilliant success of his move as the most thoughtless soldier in the ranks. 'Forward!' 'Press on!' were his answers to every question. As cheer after cheer burst from the Confederate line, and one by one the enemy's strongholds fell into their hands, the flush which reddened his cheek and the fire of his eyes showed how deeply he was moved by the scene which his master spirit had, as it were, conjured up in the heart of that dense forest, whose wilds had so rarely been trodden by the foot of man. Never had he been seen to abandon himself so entirely to the enthusiasm of the moment as he did on this his last field of battle. Never before, while still dashing ahead in this wild, sweeping charge, had his hand been seen so often raised as his soul lifted itself up to God in thankful prayer. His most sanguine hopes had been realized. He had flanked the enemy's line, driven back his legions in hopeless confusion, and with scarcely any resistance pressed forward two or three miles into his lines. But Jackson knew much had yet to be done before the victory could be complete. He felt that all depended on the first successful blow being followed up rapidly by others. He saw, then, with bitter regret, the disorder into which the first line had almost necessarily fallen. The men had now marched twenty miles, and fought over three miles of ground, and they almost involuntarily halted, and broke up into groups, as if the work of the day was done. An important work from which the enemy had just fled lay in front of them; at any moment it might be reoccupied by the foe. Jackson felt that precious moments were being lost. He sent messenger after messenger to different officers, ordering them to get their men back into ranks, and press forward. His staff was scattered over the whole field, urging the troops forward. A young colonel of the line, who came to report to him at this time that the work just mentioned was lying unguarded on his front, found him almost without a staff, and riding along

the lines near the road, trying to get them into order. 'Men, get into line! get into line!' he was saying. 'Whose regiment is this? Colonel, get your men instantly into line!' Turning to the colonel who had just reported to him, he said, 'Find General Rodes, and tell him to occupy that barricade at once with his troops.' He then added, 'I need your help for a time; this disorder must be corrected. As you go along the right, tell the troops, from me, to get into line and preserve their order.'

"After thus endeavoring to restore order to his lines, and while waiting for A. P. Hill, whom he had ordered to be hurried forward, Jackson rode along the turnpike to make a reconnaissance. He found the enemy, as he had expected, advancing, and ere Rodes' men had fully occupied the barricade, a strong line of fresh troops, sent forward by Hooker, came in sight. Jackson meanwhile had advanced a hundred yards beyond his line of battle. Accompanied as he was by a portion of his staff, several other officers, and a number of couriers, the party might have been taken by friend or foe for a squadron of cavalry. He had ridden some distance beyond the pickets, and was near the Van West House, when one of the party said to him, 'General, you should not expose yourself so much.' 'There is no danger,' he replied; 'the enemy is routed. Go back and tell General Hill to press on.' He soon became aware of how close he was to the Federal lines by the advance of their pickets, and he at once turned his horse's head, and the whole party rode back to the Confederate troops. On both sides the skirmishers were firing, and Jackson's escort was mistaken for a body of Federal cavalry, and received a volley from the Confederate line of battle. This fire told with cruel effect, several of the party falling from their saddles, some wounded, others killed. The General escaped, and now mindful of the danger of his position, turned into the thicket on his left, and advanced toward his own troops. By a strange fatality, however, his party was for the second time taken for the enemy, and was fired upon by a brigade south of the road, and not more than

thirty or forty yards off. This time the General was struck, and received three balls, one in the right hand and two in the right arm, one of which shattered the bone and cut the artery about two inches below the shoulder. Half of his escort, including Captain Boswell, of his staff, fell, killed or wounded. Their horses dashed off wildly through the woods. Jackson's, terrified by the fire, wheeled, and dashed madly forward with his wounded and almost powerless rider toward the enemy's lines. While thus carried through the dense thicket, the brushwood and overhanging limbs struck him, and a bough which knocked off his cap almost unhorsed him as it bore him backward. His bridle-hand was powerless, but gathering up the reins with his mangled right he made a desperate effort, stopped the terrified animal, and turned him back to his own lines.

"Captain Wilbourne, one of his escort, and Wynn, his assistant, ran up to him as he reined up his horse on the plank road, near the spot where he had received the fatal fire, and stood gazing at his troops as if dumbfounded at what they had done. The firing had ceased, but around him were lying the dead and wounded, while their horses, dashing riderless and terrified through the woods, added to the confusion and horrors of the scene. On reaching the General, young Wilbourne seized his bridle, and asked anxiously if he were much hurt. He answered that he believed his arm was broken, and he wished he would assist him to dismount; but the next moment, attempting to move the shattered limb, he fell fainting from his horse into Captain Wilbourne's arms. Quickly disengaging the General's feet from his stirrups, Captain Wilbourne and Wynn bore him into the woods, a few yards north of the turnpike. Wynn ran off for a surgeon and ambulance, while Wilbourne, supporting the wounded man's head on his bosom, hastened to strip the sleeve from the crushed arm as the blood flowed steadily down to the wrist. He had nothing but a penknife with which to rip off the sleeve, and seeing just then General A. P. Hill and part of his staff ride by, he called to him for aid. General Hill

threw himself from his horse, and took the General's body in his arms. His aid, Major Leigh, also dismounting, the three succeeded in getting at the wound and stanching the blood.

"Just at this moment Jackson's aids, Lieutenants Smith and Morrison, came up. Young Morrison, his brother-in-law, could not restrain his emotion when he saw his condition. Amid all his suffering the General did not utter a complaint. 'I believe my arm is broken and it gives me severe pain,' he said, in reply to a question. 'Are you hurt elsewhere, General?' he was asked. 'Yes; in my right arm.' 'Shall it be bound up?' 'No,' he replied, 'it is a trifle.' When asked how he had received his wounds, he said calmly, 'All my wounds were undoubtedly from my own men.' He asked for Dr. McGuire, and was told that he was busily engaged in the rear. 'Then I wish you to get me a skillful surgeon,' he said to young Wilbourne. While lying on General Hill's breast, that commander ordered that the men should not be told who he was. The General opened his eyes and, looking steadily at his aids, Morrison and Smith, said, 'Tell them simply you have a Confederate officer.'

"General Hill was asked where a surgeon could be most quickly found. He said that Dr. Barr was close by, who was at once summoned, and on his arrival Jackson whispered to Hill, 'Is he a skillful surgeon?' When General Hill replied that he stood well with his brigade, and was only wanted to stanch the wound, Jackson replied, 'Very good.' But Dr. Barr found the blood had ceased to flow, and he did not apply the tourniquet he had in his hand. Just at this moment, when the hemorrhage had stopped and his arm had been placed in a sling, as the General lay silent and suffering in the arms of his friends, two Federal skirmishers with their muskets cocked approached within a few feet of the kneeling group. General Hill, with admirable self-possession, instantly told his orderlies to rise and demand their surrender. The orderlies quickly obeyed, and the men, amazed and confounded, at once laid down their arms. Lieutenant Morrison fearing from the approach of these two men that the enemy might be close at

hand, advanced into the road to reconnoiter. He found his fears realized, for by the light of the moon he saw a short distance off the black mouth of a field-piece pointed toward him, and heard distinctly the orders given by the officers to the cannoneers. He ran back to the little group in the woods kneeling around their wounded chief, and, reporting that the enemy were planting cannon in the road, said the General must be instantly removed. General Hill was now forced to leave for his own post. He sprang into the saddle, dashed off, and was a few minutes later struck down at the head of his column and borne, wounded and stunned, from the field. Captain Wilbourne had gone back in search of an ambulance, but none had as yet come up, and no time was to be lost in removing the General. His attendants proposed to bear him from the field in their arms, but he said he could walk to the rear if assisted. He was accordingly placed on his feet and, leaning on the shoulders of Major Leigh and Lieutenant Smith, he moved slowly out into the road and toward his own troops. A litter having been brought up from the rear, the wounded man was being placed on it when suddenly a volley of canister-shot was fired up the road by the enemy and, passing over the heads of the group, cleared the road of everything else that was upon it. The General's horse broke from the person who was leading it and dashed panic-stricken into the Confederate lines. Jackson's aids, Morrison and Smith, and two soldiers bore the litter. But they had advanced only a few steps when a second volley again swept the road. One of the soldiers was struck, and fell severely wounded. Major Leigh sprang forward and caught the litter as it fell with him, or the General would have been thrown from it. They were now compelled to set the litter down, and scarcely was this done when a storm of lead and canister swept down the road and crashed through the trees on each side. This was more than flesh and blood could stand. The party bearing the wounded hero fled into the woods, Major Leigh and young Smith and Morrison alone clinging to him. Beneath this deadly shower the General lay in the road with his feet ex-

tended toward the enemy. On one side of him was stretched Lieutenant Smith, on the other Major Leigh. With their arms thrown lovingly around their chief they sought to protect with their own bodies his prostrate form, and shield it from the missiles now hurling around them. More than once the balls plowed up the earth beside them and covered them with dust. The wounded man, conscious of the perils of the position, struggled violently as if to rise, but the strong arms of young Smith held him pinned to the earth as he exclaimed, 'General, you must lie still; it will cost you your life if you rise.' For several minutes they remained thus prostrate, beneath this fiery ordeal, every one of the four expecting each minute to be his last; but the enemy's fire at length subsided and they were left untouched.

"Another effort was now made to get the General to the rear. The four rose to their feet, and in the uncertain light of the moon, moved along the edge of the road, the General leaning heavily upon the brave, strong young arms thrown lovingly around him, and painfully dragging himself and being dragged along. They moved on one side to avoid being recognized by the troops as pressing forward they hurried on to the front. Finding that in spite of this precaution the wounded chief was recognized, they turned still further to the right into the woods. Here they fell upon the Confederate line of battle held by Pender's brigade of A. P. Hill's division. The men for the most part were lying down to avoid the enemy's artillery fire. As the little party moved in the dim moonlight through and over them, the repeated question was, 'Whom have you there?' To which the calm and invariable reply was, 'A Confederate officer.' Some endeavored to get a view of the wounded man's face, and in spite of Captain Wilbourne's efforts to conceal it they recognized him and exclaimed with horror, 'Great God, it is General Jackson!' The news now ran rapidly along the lines, but the soldiers were quieted by the belief that Jackson's wounds were slight. General Pender, whose quick eye had almost instantly recognized, approached him and, after expressing his sorrow at

seeing him wounded, said to him, 'The troops have suffered severely from the enemy's artillery, and are somewhat disorganized; I fear we cannot maintain our position.'

"For a moment the old battle look returned to Jackson's pale face, and the battle fire flashed from his eyes, as raising his head, and speaking in his habitual quick tones, he said, 'You must hold your ground, General Pender. You must hold your ground, sir!' With this order his career as a general ended.

"The little party now again moved on. The General, exhausted by fatigue and suffering, asked to be allowed to sit down and rest; but he was still too near the enemy to admit of this, and he was placed on a litter. Litter-bearers being procured after some delay, he was now borne rapidly toward the rear. As the party hurried rapidly through the dense and tangled thicket, the General's clothes were torn, and his face scratched by the brushwood through which they passed. On they moved, thinking only of getting their wounded chief to a place of safety, when suddenly one of the litter-bearers caught his foot in a wire, stumbled and fell. The General fell heavily, striking the ground with his wounded shoulder. For the first time he groaned. His attendants caught him up in their arms, and as young Smith laid his head on his breast, and found the blood again flowing, he feared he might be expiring. 'General, are you much hurt?' he inquired. 'No, Mr. Smith; don't trouble yourself about me,' was the reply. He was again placed on the litter, and the party, turning from the wood, bore him half a mile under a heavy fire to the rear, where they were met by Dr. McGuire with an ambulance. Kneeling beside him the Doctor said, 'I hope you are not badly hurt, General?' Feebly, but calmly, he replied, 'I am badly injured, Doctor; I fear I am dying;' and after a pause he added, 'I am glad you have come, I think the wound in my shoulder is still bleeding.' His clothes were found wet with blood, which, as he surmised, was still flowing. His cold hands and clammy skin, and the deathlike pallor of his countenance, betrayed the intensity of

his suffering. Yet not a groan or a murmur escaped him. Only these signs, together with the rigidity of his features, a wrinkled brow, and lips so tightly compressed that the impression of the teeth was shown through them, showed how great were his sufferings.

"The hemorrhage was soon stopped, and after the General had taken some whiskey he was placed in the ambulance, which set out for the field-hospital at the Wilderness Tavern. In the ambulance was Jackson's chief of artillery, the gallant Colonel Crutchfield, whose promotion, as we have seen, he pressed so earnestly, and who now lay suffering from a serious wound just received in the leg. The General expressed his sympathy for him. Dr. McGuire sat in the front part of the ambulance, with his finger on the artery from which the General's blood had flowed, to arrest the bleeding should it again begin. The night was dark, and by the light of torches the ambulance moved slowly and carefully forward. Once Colonel Crutchfield groaned, when Jackson at once ordered the ambulance to be stopped, and asked if something could not be done to relieve Colonel Crutchfield. He had previously put his right hand on Dr. McGuire's head, and pulling it down, whispered in his ear, and asked if Colonel Crutchfield was dangerously wounded. When answered 'No, only painfully hurt,' he said, 'I am glad it is no worse.' A few moments later Colonel Crutchfield put the same whispered question about the General to the doctor, and when told that he was very seriously wounded, he groaned, and cried out, 'O, my God!' It was this groan and cry which the General mistook for an expression of physical suffering, and which induced him to order the ambulance to be stopped. The ambulance finally reached the hospital in safety, and the General was carefully taken from it, and placed on a bed in a tent which had been put up for him.

"Two hours and a half after reaching the hospital it was found that sufficient reaction had taken place to warrant an examination. At two o'clock Sunday morning, Surgeons Black, Wall, and Coleman being present, Dr. McGuire in-

formed him that chloroform would be given him and his wound examined. He told him that amputation would probably be required and asked if it was found necessary, should it be done at once. He replied, promptly, 'Yes, certainly, Dr. McGuire, do for me whatever you think best.' Chloroform was then administered, and as he began to feel its effects and its relief to the pain he was suffering, he exclaimed, 'What an infinite blessing!' and continued to repeat the word 'blessing' until he became insensible. The round ball such as is used for the smooth-bore Springfield muskets, which had lodged under the skin on the back of his right hand, was extracted first. It had entered the palm about the middle of the hand, and had fractured two of the bones. The left arm was then amputated about two inches below the shoulder, very rapidly, and with slight loss of blood. There were two wounds in the arm. The first and more serious one was about three inches below the shoulder-joint, dividing the main artery and fracturing the bone. The second was several inches in length, a ball having entered the forearm an inch below the elbow and come out upon the opposite side just above the wrist. Throughout the whole of the operation, and until all the dressings were applied, he continued insensible. About half-past three o'clock, Colonel (then Major) Pendleton, the assistant adjutant-general arrived at the hospital and asked to see General Jackson. At first the surgeon declined to permit an interview, but the Colonel urged that the safety of the army and the success of the cause might depend on his seeing him. When he entered the tent, the General said, 'Well, Major, I am glad to see you; I thought you were killed.' Pendleton briefly explained the condition of affairs, gave Stuart's message, and asked what should be done. General Jackson was at once interested, and asked in his quick, rapid way, several questions. When they were answered, he remained silent for a moment, evidently trying to think; he contracted his brow, set his mouth, and for some moments was obviously endeavoring to concentrate his thoughts. For a moment it was believed he had succeeded; his nostrils

dilated, and his eye flashed its old fire, but it was only for a moment. His face relaxed again, and presently he answered, very feebly and sadly, 'I don't know; I can't tell; say to General Stuart he must do what he thinks best.' Soon after this he slept for several hours, and seemed to be doing well.

"The next morning he was free from pain, and expressed himself sanguine of recovery. He sent his aid-de-camp, Morrison, to inform his wife of his injury, and to bring her at once to see him. The following note was read to him that morning by Lieutenant Smith:

GENERAL:—I have just received your note informing me that you were wounded. I cannot express my regret at the occurrence. Could I have directed events I should have chosen, for the good of the country, to have been disabled in your stead.

I congratulate you upon the victory which is due to your skill and energy.

Most truly yours.

(Signed)

R. E. LEE, *General*.

"He said: 'General Lee should give the praise to God.'

"About ten o'clock his right side began to pain him so much that he asked to have it examined. He said he had injured it in falling from the litter the night before, and he believed he had struck it against a stone or the stump of a sapling. No evidence of injury could be discovered by examining; the skin was not broken or bruised, and the lung was performing, as far as could be told, its proper functions. Some simple application was recommended, in the belief that the pain would soon disappear.

"At this time the battle was raging fearfully, and the sound of the cannon and musketry could be distinctly heard at the hospital. The General's attention was attracted to it from the first, and when the noise was at its height and indicated how fiercely the combat was being carried on, he directed all of his attendants, except Captain Smith, to return to the battlefield and attend to their different duties. By eight o'clock Sunday night the pain in his side had disappeared, and in all respects he seemed doing well; he inquired minutely about the battle

and different troops engaged, and his face would light up with enthusiasm and interest when told how this brigade acted, or that officer displayed conspicuous courage, and his head gave the peculiar shake from side to side, and he uttered his usual 'Good, good,' with unwonted energy; when the gallant behavior of the Stonewall brigade was alluded to he said, 'The men of that brigade will some day be proud to say to their children, 'I was one of the Stonewall brigade.' He disclaimed any right of his own to the name Stonewall. 'It belonged to the brigade, not to me.' A message was received from General Lee the next morning directing the removal of the General to Guinea's Station as soon as his wound would justify it, as there was some danger of capture by the enemy who were threatening to cross at Ely's Ford. In the meantime, to protect the hospital, some troops were sent to this point.

"The General objected to being moved if in the opinion of the surgeon it would do him any injury. He said he had no objection to staying in a tent, and would prefer it if his wife, when she came, could find lodgings in a neighboring house. 'And if the enemy do come,' he added, 'I am not afraid of them; I have always been kind to their wounded, and I am sure they will be kind to me.' General Lee sent word again late this evening that he must be moved, if possible, and preparations were made to leave next morning. Dr. McGuire was directed to accompany him, and to remain with him, and his duties with the corps as medical director were turned over to the surgeon next in rank. General Jackson had previously declined to permit Dr. McGuire to go with him to Guinea's Station because complaints had been so frequently made of generals when wounded carrying with them surgeons belonging to their command. When informed of the order of the commanding general, he said, 'General Lee has always been very kind to me, and I thank him.'

"Very early Tuesday morning he was placed in an ambulance and started for Guinea's Station, and about eight o'clock that evening he arrived at Chandler's house, where he remain-

ed until he died. Captain Hotchkiss, with a party of pioneers, was sent in front to clear the road of wood, stones, etc., and to order the wagons out of the track to let the ambulance pass. The rough teamsters sometimes refused to move their loaded wagons out of the way for an ambulance until told that it contained Jackson, and then with all possible speed they gave the way, and stood with hats off and weeping as he passed by. At Spottsylvania court-house, and along the whole route, men and women rushed to the ambulance, bringing all the poor delicacies they had, and with tearful eyes they blessed him and prayed for his recovery. . . . He talked freely about the late battle, and among other things said that he had intended to cut the enemy off from United States Ford, and taking a position between them and the river, oblige them to attack him. . . . Wednesday he was thought to be doing remarkably well. . . . Conversing with Captain Smith he alluded to his wounds and said, 'Many would regard them as a great misfortune; I regard them as one of the blessings of my life.' . . . On Saturday he said to Dr. McGuire, 'I see from the number of physicians that you think my condition dangerous, but I thank God, if it is his will, that I am ready to go.'

"About daylight, on Sunday morning, Mrs. Jackson informed him that his recovery was very doubtful, and that it was better he should be prepared for the worst. He was silent for a moment, and then said, 'It will be infinite gain to be translated to heaven.' . . . He expressed a hope of his recovery, but requested, if he should die, to be buried at Lexington, in the valley of Virginia.

"His exhaustion increased so rapidly that at eleven o'clock Mrs. Jackson knelt by his bed, and told him that before the sun went down he would be with his Saviour. He replied, 'O no, you are frightened, my child; death is not so near. I may yet get well.' . . . After a moment's pause, he asked her to call Dr. McGuire, who was standing in the ante-room, and said to him, as he entered, 'Doctor, Anna informs me that you have told her I am to die to-day; is it so?' When he was answered in the affirmative, he turned his eyes to the

ceiling, and gazed for a moment or two as if in intense thought, and then replied, 'Very good, very good; it is all right.' . . . Colonel Pendleton came into the room about one o'clock, and he asked him, 'Who is preaching at headquarters to-day?'

"When told that the whole army was praying for him, he replied, 'Thank God; they are very kind.' He said, 'It is the Lord's day; my wish is fulfilled. I have always desired to die on Sunday.' . . . About half-past one he was told he had but two hours to live, and he answered again, feebly, but very firmly, 'Very good; it is all right.' A few minutes before he died, he cried out, in his delirium, 'Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action; pass the infantry to the front rapidly; tell Major Hawkes' — then stopped, leaving the sentence unfinished. Presently a smile of ineffable sweetness spread itself over his pale face, and he said, quietly, and with an expression as of relief, 'Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees.' And then, without pain or the least struggle, his spirit passed from earth to the God who gave it. Thus in the fortieth year of his age (born 1824, died 1863) died General Jackson.

"The next day the following general order was issued by the commander-in-chief of the army.

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

"GENERAL ORDERS, No. 61.

"With deep grief the commanding general announces to the army the death of Lieutenant-General T. J. Jackson, who expired on the tenth instant, at quarter-past three P.M. The daring, skill, and energy of this great and good soldier, by the decree of an all-wise Providence, are now lost to us; but, while we mourn his death, we feel that his spirit still lives and will inspire the whole army with his indomitable courage and unshaken confidence in God as our hope and strength. Let his name be a watchword to his corps, who have followed him to victory on so many fields; let his officers and soldiers emulate his invincible determination to do everything in the defense of our loved country.

R. E. LEE, *General.*

"It is impossible to describe the grief caused by Jackson's death. . . . The great Captain's remains were shrouded by

his staff on Sunday night. . . . A committee of citizens and prominent men sent by the governor to escort his remains to Richmond started, accompanied by his staff, with them for that city on Monday morning. . . .

"The face of the dead displayed the same inimitable lines of firmness, with the long, slightly aquiline nose and high forehead of marble whiteness, but the cheeks presented a deep pallor. The eyelids were firmly closed, the mouth natural and the whole contour of the face composed, the full beard and mustache remaining. . . .

"The next day, May 13, Jackson's faithful body guard, his staff, left Richmond for Lexington, by Charlottesville and Lynchburg. At almost every station flowers were sent into the car to be placed on the great man's coffin, and no tribute that love and admiration could suggest was omitted along the whole route. Arrived in Lexington, the remains were placed in Jackson's old lecture room and guarded by the cadets during the night. On the morrow they were borne to the village church, where a simple and touching service for the dead was held over them by the dead warrior's beloved pastor. From thence they were borne, amid a weeping throng, to the village burying-ground where they still lie.

BATTLE OF SUNDAY.

The battle of Sunday morning was opened at daylight by General Stuart advancing the corps of Jackson to assault the position at Chancellorsville. His watch word was, "Charge! and remember Jackson." Hooker's attitude had now lost all resemblance of an offensive character, and his movements for his own defence were, to say the least, very remarkable.

Just before the battle was opened by Stuart, General Hooker ordered Sickles to abandon his position at Hazel Grove, and draw his lines in nearer Chancellorsville. No amount of expostulation could induce him to change his mind, and this all important post was thus abandoned under this new arrangement. The corps of Sickles, Berry's division of Slocum's corps, and French's division of Couch's corps, formed

the right, and faced westward to oppose the advance of Stuart, while the rest of Slocum's corps, and Hancock's division of Couch's corps, formed the center and left, covering the roads from Chancellorsville to Fredericksburg, to meet any attack which might be made by Lee with the remainder of his army. Every soldier saw that under such management there was no hope of victory. They were fighting for the honor of their flag and were resolved to do their best, and sell their lives as dearly as possible.

The Federal engineers had traced out a new line of battle three-fourths of a mile in the rear of Chancellorsville, covering the road to United States and Ely's Fords, and to this line General Hooker seemed determined to go. General Stuart immediately saw the immense importance of seizing the point known as Hazel Grove, which the Federals had evacuated in obedience to the orders of General Hooker, and soon had its crest crowned with thirty pieces of artillery and opened a tremendous fire upon Chancellorsville. At the same time a terrible assault was made by his infantry upon the Federal lines in the edge of the woods just to the Federal right of Chancellorsville. The battle was most desperate, and raged terribly on both sides of the turnpike. The men of Sickles', Berry's, and French's divisions fought only as heroes can, while Stuart's men, remembering their fallen chieftain, displayed a valor not excelled during the whole civil war.

The Federal artillery, placed all along the edge of the field, in front of Chancellorsville, which was known as "Fairview," fired with great rapidity and deadly precision, hurling its messengers of death down through the woods where Stuart's men were advancing. Again and again were the Confederates repulsed; yet General Stuart, brave, brilliant and desperate, led them forward in person after each repulse, each assault being more desperate than the one which had preceded it, and at last Sickles was forced back. Stuart followed him so rapidly that his left flank was exposed, and French, pouring a galling fire upon it, threw it into confusion, and captured three hundred prisoners. Stuart again rallied,

and steadily the Federals were pressed back. Comrades, who could be numbered by tens of thousands, were within the sound of their guns only too anxious to go to the rescue, but were not permitted to move.

The air was filled with screaming shells; minie bullets flew like hailstones; hand-to-hand fought the maddened host, the ground being covered with the slain and soaked with blood. The house where Hooker's headquarters were established was being rapidly knocked to pieces by Stuart's shells. Death and disaster were apparent on every side.

While the battle was thus raging upon the Federal right, another of equal fierceness was being fought upon their left. Lee had advanced his two divisions upon the lines of Hancock and Slocum. Anderson moved up the plank road and engaged Slocum, while McLaws desperately assailed Hancock. The latter was handsomely repulsed by Hancock, but Anderson pressed Slocum very hard, and by extending his left flank, succeeded in making a junction with the troops under Stuart. This encouraged the Confederates, and General Lee ordered an advance of the whole line. Then Sickles and Slocum were pressed back. Then the whole Federal line began to melt away; their ammunition was exhausted; no reinforcements were sent them; the gallant Berry was slain; shells were tearing through their shattered ranks; Hooker had been knocked senseless by a shell striking against a post against which he was leaning at Chancellorsville. Back the brave fellows were retreating. All save the divisions of Hancock, and a portion of Slocum's corps, under General Geary, held their point of the line on the extreme left of the Federal line. Here Hancock fought until he was hurled back to the Chancellorsville House, where he again made a stand in the angle of the roads. His was the only command in the army at Chancellorsville engaging the foe. Stuart's artillery was pushed forward, sharpshooters were picking off the men, and finally Hancock was obliged to fall back. Chancellorsville was in the hands of the Confederates, and the battle had been won by them.

General Hooker formed his troops upon the line before mentioned. In the line of battle thus formed, were two corps, the First and Fifth, which had not fired a gun in all of the desperate day's work. These contained thirty-one thousand men, or more than half as many as General Lee had in his entire command, and yet when General Slocum was so sorely pressed, and sent a message to his commanding general asking for re-inforcements, he returned him this reply, "He could not make men and ammunition." General Lee was preparing to follow up his advantage, confident that he could destroy Hooker's army, but at that moment he received information that Sedgwick had crossed the river at Fredericksburg.

Let us for a time leave the contending hosts at Chancellorsville and visit John Sedgwick and the Sixth corps, on the south bank of the Rappahannock river, three miles below the city. It was nearly midnight of Saturday when General Hooker's order reached him, by which he was commanded to move through Fredericksburg and unite with the main body at Chancellorsville. He immediately put his corps in motion by the flank, in the direction of the city, skirmishing heavily with the Confederates as he advanced, they slowly retreating upon the city. Before daylight Sedgwick occupied the town. A small force was immediately thrown forward to occupy the enemy's works behind the town, but was defeated. Gibbon's division of Couch's corps, that had been in position at Falmouth, now crossed the river and joined Sedgwick.

General Lee had left Early's division of four brigades and Barksdale's brigade of McLaws' division for the defence of Fredericksburg. Barksdale occupied the heights including Marye's Hill and the stonewall made so famous in the battle fought on the previous December by General Burnside. There were three companies of the Washington artillery upon the crest of the heights, and as soon as General Early understood the proposed movement he sent Hay's brigade to reinforce Barksdale. The force of this officer was nearly as great as that which had repulsed the divisions of French, Hancock,

and Humphries in the previous battle, and he was quite confident that he could repulse any attack which Sedgwick should make.

ASSAULT ON MARYE'S HEIGHTS.

Sedgwick's first movement was to throw forward his left flank and endeavor to envelop the Confederate right, but this movement was a failure. Then he threw forward his right, hoping to turn the Confederate left, but this was equally fruitless. A slight attack made in front was not more successful, and but one course remained, and that was to throw a powerful assaulting column upon the enemy's front and seize the heights. It was about ten o'clock when General Warren, who came to represent Hooker, and Sedgwick decided to make the assault. The columns were formed as follows: Colonel Johns of the Seventh Massachusetts, and two regiments of Eustis' brigade were to make the direct assault upon Marye's Hill, while Shaylor's brigade and four regiments under Colonel Spear, of the Sixty-first Pennsylvania, was to move further to the right, and the light brigade under Colonel Burnham of the Sixth Maine, was to deploy upon the left, and capture the stonewall at the base of the hill.

At a given signal they all dashed forward and the Confederates opened a terrible fire upon them. Spear's column was nearly all swept away, and he was killed. Johns was obliged to advance up a rocky gulch swept by the Confederate artillery, his line being twice broken, but he rallied it each time and on they went, when Johns was very badly wounded. Then Colonel Welch of the Thirty-sixth New York, led them on over the Confederate works. The gallant Burnham with his splendid light brigade swept on through the pelting hail of lead and iron over the stonewall, where there was a hand to hand conflict with Barksdale's gallant men. It was brief, though bloody. The Confederates rushed up the hill, closely followed by the Federals, and the troops of Burnham and Welch reached the crest at the same moment. There was another struggle over the guns, but the Confederates were

overpowered by their victorious opponents. The loss on both sides was heavy. To the Sixth Maine regiment belongs the honor of being the first to plant its colors upon the enemy's works. Sedgwick's loss was more than a thousand men, killed and wounded. He captured one company of artillery with its guns, and a large portion of the Eighteenth and Twenty-first Mississippi regiments.

While these events were transpiring on Marye's Heights, Howe had carried the heights below Fredericksburg, capturing five guns and a number of prisoners. The whole right was thus in the possession of General Sedgwick. General Early retreated southward over the telegraph road, leaving the plank road between Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, open for the advance of Sedgwick, and the latter soon had his command in motion toward the last named place.

This was the intelligence which reached General Lee at the time he was preparing to strike the defeated army of General Hooker after it had fallen back, leaving Chancellorsville in his possession. He at once saw that he must adjust his command to meet this new and dangerous emergency. The boldness with which he met this crisis speaks volumes for General Lee as a commander. He felt that Hooker's command would remain passive, for a time at least, and he immediately detached enough men from Hooker's front to co-operate with Early, to check, if not destroy, the command of Sedgwick. The brigade of Wilcox was already at Bank's Ford, which was a good position for the new emergency. He also dispatched the brigade of Mahone from Anderson's division and those of Kershaw, Wyford, and Semmes from McLaws to move in the direction of Fredericksburg, to engage Sedgwick in front, while Early, with his five brigades, should operate upon his flanks and rear.

BATTLE OF SALEM CHURCH.

The advance lines of Sedgwick and McLaws came in contact near Salem Heights about midway between the two places, at about four o'clock in the afternoon. A Confederate

brigade under Wilcox, was already in position at the Salem church, and McLaws proceeded to form his line upon the right and left of this brigade. Sedgwick immediately moved upon this line. Brook's division, supported by that of Newton, went in vigorously, and for a time were successful in pressing back the Confederates until the church and school-house near it, were in the possession of the Federals, but the Confederates rallied; there was a sharp struggle, and the Federals were repulsed with heavy loss. The Federal retreat was covered and the Confederate advance checked by the Federal artillery, skillfully commanded by Colonel Tompkins. Sedgwick could go no further; he had now lost five thousand men during the day, and when darkness covered the scene, the wearied soldiers of both armies threw themselves upon the ground to sleep.

Monday morning found both armies in a most singular situation. Hooker stood squarely upon the defensive, Lee did not dare to attack him unless he could do it with his whole force, and he could not concentrate his army without opening the way for Sedgwick to fall upon his rear. On the other hand Sedgwick could not advance unless he was reinforced, and to add to the complex character of the situation, General Early advanced and recaptured Fredericksburg and the heights in the rear, and thus cut off Sedgwick's retreat in that direction and left him hemmed in on three sides by the Confederates.

Lee decided that the most promising way for him to solve the problem was, to reinforce the troops which were fighting Sedgwick, destroy or drive him across the Rappahannock, and thus remove at least one troublesome factor from the problem. He dispatched Anderson, with his remaining brigade, to reinforce McLaws. They reached Salem Heights at noon, but their assault upon Sedgwick was not made for several hours. The Sixth corps was then formed in three sides of a square, enclosing Banks' Ford, with either flank resting upon the river. Howe's division faced east toward Fredericksburg against Early, with his left on the river; Newton's

division, with Russell's brigade of Brooks' division, faced McLaws on the west, with their right upon the river. The brigades of Bartlett and Torbert faced south, touching the other sides of the square, and fought with the troops of Anderson. This line was long and very thin.

General Sedgwick's position was a most critical one; his line was six miles in length, and if broken it must result in the destruction of his whole force. The Confederates made several distinct assaults with great gallantry, but the Federals stood firmly, and frequently followed up the repulsed Confederates. Back and forth through the dense forest the awful tides of battle rolled; the roar of the guns could be distinctly heard by Hooker, yet no effort was made to reinforce the gallant men of Sedgwick.

Darkness put a stop to the conflict. That night Sedgwick drew back his men, and formed a new line nearer the ford. A pontoon bridge was placed, and preparations were made for crossing the river. The Confederates did not attack this new line of defense, and during the night Sedgwick escaped across the river.

On Tuesday morning, May fifth, Lee saw that his rear was secure, and he immediately recalled the divisions of Anderson and McLaws, and determined to concentrate his troops, and once more present his compliments to General Hooker. During the fifth he made all necessary preparations to assault Hooker's position at daylight of the sixth, but Hooker had no taste for battle now, and determined to recross the river, although a majority of his corps commanders were in favor of a fight.

In the darkness of Tuesday night the recrossing began: a terrible storm came on; the swollen waters of the river threatened to sweep the pontoons away; and in the dense gloom of that dark, wet night, the Army of the Potomac returned to the northern bank of the Rappahannock, and marched through the mud to their old camps.

On no battlefield of the war did that army perform more heroic service for the Union cause than at Chancellorsville.

In no battle did brigade, division, or corps commanders, with few exceptions, display more genius or bravery; and yet Chancellorsville is to the Federal army the most disgraceful battlefield of the war. Further comment is unnecessary. The losses were very heavy on both sides. That of General Hooker is estimated at seventeen thousand men, and Lee's at thirteen thousand. Hooker's killed and wounded were left upon the field. He lost fourteen pieces of artillery and twenty thousand stand of small arms; Stoneman's cavalry, from whom so much was expected, accomplished but little. In fact, there was but little they could do, as Hooker was defeated before they could reach Lee's line of communications. They had several encounters with the Confederate cavalry, raided across the country in many directions, portions even going down to Richmond and on the peninsula.

Thus the curtain drops over Chancellorsville, a field made glorious by the brave, brilliant deeds of the contending soldiers.

CHAPTER XIII.

REMINISCENCES, ANECDOTES AND POEM.

AN APPRECIATIVE TEXAN.

After one of the desperate battles on the peninsula, in which the Federals were defeated, many of their dead were left on the field.

The lines were so near each other that the dead could not be removed. A tall Texan soldier, ragged and hungry, decided to venture over the Confederate line of breast-works to search for something to eat and wear. His comrades reminded him of the danger he would thus incur, but all to no avail. He advanced a short distance, after crossing the breastworks, and soon discovered the body of a Federal soldier, which he carried back to the Confederate lines.

The Texan was much delighted to find that he had thus come into possession of an excellent pair of boots, a good suit of clothes, and a well-filled haversack. Upon putting his hand into the dead man's pocket, his joy was much increased by finding sixty dollars in gold.

At that moment he, for the first time, espied the man's canteen, which he hastily seized and found to be well filled with whiskey. He immediately dropped the rations, money, and all else and quickly pressed the canteen to his lips and half drained it before it was removed. Then sitting down beside the dead man, he began to soliloquize as follows: —

“Poor fellow, he has gone as many a good fellow has before him, but I tell you boys, he was a gentleman; no ordinary slouch. His outfit stamps him as a gentleman, the kind of fellow that I like to encounter. Good boots and good pants; lots to eat; plenty of money, and better than all the rest, he was no mean judge of whiskey.”

FURLONGHS ONLY WHEN DEATH IS IN THE FAMILY.

An order had been issued from headquarters: "Furloughs only when death is in the family."

A soldier, an Englishman, who had no relatives in this country, applied for leave of absence. His application read, "I have lost my grandmother."

It was approved, and as he was leaving the tent his colonel said, "I am sorry to hear of your affliction; when did your grandmother die?" "She was very old, colonel, and could not have lasted long." "But, when did she die?" he again inquired. "It is quite an affliction, sir, and we'll miss her," said the soldier, moving away. "Are you hard of hearing?" yelled the officer. "She's been dead forty years, sir; I can't lie about it, but I ought to get a furlough on it."

The colonel had to break out in a laugh as the soldier doggedly returned to his quarters. A few days after the poor fellow received a ball in his leg; as it struck him he slapped the limb and shouted, "Thirty days, and no death in the family!"

IF WE'UNS HAD BEEN TEXICANS.

A North Carolina regiment in Hood's division, at the first engagement in which they participated, became demoralized, and retreated in confusion. For this they were jeered most mercilessly by the Texans, whose valor had so often been shown on the field of battle.

In the next fight the "Tar-heels," stung to desperation, determined to retrieve their reputation. When an advance was ordered they charged with great fierceness, their impetuosity carrying them far in advance of the rest of the line. The force in their front, borne down by the fury of their assault, gave way rapidly, while with wild yells the North Carolinians followed.

General Hood, fearing that their advanced position would expose them to an attack on the flanks, which would be disastrous, sent a courier after them, with peremptory orders to

the colonel to bring his men back. Slowly and sullenly they obeyed, growling and cursing as they came.

The Texans greeted them with a hearty cheer. One indignant Tar-heel, who thought the order for their return was prompted by the jealousy of the general, yelled out,

"Yess, if we'uns had been Texicans, we mout a bin goin' till yit."

YOU TINKS I PESE A PLAMED PHOOL.

At the battle of Chancellorsville a member of a Mississippi regiment captured a burly Dutchman. Withdrawing a little way from the line, he said, "Come, old Germany, shell out." "Shell out vat?" said Dutchy. "Why, greenbacks," said the rebel. "Greenbacks!" exclaimed the Teuton; "you tinks I pese a plamed phool to pack greenbacks aroundt for you Shonnies? Not much, I don't; I send them all home to mine frau."

SHOOTERS BEFORE TOOTERS.

While Lee's army was in winter quarters, in Orange county, only a limited number of furloughs were granted.

The regimental band of one of the commands applied for a furlough. The application was approved by the colonel and brigade commander, but when it reached the division headquarters old Ed. Johnson sent it back with the following indorsement: "Respectfully returned; disapproved. Shooters must have furloughs before tooters." There was no music by the band that evening.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

A soldier who bore a war-like name was renowned for shirking in time of battle. Dodge he would in spite of everything.

At Gettysburg he vowed he would go with his company to the last, but in the charge on Culp's Hill he was missing. His comrades saw him no more until the retreat began.

When twitted for his shirking, he said, "Well I did intend to go, but when the Yankees began to throw railroad ties, afire at both ends, flesh and blood could not stand it, I had to leave."

It was insisted that no such missile had been hurled at the lines, but nothing could convince him. He swore that one had come very near his head, that it was seven or eight feet long, and on fire at both ends.

A GAL BABY.

During the terrible battle of the Wilderness the captain of a company of Confederates found a recruit standing behind a tree, trembling with fright, and crying as if his heart would break.

"Come out from behind that tree," thundered the captain. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself, hiding here in the rear, and crying like a baby?"

"O Lordy!" blubbered the recruit, "I wish I was a baby, and a gal baby at that!"

JIM'S BAD FIX.

One old reb was questioned about his brother, and thus delivered himself:

"Well, Jim is in a right bad way; fighting don't agree with him. If it were not for the honor of the family he would desert; and if it were not for fear of hell he would cut his throat."

DON'T MAKE ME MARK TIME.

One peculiarity of the veteran "forager" was the facility with which he could extricate himself from a tight place. On one occasion he went off on a private expedition, and stayed away so long that he was reported absent without leave.

When he returned the boys gathered around him and began as usual to inquire where he had been, and the success of his raid. To these questions he made no answer, but proceeded to the quarters of the company officers, and asked the captain whether he had been reported absent without leave. "You have, sir," said the captain, speaking as sternly as he could.

The "forager" struck a bee-line for the colonel's tent.

"Colonel," he began, "I have been reported absent without leave; I have nothing to say in extenuation of my unsoldierly conduct; I deserve to be punished, and I am willing to bear any punishment you may inflict. Put me on double duty, confine me in the guard-house, put me in a barrel-shirt, send me to work in the trenches,—anything of the sort,—but, colonel, for heaven's sake don't make me 'mark time.' I think I should die of mortification and sorrow, if in years to come the cruel taunt should be flung at my innocent little children 'Your father had to mark time in the army.'"

"Go to your quarters," said the good-hearted colonel, "you shall not be punished for this offense."

"Boys," said the wily strategist, "I fixed him; the colonel is a man of discernment; he can appreciate a soldier's jealous regard for his honor."

He never did tell where he had been during his absence, but some of his comrades reported that he had been into the camp of an artillery battalion, and raised a row, and upon being arrested had been made to mark time by the hour.

FORAGING.

Foraging was the convenient term used to describe those doubtful expeditions enterprised by the private soldier for the replenishment of his haversack. When "Johnny" started out in search of substantial comfort he usually meant business. The promptings of the inner man were urgent, and often it is to be feared, overpowered the voice of conscience. The object to be attained was all absorbing. If the honest farmer, made suspicious by sad experience, could not be beguiled by doleful stories of long fasts, nor persuaded to exchange his bacon and vegetables for Confederate money, some other plan was devised by which he would be relieved of his surplus stores,—plans which were not always in accordance with the laws of morality, or the usages of civilized warfare. Three Confederates once undertook to "go through" a sweet potato patch, in which the owner stood, accompanied by a soldier who had been detailed to guard the premises. Two of the

men approached the front, while the third made his way to the rear. The two in front entered into a conversation with the owner, and proposed to buy some of the potatoes; he refused to sell. They then threatened to take them by force. Upon this he called to the guard, who left his position in the center of the lot, and came to the fence, where a dispute arose as to the authority by which he occupied the place. While this was going on, the third man on the other side of the lot, was busily engaged in filling his sack with the luscious tubers. When he had gotten through and left, his companions suddenly withdrew, leaving the farmer in possession of the field.

Some of the men had reduced "foraging" to a science. In almost every company there might have been found one or more who never failed to make a raise, whenever they undertook to gather supplies. These experts gloried in overcoming difficulties, and no field was more inviting to them than one from which the ordinary forager would be sure to return empty handed.

GENERAL LEE'S SON.

One of the boys excelled in this department, such being his address, and unblushing impudence, that he often succeeded where others had failed.

On one occasion, having encamped in a certain locality in Culpepper, as usual, it was not long before every house in the neighborhood had been visited and the hospitality of the inhabitants tested. An evil report was brought of one place; it was a fine, brick residence, an abundance of vegetables were in the garden, and numerous servants about the place, but every soldier had been turned off in the most summary manner. One after another had tried, and all agreed that it was the hardest place that they had yet encountered. "Boys," said our champion, "I'm going to eat and sleep in that house to-night." "It is no use to try," was the answer, "you can't get inside, we've tried."

Nothing daunted, he washed, combed his hair and whiskers, put on a clean shirt and sallied forth. He was met at the

door by a servant who told him that he could not enter. "Call your mistress," said he in a tone of authority. The lady came, scowling. Making a most courtly bow, he thus addressed her: "Madam, I am sorry to trespass on your hospitality, but my health is frail, and the old gentleman insisted on my coming here to stay all night." "What old gentleman?" asked the lady in astonishment. "My father, madam, General Lee." "Are you General Lee's son?" "Yes ma'am." "Well, come in Mr. Lee, I will do the best I can for you." The result was that the indomitable bummer got a fine supper, a good bed, a hot breakfast and his haversack well filled. The lady, if still living, is doubtless yet under the impression that she entertained the gentlemanly son of the great chieftain.

CONFEDERATE MONEY.

The financial operations of the Confederate government afford a very interesting study for those whose taste would lead them in that direction, but for the ordinary reader a history of the methods adopted to meet the demands of the government for money, would be very dry reading.

The confederacy had no financial system, unless that can be called a system which amounted simply to an additional issue of notes, instead of the sale of bonds. As a necessary consequence the country was soon flooded with a paper currency which rapidly depreciated in value, until the price of the common comforts of life were simply astounding.

An ordinary black felt hat sold readily for three hundred dollars, a pair of boots for five hundred; twenty-five dollars for a meal, at the Exchange Hotel in Richmond, was what a private soldier whose pay was only eleven dollars per month paid in the spring of 1865. He didn't eat often. Butter sold for twenty dollars per pound, and other things in proportion.

The question may be asked, what did the soldiers do for money? They had but very little use for it, while such was its abundance in the country that it was very easy to get it if one would only make an effort in that direction. Spoils from the battlefield could be sold for enough to last a long time.

A horse captured and converted into cash has made a cavalryman feel like a millionaire. Moreover the Union troops were often supplied with a bogus issue of "corn-fed," which they very liberally circulated whenever an opportunity allowed.

After the close of the war the tasty housewives of Virginia papered their fire-boards with Confederate notes, and for many years this worthless "promise to pay" was often seen stuffed in the wallets of the little boys, "playing merchant."

The following quaint lines are apropos of this currency :

[Written on the back of a Confederate \$20 bill by Major S. A. Jones, of Louisiana.]

Representing nothing on God's earth now,
And naught in the water below it;
As a pledge of a nation that's dead and gone,
Keep it, dear friend, and show it.

Show it to those who will lend an ear
To the tale this paper can tell;
Of Liberty born, of the patriot's dream,
Of the storm-cradled nation that fell.

Too poor to possess the precious ores,
And too much a stranger to borrow;
We issued to-day our promise to pay
And hope to redeem on to-morrow.

The days rolled on and the weeks become years,
But our coffers were empty still;
Coin was so rare that the treasury quaked
If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong, indeed,
And our poverty well discerned,
And those little checks represented the pay
That our suffering volunteers earned.

We knew it had hardly a value in gold,
Yet as gold our soldiers received it;
It gazed in our eyes with a promise to pay,
And each patriot soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or pay,
Or of bills that were over-due;
We knew if it brought us bread to-day,
'Twas the best our country could do.

Keep it—it tells the history over
From the birth of its dream to the last;
Modest and born of the angel and hope,
Like the hope of success, it has passed.

WHY DIDN'T HE SHELL 'EM?

Sometimes even the chaplains made mistakes, and in so doing laid themselves liable to ridicule.

Soon after the war closed one of these was preaching one morning in one of the rural districts of Virginia, and among his audience were many ex-rebel soldiers. The preacher was far better famed for his moral excellence than his learning, and sometimes committed grave blunders, badly exposing his ignorance of the Bible. He was discoursing in a high key upon the merciful deliverance of the children of Israel from the hand of Pharaoh, and graphically described their flight across the Red sea. Among the congregation was a fellow better known for his intelligence than good breeding, and from the rear of the church he was taking in everything the minister was saying. "Moses conducted them to the shore of the sea," said the preacher, "and with his rod smote the waters, and they separated. Now they passed over on dry land, while closely behind them came Pharaoh with his hosts to destroy them. His cavalry, his infantry, his spearsmen and artillery." Just here the soldier from the rear of the house cried out, "Why didn't he shell 'em?" It is needless to say what effect this had on the audience; it can better be imagined than described. The services abruptly ended, while the people were convulsed with laughter.

PLAYING OLD SOLDIER.

This was a habit into which men often fell, and is familiar to many. By the term is meant, pretending to be unfit for duty, while in reality they were well, and able to render service. Under this head hundreds of cases might be cited, some of which were extremely well planned, whereby the surgeon might be fooled.

One fellow, tired of the duties pertaining to his line, suc-

cessfully played this game for two years, nor was he ever detected. His assumed complaint was acute rheumatism in the knee joint. This could not be detected by the shrewdest man alive. He pretended to suffer great pain, and actually the muscles of his limb were contracted. He would limp about camp, his knee badly bent, and from all appearances was really unfit to render service.

This trick was never discovered, and only when the war closed and he went home did he confess the truth. He had so habituated himself to the fraud, however, that he never recovered elasticity in that joint, and was still lame when he died, ten years after.

POKER PLAYING.

Anything to kill time was often resorted to in the army, card playing being one of the most favored methods adopted by the soldiers.

One Sunday morning many thousands of men were listening to the chaplains on one side of the military road, near Petersburg, while on the other side there were as many more playing cards,—poker, seven-up, euchre, and many other games were not unfamiliar indulgences,—but on this especial morning rather an unusual occurrence took place. General Lee chanced to ride along the road and saw the whole thing. He promptly forbade card playing while the chaplains were holding service, and next morning issued similar orders.

This brings to mind the story of the two soldiers who were in an engagement, side by side. One had a testament in his breast pocket, the other a pack of cards. The Bible was struck by a bullet which forced with it fragments of the leaves, and in passing through his body, killed him. The fellow who had the pack of cards was also struck, but the pasteboards being loose, caused the ball to glance and so saved him.

When everything was quiet on the lines, the opposing pickets would often indulge in friendly interchanges of such commodities as tobacco, coffee, sugar, or anything else which they might elect. Two soldiers thus met one day, and one of

them proposed a little game of poker. This was accepted, it being agreed that the Yank should put up greenbacks against plugs of tobacco. The Confederates were supplied with the weed, often many pounds being wasted by those who drew this ration, yet who did not use it.

For an hour the Reb continued to win from the Yank, until he had about fifty dollars, equal to the price of as many plugs of tobacco. Then the luck changed, the Reb losing all he had won, and the Yank began to win tobacco. When the hour arrived for these fellows to return to their posts, the Yankee carried with him all the tobacco the Reb had of his own, beside what he had borrowed from his comrades.

HOW A YANK AND JOHNNY FRATERNIZED AT SHILOH.

JOHN TUCKER, CO. D, 14TH ILL.

While so many are giving their recollections of Pittsburg Landing, through the soldiers' mouthpiece, The National Tribune, it occurs to me that my experiences of that terrible affray might not be void of interest.

I was a private of Company D, Fourteenth Illinois Infantry, and about twenty minutes after ten on that fatal Sunday morning, was the recipient of a ball, which entered under the left shoulder, and brought me to the earth. Our position when I fell was from sixty to eighty rods north of Shiloh church, on the old Corinth road. When I was struck I was just conscious of a severe shock, and though I felt no pain I knew I was wounded, and, as I thought, fatally. As I fell, and before I reached the ground, consciousness departed. I think I must have staggered back a step or two before falling, as I remember clearly to this day that two of my comrades started, as if to support me.

Ben Johnson, the nearest one, I think, reached me, and placed his hand on my right shoulder. As to what happened then my memory is a perfect blank. The next thing I realized was that I was half or three-quarters of a mile from where I fell, but how I came there I never could find out. Whether I had been carried or been assisted to walk, I will

never know. However, I am inclined to the latter theory, as the first object that attracted my attention when I became conscious was Ben Johnson, lying across my feet and legs, with the top of his head cut completely off.

STONE DEAD.

He was, of course, stone dead. I turned partially on my right side to work myself clear of his body, and when I had assumed as easy a position as was possible under the circumstances, I began to think over the situation, and calculate my chances of recovery. By this time you may be sure the pain from my wound had become severe enough. It must have been an hour, or perhaps two, after I was first shot, that the experience I am about to relate occurred.

As I say, I had got into as comfortable a position as possible, when I heard a groan and long-drawn sigh to the left and back of me; I could not see exactly where it came from, though I waited until I heard it repeated. I then called as loudly as I could, which was just above a whisper, "hello!" I waited a short time and as there was no response called out again, "who is there?" The answer came, "a friend." Said I, "are you wounded?" "Both my legs are broken," was the answer. I asked him what was his command, and he said "the Twentieth Mississippi," and added, "but for the love of God, Yank, for I know you are a Yank, as I saw you just before you fell, have you any water?" "I think so," I replied, "and if I can only get my canteen around, I will take a pull at it myself, for I think it will do me good." In fact my canteen was full, for I had returned from filling it not ten minutes before I was struck.

The first thing I thought of, when I came to, was my canteen, but I did not feel strong enough then to carry it to my mouth. However, when the Johnny called for water so pitifully, I did make the effort, and succeeded. I must have drunk with a hearty good will, and made some noise, for after awhile I heard him call out, "Oh Lord, pard, leave me a little!" "Don't be uneasy, Johnny," I rejoined, "it is more

than half full yet, but I cannot see what good it will do you, as I certainly cannot walk, and you say both your legs are broken." "Well," said he, "let us try to get together some way; you crawl as well as you can, and I will do the same, and may be I will yet get a drink before I die."

A NEPHEW OF JEFF DAVIS.

We were about five rods apart and separated by a sharp ridge, but we went to work, and at the end of five minutes I saw a grayback with the collar bearing the insignia of a C. S. A. captain, on the top of the ridge. There he stopped, and I thought him dead, but as I was then quite near to him, I crawled on, and when I had reached him, found he had only fainted. A little water, which I managed to pour down his half-open mouth, soon enabled him to speak again, and finally a good draught entirely revived him.

He was quite a young man, not over twenty years, I think. I did not ask him his age, but I did ask his name and learned that it was Davis. He was a son of old Joe Davis, of Vicksburg, Mississippi, and a nephew of the notorious Jefferson Davis, president of the Southern Confederacy. His first name, too, was Jefferson. He had been a medical student when the war broke out, and in the first months of the war had been connected with the medical department; now, however, he was on the staff of General Albert Sidney Johnston. He had been sent with an order by that General to Bragg, and had just reached the spot where poor Ben Johnson was shot, when his horse fell with a bullet through his head. He had then proceeded on foot, and had just gotten over the ridge, when a heavy missile struck both of his legs. He was also severely hurt across the abdomen, but whether this was done by a piece of shell or by the fall from his horse, neither he nor I could tell.

After we had both rested we proceeded to do what we could for each other, and also began to discuss politics and the war, with its causes and probable consequences. After awhile he said: "Comrade, your wound is by no means nec-

essarily fatal, but unless we can stop the hemorrhage, and that, too, very soon, it is all day with you.

THE FRIENDLY ACT OF A FALLEN FOE.

As for myself, I think I am a goner. If I could have these mangled limbs skillfully amputated at once, I might pull through, but then I would rather die right here than to live and be such a cripple. Then again, I don't altogether understand that numbness in the lower part of my body. I think the hurt across my bowels is perhaps worse than the other. But the flow of blood from your wound must be stopped."

By this time he had me pretty well undressed, and looking wistfully at my shirt, said: "Now, if this shirt was like most of those your contractors palm off on the Government for the best of flannel, when, in fact, there is only a little wool on the outside of the body of the cloth, I would be glad, as then I could make a compress and bandage of it, and perhaps save your life, but unfortunately in this case, your shirt is all wool." I was by this time getting angry, and told him to stop his remarks about my shirt and my Government, — which was bound to be his Government, too, — and if he thought he could do anything for me, to do it without further words, or let me alone, and roll over to the west and die, and I would turn over to the east and try to do the same thing. At this he smiled — that ghastly smile I shall never forget — and calmly tore off his own shirt, which was not cotton, but good linen, made a compress and bandage, and, with a little water from my canteen, gave my wound a fair dressing.

He then told me to drink what I wanted of the water and give the rest to him. I tasted sparingly, for by this time it was quite low, and handed him the canteen, which he drained, and then let it drop on the ground.

"Now," said he, "let me rest and you do the same." In two minutes I heard him snoring, and he continued to sleep for nearly or quite an hour, after which I no longer heard his hard breathing.

Just as the sun was setting, one of our ambulances came

along and picked me up. I told them for God's sake to assist the poor Johnny, who lay just beyond, when one of the boys said: "What assistance can we give him? He is dead, and has been so for a good while." Yes, poor Davis had gone. His last act, if not a labor of love, was at least a labor of humanity.

Comrades, drop a tear to his memory. But for his disinterested kindness, this would never have been written.

PRIVATE HALL.

Sometimes soldiers are called upon to perform personal acts of daring which are full of sacrifice and danger, and yet men volunteer to do or die, without flinching.

A man was once called for to take a dispatch across an open field to another part of the line, then in great danger of being cut off. This field was over a mile long and half that distance in width; the enemy were occupying a position in full view, and had an enfilading range upon the track over which one must pass in bearing the dispatch. It was a very dangerous way, and yet some one must perform this task. A soldier had been detailed from the ranks to bear this important order. Just then another rode out of the line and, addressing his commander, said: "I ask of you permission to bear that dispatch, not the soldier whom you have detailed. We are neighbors at home; he has a wife and little ones whom he loves, and if I fall it will be of no consequence, while if he should be killed, think of the misery it would bring upon them." The officer was struck with the unselfish spirit of the soldier, who was thus willing to sacrifice his life for that of his friend, and did as he was requested.

He placed in his keeping the urgent message, and as the soldier moved off to what seemed his certain doom, the officer exclaimed in touching tones, "Was ever such heroism known before."

Dashing onward, the courier had gone over half the distance so exposed before the enemy fired a shot. All eyes were on the lone horseman, as volley after volley broke the stillness of

the air. Although the line was reached and the brave man was safe, while cheer after cheer burst from the throats of his admiring comrades, thrice had his faithful horse been struck, and once had the rider felt the sting of death close to his vitals; but the divinity that animated that soul with such nobility, guarded it from harm, that in after years it might be looked up to with pride and honor.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

A certain colonel once issued orders that no one of his command should be found outside of the limits of a given line, and if they were so found after nightfall, that they should be punished.

Shortly after this order had been issued the colonel was one night roaming around his camp and accidentally overstepped the line of the forbidden space. He was soon halted by the guard, and taken under arrest to his own quarters quite a distance away. He protested against his arrest, at the same time telling the soldiers whom he was, but this the sentinels pretended not to believe, and so paid no attention to him. He was marched between two of his own men through the camp, and not until the officer of the watch came to his relief was he released. The next morning that order was rescinded; or at least, no one was ever afterward molested during their stay in that camp.

SIXTEEN-SHOOTERS.

When the arm of the service known as sixteen-shooters was first introduced into the northern army, it was not only a great curiosity to the troops who bore it, but held in great fear by the Confederates. It was always very hard to tell, when engaged in a fight, how many troops were being encountered, and sometimes very mortifying blunders were the result of miscalculation.

A company of Federal cavalry dismounted, and drawn up in ambush, stampeded an entire regiment of Confederates near Stony Creek, a station on the Weldon railroad. After

the Confederates had regained their presence of mind, and driven the enemy back, everything soon became quiet.

That night an advanced rebel picket called to the Yank doing similar service: "I say, Yank, will you answer a civil question?" "Yes, Johnny, what is it?" "Will you tell me whether or not you fellows don't load all night that you may fire all the next day?"

RETURNING THE COMPLIMENT.

When the Confederates were in the act of evacuating Richmond, as the last of the troops, under General Ewell, were passing along the streets, the Federals, under General Weitzel, were close upon its outskirts. Some more daring than discreet really ventured amongst them. Prominent among these was an officer of high rank. This general was soon captured, and taken along on the retreat. He was assigned to the escort of a Confederate of equal rank, and so entertained until Appomattox court-house was reached.

When the surrender took place, this facetious Federal officer said to his former escort: "General, you have very kindly and courteously entertained me as your prisoner guest for the past week, and I feel under many obligations to you for so doing, and now that you are my prisoner I hope I may be allowed to return the compliment;" and he did.

FRATERNIZING.

A cavalry officer, together with a squad of his command, all of whom had been paroled at Appomattox, was passing along en route to his former home, below Petersburg. Farmville was reached two days after the journey began, and here the little company halted to rest and feed their jaded horses.

The Federal commissary supplied the paroled prisoners with rations, only requiring of those making application for supplies, that they exhibit their paroles. These being forthcoming, an abundant supply of rations for both man and beast was promptly furnished. While the horses were being fed, many of the Federals about the village talked to this

squad. During the conversation, an officer of equal rank with the Confederate asked him if he had any money, and upon being answered in the negative, drew from his pocket a roll of bills, which he thrust into the hand of the reb, remarking at the same time, "I am lieutenant —, of the — Pennsylvania. My address is Philadelphia. Take this, and if you ever feel able, send it to me at that place."

This friendly act on the part of one stranger toward another, under such circumstances, was deeply appreciated, nor will it ever be forgotten. Every dollar was in due time repaid.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

[From "War Lyrics of the South."]

Into a ward of the whitewashed walls,
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls,
Somebody's darling was borne one day.
Somebody's darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow,
Pale are the lips, of delicate mold—
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow
Brush all the wandering waves of gold;
Cross his hands on his bosom now,
Somebody's darling is stiff and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take—
They were somebody's pride, you know.
Somebody's hand had rested there;
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in the waves of light?

God knows best. He has somebody's love,
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody wafted his name above,

Night and noon, on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave and grand,
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him,
Yearning to hold him again to their heart,
And there he lies, with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling, child-like lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair, young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
"Somebody's darling slumbers here."

CHAPTER XIV.

REMINISCENCES, ANECDOTES, AND POEM.

VAIN GLORY.

EVERY man inspired by patriotic motives did everything in his power to serve faithfully the cause in which he was engaged.

To the minds of such, occasional visions of personal service would come which produced a feeling of self-importance that none disliked to cultivate. Sometimes one's self-conceit got badly stepped on, however, and then only disgust filled the void where vanity had reigned.

A picket of three men were stationed near the banks of the Rapidan, adjacent to a ford, the officer in charge being a boy lieutenant. It was night, and the enemy's lines were near by; a ceaseless watch was being kept up; just as the day was breaking a horseman was discovered in the attempt to evade the picket post by crossing the line and going in the direction of their rear. Immediate chase was made, and the horseman captured—an officer dressed in the uniform of the Federals. How proud of that act was the picket commander and the men! No effort was left untried to draw out the "major," but not one word would he tell in explanation of his being found in the position which he was, and the lieutenant came to the immediate conclusion that he was a spy. The post would not be relieved for several hours, and during the interval the "major" took things easy, and chatted freely with the pickets.

All of this time the lieutenant was building air-castles, and could see, in his mind's eye, the big head lines with which the press would teem on the morrow, mingled with which would be his own name prominently displayed.

At the proper hour the relief came, and he returned to his camp accompanied by his prisoner. O, what a sensation he would create on reporting this important capture to his commander! How his brother officers would envy him!

The camp being reached he went immediately to headquarters, but lo! conceive of his disgust when the general came out of his tent, and upon recognizing the "major" as one of his best scouts, exclaimed, "Hello, Harry! where the devil did you come from?"

STINGY JOE.

In one of the light batteries attached to the cavalry command of a prominent Confederate general, was a soldier who was familiarly known among his comrades as "Stingy Joe." This man, while he was a good soldier, so far as his duties were concerned, was still greatly disliked by the boys, who denounced his mode of life as too mean for anything.

Joe never spent a cent in his whole time of service. On the contrary, he would hoard his money received from the Government, and do anything else beside to earn an extra dollar; blacking the officers' boots, selling newspapers, stealing vegetables and selling them, in short, anything to accumulate money. He often debarred himself of the necessities of life in his sordid greed. Thus matters went on through the entire period of his enlistment, down to the final surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, on that memorable ninth of April, nearly three years after his term of enlistment began.

The day after General Lee capitulated, stingy Joe, having in his possession every cent of the money he had striven so hard to earn, and which he had so earnestly and zealously guarded, spread it out upon his blanket, at Appomattox, and began to count it.

Of course it was then worthless, yet that fellow shed more bitter tears over his financial loss of several thousands of dollars, than he did over the downfall of the Confederacy. While his defunct cash was thus spread before him, several

members of his command, coming in his tent, seized the greater part of it, and distributed it among the men of the Federal guard, close by, telling them that there was a man in that battery who had been hoarding up this present to give them for three long years, and that they hoped the Union soldiers would keep it, in fond remembrance of the meanest man in the Confederate army. Poor Joe wept and swore, while his comrades smiled at his grief. There is a moral which would not be inapplicable here, — Don't be too penurious or mean.

THE PLANTER'S LITTLE GAME.

The people living in the sections through which the armies moved were greatly harrassed by both friend and foe. No one knew one day what would be seized on the next.

A regiment of Federal cavalry, while passing through one of the lower counties of the James river, rode up to the house of a planter by the roadside and halted before his door. Two officers dismounted and were about to enter the house as the old planter met them and cordially invited them to enter. "We are in search of horses," said the colonel; "learning that you have several, we are here to take them."

"I have some horses, and as I am powerless, must submit," said the planter; "but, gentlemen," he continued, "it is very warm this morning and you must be fatigued. Let's take a drink;" and he led the way into his dining room where a bountiful supply of apple-jack and cool water was found waiting. "That you may know my liquor is not poisoned, gentlemen, I will drink first," and filling a glass he turned it off, inviting the troopers to do likewise.

The thirsty soldiers soon followed his example, and all three were in a few minutes enjoying themselves as heartily as though they had been old acquaintances. "Take another drink, don't be bashful; you are perfectly welcome," said the sly old Virginian. Thus matters went on for nearly an hour, and then the soldiers arose to go.

As they were about to leave the house, one of them said:

"Old man, I will be d—d if you aren't the best rebel I have ever met, and I wouldn't take your horses if there was not another one to be found in Old Virginia!" They then bade him a warm adieu, and, mounting their horses, the whole regiment moved on, while the old planter chuckled over his little game.

THE BULLY OF BATTERY B.

Battery B occupied one of the heavy works constituting a part of the Richmond defenses. One member of the company was a man of powerful physique, who had the reputation of being not only able to successfully cope with any two men in his company, but boasted his willingness to tackle any man in the Confederate army. He was, however, a great blower, and liked to hear himself talk; beside, he was not at all ways over polite in his manner of address.

Standing near the fort on one occasion, with many others of his command, viewing the various lines of old veterans—then marching by, en route to the front, he began to black-guard different ones, and soon accosted a rather tall, muscular looking man belonging to a "Tar-heel" regiment—North Carolinians.

The infantryman had strapped to his shoulders his knapsack, beside being burdened by his canteen, haversack, frying-pan and musket. Being accosted by the bully, he made reply in language which aroused the ire of the fighter, who declared with an oath that he could thrash any man in the Carolina regiment.

"Well," said the veteran, "If you think you can do that thing, you shall have a chance to try it," and suiting his action to his words, he quickly divested himself of his frying-pan, canteen and gun, and made a pass at the bully. Soon the two men were engaged in a frightful assault, for which the artillerist was entirely to blame.

It lasted about three minutes, and was witnessed by both commands. The Carolinian knocked the bully out of time so quickly that one could scarcely comprehend it, and after

pounding him as long as he liked, picked up his frying-pan, canteen and gun, at the same time remarking, had he known how easily the fellow could be thrashed, he would not have taken off these little things, he resumed his march, amid the cheers of every other member of the battery, while his antagonist slunk away to his quarters.

ATTENTION, WORLD!

An amusing story is told at the expense of a private soldier of the Confederate army while serving in the west, which deserves a place in history as an evidence of the general impression the southern troops had of the ability of the Federal Government to recruit her armies.

This picket was posted at an isolated point on Lookout Mountain, and from his position had a fair and full view of the camps of the national forces.

One Sunday morning he left his post and returned to the main picket line without orders, and was arrested for so doing. At his trial, in extenuation of the act, he gave this as an excuse: he was quietly gazing down in the valley, when suddenly there appeared before his vision that mighty host on dress parade. He was struck dumb with admiration of the splendidly organized thousands, and only awoke to a sense of his perilous position and that of his comrades, when the following command fell plainly and distinctly on his astonished ear, "Attention, world!" "By nations right wheel!" "By states fire!"

This was too much for his weak courage; he left his post and hastened back to apprise his associates of what he had seen and heard.

WRESTLE WITH THE LORD.

After the terrible field of carnage had been cleared of the wounded of both armies, and the Union flag waved peacefully over the surrounding hills that crowned the historic city of Gettysburg, many of the Confederate wounded were very hu-

manely cared for by the sanitary commission of the loyal states.

In a Union hospital, several weeks after the battle, lay a soldier of a Georgia regiment, being kindly cared for by his enemies. The poor fellow, who had been stricken down by the emaciating hand of dysentery, had become as thin as a shadow, and lay upon his couch, sadly bewailing his fate.

The thought of his home and those whom he loved came vividly before him, and drew from the fast-dying man sighs of bitter anguish. At his home he had been taught but little of the Bible, and therefore knew nothing of its teachings, neither did he appreciate its quotations.

While thus bewailing his fate, a chaplain of the hospital, on hearing it, and in the sense of true Christianity doubtless, strove to cheer his dying hour by pointing him to a higher power.

"You should not so complain," said the kind-hearted man of God, "but wrestle with the Lord."

The soldier entirely misconstruing the meaning of these words, raised himself upon his elbow, and drawing one of his emaciated limbs, which had been reduced to nothing but skin and bone, from beneath the coverlid, disgustingly ejaculated, "What! wrestle with the Lord with these legs? He would fling me to hell the first fall."

GENERAL GREGG'S HORSE.

Somebody has said that the horse was the noblest work of God, next to man. There are many fine traits of character often exhibited in his nature. An instance of this kind was once prominently displayed by a magnificent stallion, which deserves a place in history.

Brigadier General Gregg, commanding Texans, was shot from the saddle, on the Charles City road, one morning during the fall of 1864. He had, in company with a reconnoitering party, ventured outside of the picket line, and been fired on by the enemy, who were concealed in ambush.

The horse above alluded to seemed instinctively to know

that its master had been killed, and would not be comforted. On the contrary, at variance with his general habit, becoming very docile and quiet. He was the General's especial favorite, and as the rider admired the animal, so did the horse show evidences of regard for his master.

At the proper time the funeral of the officer took place from St. Paul's Episcopal Church, in the city of Richmond, with very imposing ceremonies. The muffled drums and solemn dirges of the band threw over all a feeling of melancholy awe which is so often felt. The coffin, containing the remains of the dead soldier, was placed on a caisson, and, escorted by the old brigade which so often he had led, left the church and proceeded to Hollywood Cemetery.

Just behind the caisson, the horse of the dead man had been placed.

The saddle and bridle were on him; the arms and accoutrements placed on these, while the reins were allowed to carelessly hang over his neck. He seemed to fully comprehend the situation and, as the line of march was inaugurated, the horse, with his head bowed down almost to the paving stones, formed a picture which can never be erased from the minds of those who beheld it, and drew tears of sympathetic admiration from eyes unused to weep. Thus, riderless, he followed his master to his last resting place, and, when all was over, allowed himself to be calmly led away.

BOTTOM RAIL ON TOP.

The Federals established a prison at Point Lookout, off the Maryland coast, and often many thousands of captured Confederates were there confined at one time. Colored troops did guard duty there, among the soldiers being many who were at one time slaves. A Confederate officer happened to see a sentinel whom he recognized as one of his former slaves. Going up to the negro he spoke to him and was at once recognized. "Are you here, John?" said the officer. "Yes sah, I is heah, sah," said the soldier; "how do you get along, sah," he continued. Being told by the officer that he was doing as

well as could be expected, the negro replied: "Master, when you was at home, sah, an' I was wid you, you treated me good an' guve me a plenty to eat, an' now dat you am heah I will help you;" with this he drew from his pocket a roll of bills and thrust them into the officer's hand, "but, sah," he continued, "thar are one thing you must not forgit, sah, and dat am, 'dat de bottom rail am on top!'"

THAT YANKEE TRICK.

General Lee sent all of the artillery which could be spared from immediate use in advance of his retreating army, and attempted to get it to Lynchburg out of reach of the Federals. Near Buckingham court-house a score of batteries were being hurried along in the wildest confusion, under the escort of broken regiments of his panic-stricken troops.

It was well known that Sheridan was in hot pursuit, though none knew the exact locality which he had reached, nor at what hour he would turn up across the path of the retreating forces. The least rumor of his close proximity created the greatest alarm, and threw the artillerists into confusion.

About this time, while the train was scattered along the pike for a distance of two miles, a horseman dashed down the road, crying "Yankees!" "Sheridan!" at the top of his voice, and as he rushed by he gave orders to the men to dismount and spike the guns, and flee with the horses, or else all would soon be captured. He was dressed in the uniform of a Confederate officer of rank, and no one doubted the truth of his statement.

Soon many pieces of artillery were dismounted and left in the road, worthless, while the wheels of the caissons were cut down; the drivers unhitched their horses and bounded away. The teamsters blocked the roads with army wagons and left them to the mercies of the expected foe. Soon after this event, which transpired in less time than it takes to record it, the men began to be suspicious of the alarm and soon found that it was all a hoax—a genuine Yankee trick, which, for cheek and daring, could not be surpassed.

A scout had impersonated a Confederate officer and, having got within the lines of the timorous foe, had produced, single handed, a panic the like of which has never been known. Sheridan was not even in pursuit of the troops fleeing on that road, and a more disgusted set of fellows never wore a uniform, or called themselves men.

BUSHWHACKERS.

Nothing was more annoying to the ladies of the South, who were so unfortunate as to reside in the districts raided by the Union scouts, than to have these fellows searching their houses unceremoniously. A scout went into a gentleman's house one morning and, after looking over several rooms, wended his way to the chamber of a young lady, the daughter of the owner of the premises.

Only a few days previous, the Union cavalry had been ambushed by the Confederates, who severely handled them. The young lady pluckily followed the scout in his rambles through the house, and closely watched him as he would carelessly handle any little ornament which he chanced to see. At last he came to the mantel, on which were several small china cups, and proceeded to lift the cover of one of them. At this stage of his investigation, she spoke, and inquired what he was "looking for in there?" When he, facing her, good naturedly exclaimed, "Bushwhackers!"

SUFFERING IN THE SOUTH.

In their peaceful northern homes where the red hand of war and famine were not felt, little was known of the suffering of the southern people.

The well fed and finely clad Union soldiers little dreamed that the men who faced them on the picket line, and in the bloody front of battle, were actually starving for bread. It was hard to conceive the condition of the people, and therefore much sectional feeling existed, which might have been turned to humane sympathy. These people believed in the righteousness of their cause and suffered heroically, while they

never murmured at any sacrifice which they were called upon to endure. Ladies, reared amid the luxuries of wealth and ease, readily performed the most menial service for their countrymen. Fortune, position, and the actual means of support were promptly heaped upon the altars of their country, while mothers sent their sons of tender age to stand before the bullets of the common foe, without a murmur. Wives gave up their husbands and urged them on with a smile, only trusting to God for their protection and care. Who can recount the many harrowing ordeals through which they passed without admiring the heroism of the hour? or raise their voice in tones of harshness against these people who were the victims of a mistaken idea? All must admire the courage and fortitude displayed, and render that respect so justly due them.

Husbands and fathers were the daily recipients of missives of pain and anguish; their children were starving, their domestic altars going to wreck. Perchance the tender wife, whom they had sworn to love and cherish, lay dying upon a poverty-stricken couch, with no tender hand to soothe her brow or minister to her wants in the hour of her dissolution. Perhaps some little one lay dying, and at the last moment was crying for bread, or father. These were often the nature of their domestic communications, and yet those men stood up to be shot, without a sigh. Often, with their meager ration and trusty rifle, on some lonely post of duty, a tear would gush from those eyes unused to weep, but would be quickly brushed away, and principle would usurp its sway over the natural yearnings of the heart.

A soldier received word from his distant home that his wife and children were starving. He made his way to the headquarters of his colonel, and sent to him the letter he had received. Soon he was ordered to come into the tent and was told very kindly that his case and his letter should be laid before the general. The answer came back: "The request cannot be granted, a soldier's first duty is to his country, and in this hour his place is at his post." This man returned to

duty, nobly bearing the vicissitudes, which oppressed him, while the family of his bosom died.

PRIVATE K.

In an infantry regiment, about the time McClellan crossed the Chickahominy river, was a private soldier, who, from some cause, had been marked by his comrades as being a coward. This stain the sensitive young soldier bore in patient silence, indicating no desire to resent the charge.

When the fearful battle of Gaines Mill was in progress, the regiment to which he belonged was drawn up in line, to charge the enemy's works across an open field. Just at this crisis, when the solemn silence preceding such an event is most oppressive, he calmly stepped to the front, and addressing his commander, asked permission to carry the colors into the fight. His request was granted by the officer in command, who had heard of his cowardice, although an opportunity to display it had never been given him.

On receiving the flag, the soldier said, "This hour will prove the truth or falsity of your charge, and I hope that none of you will act more cowardly than I do this day." The fearful moment arrived when the order to advance was given, and across the open plain, where the missiles of death swept like a hurricane, sped the color-bearer far in advance of the regiment, defiantly bearing the battle-flag.

The brave daring of the man was so great that a loud and prolonged cheer broke from his companions, while his foes seemed paralyzed with admiration. On, on he went, until at last he gained the hostile line, and valiantly mounting their works, planted his flag in their very midst, while murmurs of applause escaped from the lips of men whose instinctive bravery forbade them shooting him.

The works were carried, and many prisoners were captured, and although many of the assaulting column had fallen, the man who bore the colors was untouched. This act forever wiped from his name the falsehood which had been so unjustly put upon it, and placed upon his shoulder the insignia of a captaincy.

ADVANCE BOTTLE, AND DRAW STOPPER.

In camp, soldiers worked many schemes to get something to drink, when liquor selling was forbidden. The sentinels would even fail to watch their posts closely, when they knew that a messmate was to run the "blockade" after dark, and go to the nearest place where liquor was to be had. Of course these fellows did not have the countersign, yet arrangements with the sentinels would often-times be made, and some sign given which allowed them to return to camp unmolested.

It is told of an Irishman, who was on post at the time,—whose messmate was on a whiskey foraging expedition, that upon his return the usual command was given, "Halt! Who comes there?" "Bottle," replied the man addressed. "Advance bottle, and draw stopper!" quickly responded the guard, and all was right. Loaves of bread were utilized for the purpose of smuggling whiskey. A loaf would be split lengthwise,—the crumb removed; a bottle put inside the crust and again closed; this looked harmless enough and often passed unobserved. Watermelons rendered similar service, and often a drag load of this fruit contained many gallons of whiskey.

"I DO."

Near White Oak swamp a battery of artillery had got so complete a range of the Federal position, that an effort was made to dislodge it. Bravely the Union men stormed the position it occupied, while as determinedly the Confederates defended themselves. At length every gun was silenced, save one, and the Federals made a terrible rush at that. An officer dashed up to where the piece was planted, and seeing but one man, exclaimed, "Who commands this battery?"

"I do," coolly replied the man.

"Where are your officers and men?" asked the Federal.

"There they are," replied the soldier, pointing. And sure enough, there they were, all dead or wounded, while that one man had been fighting single-handed against such fearful odds.

This is but one of the many thousands of instances of individual gallantry which was displayed during the war.

TRADING ON THE BLACK WATER.

During the spring of 1863, while the opposing forces occupied positions on the Black Water river near Franklin and Suffolk, a trading post was established between the picket lines which it was not intended should be known throughout the North or South.

The narrow river, whose waters had the appearance of lye, separated the pickets, and on this was kept a scow capable of bearing several tons burden.

By whose orders it was not exactly known, but here the men kept up a regular interchange of commodities after nightfall. The scow would be laden with cotton bales, and ferried across to the Union side of the stream, and upon being hailed, the men would respond to the inquiry, "Who comes there?" by simply answering, "Cotton." This was satisfactory, and the produce would be landed.

The scow would then be freighted with pork, flour and sugar, or something else of a like nature, and return to the Confederate side. Here the countersign was "rations."

In this way for weeks, it is said, this interchange was kept up, until thousands of bales of cotton had been exchanged for rations. These the Confederates got, but who can tell what became of that cotton? It was all understood between the officers and men, yet nothing definite was ever heard about it. When the Confederates withdrew from that section they had more supplies than when they went there, and somebody on the other side had lots of cotton.

CAPTAIN HENRY HUNT.

On the morning of May 16th, 1864, near Port Walthall Junction, an Ohio regiment had been engaged in the hottest part of the fight, and had failed to care for their dead, being forced to retire from the field, with others of the Union line of battle. The Confederates, left in quiet possession, were

engaged in burying the dead of the enemy. An officer, superintending this melancholy duty, espied a Union officer lying dead near the foot of a tree, and going up to him, recognized in his hand an open letter. There, clutched between his fingers, he held the missive, which doubtless his last expiring gaze had rested on. The dead man, young and handsome in appearance, lay calm in death. Reaching forward, the Confederate took the letter, opened it, and the first lines which caught his attention read thus :

DEAR HENRY:—As you lie down by your camp fire to-night, reflecting upon the many promises which you made me before you went away, think just once of the wayward girl whose only thought for years has been of you. Let your meditations be kind, but do not pity me. Your love I adore, but your pity I despise.

This letter was signed “Lucy,” and dated at Cleaveland, Ohio, only a few days before. The person to whom it was addressed was “Captain Henry Hunt.”

Nothing else upon the person of the dead man indicated his identity save his shoulder straps. The Captain was decently buried, under the immediate eye of the Confederate, and the letter to which he had so tenaciously clung during his last hours was interred with him, the officer placing it on his bosom.

Perhaps in scanning these pages, some one who knew Captain Hunt may chance to see this record, or, perchance, Lucy may yet be living, and if fate should so decree, may recognize in the above quotation the girlish sentiments of long ago, and learn from this that her truant lover, in giving up his life for his country, clung to her letter to the last, and with his expiring breath lisped her name.

THE FASCINATION OF THE PICKET POST.

There was something about a picket post which was always attractive, no matter how great the peril or hardship.

It is very difficult for any of us to decide as to what that something consisted of, and yet it was nevertheless true.

In camp the men never liked to hear the bugle notes which called them to "saddle up" for that duty, and still, when once on post, any disposition to return to quarters, until the hours of service were rendered, seldom occurred.

Some unexplainable influence surrounded the spirit of the men on this dangerous and responsible duty, which kept them in good heart amid all of its lurking perils.

THE COOL DARING OF A REBEL SOLDIER.

The cool daring of men is sometimes beyond conception, and unless one is an eye witness, it is difficult to believe that the deeds of valor often related are possible. In the camp, and in the fight, after continued carnage, some deed is done amid the storm of death and ruin by some man who, outwardly, would shrink from the trying ordeals which fate decrees; and although no thought of fame nor vain glory animates his breast, he rushes, heedless of death, amid the dangerous missiles and accomplishes that which in his calmer senses he would shrink from attempting. Many deeds of individual achievement are worthy of especial record, and should ever be enshrined upon the mind and in the hearts of all true admirers of heroic service.

Conspicuous among these is the story of a private soldier who risked his life in a successful effort to alleviate the sufferings of a wounded Federal who had fallen between the lines of the contestants, on the memorable field of Gettysburg. When the battle raged the hottest, when the thundering roar of artillery and the continual rattle of musketry told their tale of horror, and thousands were falling beneath the unerring aim of death; at a time when the least panic, the slightest dismay, would have unnerved those martialled thousands, the faint cry of distress fell upon the ear of a war-worn Confederate veteran, who, looking beyond, saw a fallen man, faint from heat and loss of blood, writhing in agony.

Without a thought save that instinctively prompted by the dictates of humanity, he leaped over the breastworks—the only bulwark that shielded him from immediate death—and

bravely facing the storm of leaden hail made his way to the wounded Federal. Gently raising his head upon his knee, he gave him to drink from his canteen the water for which he was famishing, then making a pillow for his foe, he deliberately began to retrace his steps.

This unselfish and humane act had been witnessed by the hostile line, and cheer upon cheer arose amid the echoing noise of battle along their front. Their fire immediately ceased in that direction that the brave man might regain his covert, and only after he had disappeared did they resume it.

BEARING HIS BROTHER'S DEAD BODY.

On the battlefield men are often called upon to perform the most harrowing duties,—nor can any, save those who have undergone such trials, appreciate the melancholy ordeals through which they were forced to pass.

During the Gettysburg fight, one brother, in the infantry branch of the service was killed in a charge. Another, a few hours afterward, learning of it, got permission to ride to that part of the field to look after his body. On learning where it lay, he rode into the fight and found it. A cannon ball had swept his head from his shoulders, not a vestige being left above his neck.

Dismounting, the cavalryman, with the assistance of a comrade, placed the headless body of his own brother on his horse, and again mounting, bore it to the rear, while the liquid blood freely flowed over his clothing.

This is no exception to thousands of instances of a kindred nature, and many who have had to pass through scenes of a similar character will appreciate the act, and corroborate it.

NOAH'S ARK.

There was a store in that part of the city of Richmond known as Rocketts, kept by a German Jew. This place, where anything from a cambric needle to a camp kettle could be found, was familiarly styled, among the soldiers, "Noah's Ark," nor was it an inappropriate name, as anything asked

for could always be found there, including dry goods, groceries, small wares, boots and shoes, firearms, earthen ware, and in short, anything conceivable. The peculiar little man who kept this establishment was a mystery to every one, and how, and from where, he got his goods was a still greater wonder. Anything which could not be found in the fashionable or business precincts of the city, might always be got here, and hence, this free and easy sort of a place was a general resort for the soldiers.

It was customary for any soldier entering the city on short leave to be burdened with errands. One would want thread, another a frying pan, or tin pail, a third a pair of shoes, or hat; while maybe a fourth would send for a dime novel. All of these articles, and many more, could be found at the "Ark," and to this miscellaneous storehouse would the soldier repair.

Often several men would go together, and seldom would they leave without having stolen something,—just for the fun of it. It made no difference whether the article taken was of any service to the man taking it or not.

Once several soldiers called at the "Ark," ostensibly to purchase thread, etc. While the attention of the proprietor was engaged in exhibiting this article to one of the men, the others, in another part of the store, were helping themselves to all sorts of things which could be of no possible benefit to them. The Jew would complain, and the men would, from all appearances, sympathize with him.

Said he, "I fills mine ouse mit goods, und ven a veek hab gone away, dey am all gone, and I hab not ash much monish ash pwhat I gib for dem. De dampst sogers, dey stole ebbery ting pwhat I hab, and ven I tells dem dot I vill tole General Lee, dey laughs, and dey laughs, and ven I gots so dampst mad mit mine selve dot I says to mine selve, I vill got mine pis-volver and shot some bodies, den dey laughs avile, and goes away and tooks some tings mit dem vonce more."

This was the daily complaint of Heisenberger, and yet that store had no limit to its resources in the line to which reference has been made.

SCENE AT APPOMATTOX.

When the Confederates surrendered at Appomattox, amid all of the melancholy surroundings and regrets of the soldiers of the "lost cause" over their overthrow, little things would happen which momentarily banished sadness, and brought a smile to their grim visage. For instance, — during that solemn scene, which none of those who witnessed can ever forget, when the actual formula of surrender was being enacted which made the Confederate veterans of Lee simply citizens, an amusing incident took place, which temporarily assuaged their grief.

These men, who had been either fighting or retreating for ten days and nights, with no time to do anything else, were very many of them black in the face from powder smoke and dust. The sad misfortune through which they were passing naturally bore heavily on their hearts, and the consequence was, that relief through the agency of tears was the result. These, in coursing down their soiled cheeks, had washed away the powder stains and dirt, in streaks, as they rolled. This queer looking sight, when observed by one soldier, would cause a laugh, which invariably attracted the attention of another, and so on, until thousands were laughing at one another.

Soon after the terms of surrender had been agreed upon, and no more powder was being burnt, the Federal and Confederates, in keeping with the natural instincts of the American people, began to talk politics and to speculate upon the result of the overthrow of Lee's army. These disputes, which were purely individual, in every case resulted in a row. One side or the other would say something which exceptions would be taken at, and then physical force would be resorted to, that the opposite party might be convinced of the fallacy of his side of the argument.

It was ludicrous to see old soldiers, who had stood up to be shot at for four long years, upon the very eve of returning to their homes, quarreling over a mental speculation which could not be solved at that time by any living mortal.

FALSE IMPRESSIONS.

The masses of the people in the north labored under the impression that the negroes were hostile toward their masters when the war broke out, and that they showed no sympathy for them when the army was being organized. This, however, is a vast mistake.

When war was first declared, and before a thought of being freed had ever been entertained by the colored people, they were quite anxious to enlist in the army and fight for their homes. The mistaken idea of their masters, however, prevented this, and soon the natural zeal which inspired their breasts was crushed, and a longing to forsake the homes of their nativity predominated every other thought, and thousands began to flee to the Union lines. Then, for the first time, the southerners saw the fatal error which they had made, and felt the effects of such a blunder most keenly.

Many of the colored people, however, were true to their homes and their masters' families, and it was a noticeable fact that wherever a home had suffered by the master having been slain, that some negro remained loyal to the domestic circle and endeavored to support the family.

VANDALISM.

In every army there are men who are ready to commit any and all kinds of mischief, deeds of vandalism; and while whole commands have to suffer from the stigma, only those who perpetrate these acts of wanton destruction should be blamed for them. It is true that the mere fact of converting citizens into soldiers produces often-times an evil effect, and they are guilty of acts of mischief, which, as sober members of society, they would never think of doing. Seldom, however, are the better elements of an army engaged in acts of lawlessness which are discreditable even in the eyes of the enemy.

The army of General McClellan should not be held responsible for the ruthless acts which the "bummers and skulkers" of his command committed at Jamestown Island, and yet

that General's forces irrespectively will be ever held to account by the people of Virginia for the deeds there perpetrated.

Upon the island named was situated the old brick mansion once occupied by the first colonial governor of the colony of Virginia, Sir William Berkeley. This old house, made of material brought from England in the sixteenth century, was ever held in high regard by the people of Virginia as a relic of their primitive ancestry, and as being closely connected with the national history as well. The old house was guarded from decay with a zealous care, any evidences of its crumbling being promptly repaired. As property it was comparatively worthless, but as a reminder of olden times it was invaluable.

When the Federal army marched up the peninsula in 1862, many stragglers from its ranks remained about the island, which is only a few miles from Williamsburg. After the evacuation of the peninsula, these fellows applied the torch of destruction to this last relic of primitive Virginia, laying it in ashes. The property, at the time, belonged to Major William Allen, a member of the Confederate army, but the entire island, of many hundreds of acres, was unoccupied by the Confederates, and there was no excuse for the perpetration of this most dastardly act.

Near the old mansion stood the little church, in which Sir John Rolfe and the Indian maiden, Pocahontas, were married, surrounded by the first graveyard, in Virginia, in which a white man had ever been buried. Nor did this sacred spot escape the hand of the despoiler. Many tombstones were broken to fragments, and scattered in various directions.

Neither the commander or the true soldiers of the Army of the Potomac should be censured for this deed of willful desecration, but the wanton men who would thus defame the historic relics of their own early greatness, nationally speaking, are not fit material to fill the ranks of honorable soldiery of which a nation should feel proud.

THE FLOWER OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Among the first troops who came to Richmond, from the distant South, when hostilities began, was a full regiment of South Carolinians, made up of the aristocratic flower of the Palmetto State.

Nearly every man in the command had brought along his servant, and in truth, a more thoroughly equipped organization, or a finer looking set of men could not be found. Splendidly uniformed, and supplied with every personal convenience, they seemed to have imagined that they were off on a pleasure excursion, and nothing more. Alas! alas! How often do we realize the truth of the old adage, "Man proposes but God disposes."

This fine regiment was sent down the Peninsula and was engaged in the battle of Williamsburg. Over half of it was killed, wounded, or captured, and the remainder were driven back in dismay.

The boast of chivalry, and pomp of power, had been snatched from them in the twinkling of an eye, and these scions of wealth realized, in the deepest sense, the fatal mistake under which they had labored.

EXTRA BILLY SMITH.

The subject of this sketch was one of those characters who may be often found in various parts of the Union, and are commonly known as self-made men.

This man had worked himself up in the world from the position of mail contractor to steamboat captain, and from one step to another until he had gained a seat in the national councils, and was afterward called upon to preside over the public affairs of his native state in the hour of her sorest trial.

William Smith succeeded the famous John Letcher as Governor of Virginia, and was familiarly known as "Extra Billy" throughout her borders. At the time he became the governor the civil war was at its height, and many trying ordeals were inflicted upon the chief executive. In the midst of all this conflict "Extra Billy" kept up a cheerful spirit and an earnest

heart, and endeavored to cheer the forlorn people over whom he had been called to preside, with a manly devotion, second to none.

An amusing incident is told of him which will bear out the assertion that he was properly called "Extra."

One morning during the summer of 1864, some hundreds of ladies and gentlemen, including many soldiers, had assembled upon Capitol square, at Richmond, to offer their sympathy and greetings to several hundred exchanged men who had just been sent up the James river from Point Lookout, a Union prison. The Confederate President was present, surrounded by his cabinet members, as also this facetious Governor of the mother of American statesmen.

Mr. Davis had offered an address of welcome to the soldiers who had thus been exchanged, and had extended his hand to many of the "boys," when a call was made for "Extra Billy." This he smilingly responded to, and after offering them greetings of happy and heartfelt sympathy, he continued in this strain: "They say that I am three-score and ten years of age, and I guess it is about so, but when the Yankees and the women are around I want you to understand that Billy Smith is not twenty-five." This gallant reference to the ladies drew forth a hearty laugh, and raised the drooping spirits of the soldiers more than did the powerful words of stunning rhetoric which had fallen from the lips of Jefferson Davis.

THE GEORGIA PICKET.

A good story is told of a Georgian who was on picket near Deep Bottom one very cold day in the fall of the year. By some mischance he had not been relieved at the proper hour and was very cold. Suffering fearfully, he hailed the opposing picket, and asked him if he had anything to drink. Being answered in the affirmative, he continued, "I will give you a plug of tobacco for a swig at your canteen." "Agreed!" exclaimed the Yank.

These men then left their posts and met between the lines. After passing the customary salutations, the Reb produced

the tobacco, and the Yank handed over his canteen which contained over a pint of whiskey.

"Here is wishing that the Bottom was a mile off," said the rebel, and straightway he placed it to his lips.

When he returned it to its owner, it was entirely empty. This so disgusted the Yank that he immediately exclaimed, "I will be d —— d if you can't drink more whiskey than my whole company," and turning on his heel, he departed.

INCIDENTS OF THE LAST RETREAT.

None of those who were with the Army of Northern Virginia on its retreat from Petersburg to Appomattox, courthouse, can ever realize the sufferings through which the soldiers passed for want of food. The men had nothing to eat for several days at a time, and many of them fell exhausted by the roadside from sheer starvation. An instance is narrated by a member of the cavalry branch of the army, whose command was in the rear guard, which fully corroborates the truthfulness of their needs and the hardships which they endured. From the lips of this soldier the following is an extract.

"We left the city before the dawn of April third. Our haversacks were empty, and there were no supplies to be found in the vicinity. The enemy came in sight shortly after day, and we were thrown in line to check his advance. With tobacco we who used it checked the temporary gnawings of hunger, and stubbornly held our position until orders came to continue the retreat. Thus the day passed, and night brought us no rations. The next morning came, and with it also came the unwelcome tidings that the wagon train had been captured while fleeing on another route.

"Then we made up our minds to starve to death, but never to surrender, although the want of food, on the part of both man and beast, was rapidly telling on the command. The horses cropped the young buds which were just beginning to shoot from the trees, while the men continued to chew tobacco. Thus we went on for four days.

"A scanty ration of meal and molasses now came to our relief, the men eating it without any preparation whatever. Nothing else passed our lips until the army surrendered at Appomattox, when an ear of corn was served to each man, and was most ravenously devoured. The south side railroad having been cut in the rear of the Union army by the cavalry force of Fitz Lee, the Federals were unable to bring up any supplies from Petersburg until it was repaired. As quickly, however, as the road could be put in order, rations arrived, and the rebel soldiers were issued the first square meal which many of them had tasted for months.

"In justice to the Federal soldiers it should be said, that in thousands of instances they shared the meager rations which they had with the starving prisoners, thus showing by their acts of humanity their sympathy.

"The Confederates had no money of any value, yet in many instances the Union troops would exchange rations for it, simply to keep as a curiosity. It was nothing strange for the rebs to pay twenty, fifty, or even a hundred dollars in their money for a single hard tack, and one instance was known where a soldier gave a thousand dollars for one drink of whiskey."

THE MULE BRIGADE.

The "Mule brigade" was composed of cavalymen who had been dismounted at various times, and who were unable to procure horses. They were made famous in the Valley of the Shenandoah, and will ever be held in ludicrous remembrance by many.

Any one who knows the natural propensities of the mule, will readily perceive how difficult a thing it is to make it submissive to the will of its rider, and further, they know that the obstinate animal, being akin to the horse, will follow his lead invariably.

At one time, there were about five hundred men in Stuart's cavalry command mounted on mules, and all of them were placed in one regiment, known by the above title. When

these animals thought proper, they behaved very well, but when they had a notion to be stubborn, nothing definite could be done with them, nor could any reliance be placed on them. Once the "brigade" was sent to the front and became engaged with the Union horsemen. The Federals were drawn up in line a short distance off, and the brigade had orders to reconnoiter, and if they found the enemy's advance too strong, to fall back. This order they moved forward to obey, and all went well until the mules caught the scent, and got sight of the enemy's horses, and then the fun began. Music,—such as only a braying mule can make, resounded far and near.

When the order to charge was given the whole line dashed forward, and becoming unmanageable, pressed right on among the Federals, which the latter captured without a gun being fired. This charge was afterwards most humorously immortalized in song—under the title of "The Charge of the Mule Brigade."

"I FIGHTS MIT SIGEL."

[The following poem was written by an officer of the Pontoon train of Sigel's army.]

I met him again; he was trudging along,
His knapsack with chickens was swelling,
He'd "Blenkered" those dainties, and thought it no wrong,
From some absent secessionist's dwelling.
"What regiment's yours, and under whose flag
Do you fight?" said I, touching his shoulder.
Turning slowly around, he smilingly said—
For the thought made him stronger and bolder—
"I fight mit Sigel."

The next time I saw him his knapsack was gone,
His cap and canteen were missing;
Shell, shrapnel and grape and the swift rifle ball
Around him and o'er him were hissing.
"How are you, my friend, and where have you been,
And for what and for whom are you fighting?"
He said, as a shot from the enemy's gun
Sent his arm and his musket a-kiting,
"I fights mit Sigel."

And once more I saw him and knelt by his side,
His life-blood was rapidly flowing;
I whispered of home, wife, children and friends,
The bright land to which he was going;
"And have you no word for the dear ones at home,
The 'wee one,' the father or mother?"
"Yaw, yaw!" said he, "tell them, oh, tell them I fights"—
Poor fellow, he thought of no other—
"I fights mit Sigel."

We scooped out a grave, and he dreamlessly sleeps
On the banks of the Shenandoah river.
His home and his friends alike are unknown,
His reward in the hands of the Giver.
We placed a rough board at the head of his grave
"And left him alone in his glory,"
But on it we marked, ere we turned from the spot,
The little we knew of his story:
"I fights mit Sigel."

CHAPTER XV.

THE INVASION OF PENNSYLVANIA BY CONFEDERATES. HOOKER PURSUES; RESIGNS. MEADE TAKES COMMAND OF FEDERAL ARMY. FORCES NEAR GETTYSBURG. PREPARATIONS FOR BATTLE. FIRST DAY'S FIGHTING. DEATH OF GENERAL REYNOLDS. GALLANT CONDUCT OF TROOPS. FEDERALS DEFEATED. GETTYSBURG IN POSSESSION OF CONFEDERATES. GENERALS BARLOW AND PAUL WOUNDED. GENERAL SCHIMMELPFENNIG CAPTURED. HEAVY LOSS ON BOTH SIDES. HANCOCK IN COMMAND OF THE FIELD. TURNS IT OVER TO GENERAL SLOCUM. BATTLE OF JULY SECOND. BOTH SIDES REINFORCED. IN POSITION. LONGSTREET BEGINS THE ATTACK. FIGHT ON ROUND TOP. GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF. DEATH OF GENERALS WEED AND VINCENT. OF CAPTAIN HAZLETT. FEDERALS SUCCESSFUL. PEACH ORCHARD FIGHT. GENERALS CROSS AND ZOOK MORTALLY WOUNDED. GENERAL BROOKE SEVERELY WOUNDED. DESPERATE FIGHTING AND HEAVY LOSS ON BOTH SIDES. DEATH OF GENERAL BARKSDALE. DEATH OF GENERAL WILLARD. SICKLES WOUNDED. CONFEDERATES VICTORIOUS. DREADFUL LOSS OF LIFE. ARRIVAL OF PICKETT'S VIRGINIA BRIGADES FROM CHAMBERSBURG. BATTLE OF JULY THIRD. TERRIFIC ARTILLERY FIRE AT TWO O'CLOCK. PICKETT'S CHARGE. DEATH OF GENERAL GARNETT. GENERALS ARMISTEAD AND KEMPER WOUNDED. HANCOCK WOUNDED. TERRIBLE LOSS OF LIFE. THE GALLANTRY OF THE VIRGINIANS. CONFEDERATES DEFEATED. GENERAL LEE RECROSSES THE POTOMAC. GENERAL IMBODEN'S ACCOUNT OF THE CONFEDERATE RETREAT. POEM. ROSTER.

CAMPAIGN OF GETTYSBURG.

After the brilliant success at Chancellorsville it was decided in the Confederate councils to transfer the war to the soil of Pennsylvania, and without dwelling upon any of the preliminary movements made by either army in Virginia, to inaugurate this all-important campaign, we follow them in their respective order as they cross the Potomac river and take up their line of march for Pennsylvania.

On the twenty-second of June the army of General Lee had, by a series of rapid and brilliant movements, whereby they captured quite a Federal force, under Wilson, at Win-

chester, marched through the Shenandoah Valley, and began to cross the Potomac at Williamsport and Shepherdstown. General Imboden, at the head of a cavalry command, cut the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, also the Chesapeake and Ohio canal. General Jenkins, with another small mounted force, had already dashed north as far as Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, capturing many cattle and horses, and spreading terror and dismay in every direction.

Ewell led the van of Lee's infantry, moving out of the Valley of the Cumberland by the way of Hagerstown, until they reached Chambersburg. The whole country was open to the invaders; the only force in their front being some Pennsylvania militia, and it was not of a character to send much terror to the veteran ranks of Ewell's command.

From Chambersburg Ewell moved to the north, sending the division of General Rodes to Carlisle, while General Early's division, moving to the east side of the South Mountain range, passed through Gettysburg to York, and from that point to Wrightsville, on the Susquehanna river. The militia fell back before his advance, but as they burned the bridge at Wrightsville, Early could advance no further in that direction.

Longstreet crossed the Potomac at Williamsport, and Hill at Shepherdstown, on the twenty-fourth, and joined General Ewell at Chambersburg. Thus the whole Confederate force of seventy thousand men, with its artillery and cavalry, were now in the most fertile section of the great state of Pennsylvania, and war was in reality transferred to northern soil.

When General Hooker became satisfied that Lee's army had crossed the Potomac, he moved toward the same river as rapidly as possible. Hooker's entire army crossed the Potomac river on the twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth, at Edwards' Ferry, and concentrated at Frederick City, from which point Hooker could easily pass to the Cumberland Valley, through the South Mountain passes, or move northward along the eastern side of those mountains, and follow the Confederates to the Susquehanna river. General Hooker evidently intended

to cut Lee's lines of communications, and with this view he threw his left well out to Middletown, which is west of Frederick City.

General Slocum, with the Twelfth corps, was ordered to march to Harper's Ferry, where he would be reinforced by the garrison of eleven thousand men, and with this force he was to make a movement toward Chambersburg, and thus threaten the Confederate rear. This plan interfered with the wishes of General Halleck, who was not willing that the troops at Harper's Ferry should be removed, and this was the beginning of trouble which resulted in the resignation of General Hooker.

At this time the Federal forces were distributed in independent commands in a most lamentable manner. General Heintzelman was in command of the department of Washington, with thirty-six thousand men; General Schenck commanded the middle district, east of the Cumberland, including the garrisons of Harper's Ferry and Winchester, while General Dix, with a considerable force, for no conceivable purpose, lay on the peninsula.

When General Lee crossed the Potomac, Halleck began to see the folly of his pet idea of independent commands, and placed Heintzelman and Schenck under the control of Hooker. When the latter undertook to remove the troops from Harper's Ferry, Halleck objected, for fear it would endanger Washington.

If there was any one element in the nature of Halleck that excelled his stupidity, it was his stubbornness.

GENERAL HOOKER RESIGNS.

In vain Hooker reasoned with him, declaring that with the whole Army of the Potomac between Lee and Washington, that city was quite well defended.

On the twenty-seventh of June General Hooker resigned his command of the army.

GENERAL MEADE TAKES COMMAND.

On the twenty-eighth Major-General George G. Meade, commanding the Fifth corps, was appointed to fill that position. This officer was well known in the army he was to command, and was considered able, prudent and brave. When he assumed command the army was lying near Frederick, its left rested upon Middletown, and all he knew of the Confederate position was that General Lee had marched up the Cumberland Valley; that Ewell's corps was at York and Carlisle, and was attempting to cross the Susquehanna at Columbia.

There was but one course for him to pursue, and that was to march toward the North, east of the South Mountain range, until he should meet Lee, or cause him to relinquish his hold upon the Susquehanna river.

THE FEDERAL ARMY IN MOTION.

His army was immediately put in motion and moved in three columns. The First and Eleventh corps were ordered to Emmittsburg, the Third and Twelfth to Taneytown, the Second to Frizzleburg; the Fifth, commanded by General Sykes, to Union, and the Sixth to Windsor.

When General Meade thus began his advance toward Pennsylvania, General Lee, apprised of the movements which General Hooker had undertaken in the direction of Harper's Ferry, began to concentrate his army. Longstreet and Hill, with their corps, were then at Chambersburg; Ewell's corps being at Carlisle and York. It had undoubtedly been the original plan of the Confederate chieftain to move with his whole force across the Susquehanna and seize Harrisburg, but learning of Meade's advance along the eastern base of the South Mountains, he changed his plans, and arranged to concentrate his army in Meade's front. Therefore instead of ordering Longstreet and Hill to join Ewell in the designed movement upon Harrisburg, he ordered them to march through the South Mountain passes toward Gettysburg,

twenty miles to the east, and instructed Ewell to counter-march from Carlisle and York toward the same point.

On the night of the thirtieth of June Meade became satisfied that Lee had moved back from the Susquehanna and was preparing to give him battle.

FEDERALS CONCENTRATE ON PIPE CREEK.

When and where the storm would burst forth he had no means of knowing, yet comprehending the vast importance of being prepared for it, he ordered his engineers to prepare a line for battle along Pipe Creek, in Maryland, near the Pennsylvania line, and here he began to concentrate his army.

The Sixth corps, forming the right wing of it, was ordered to move on the first of July to Manchester, in the rear of Pipe Creek. Meade's headquarters and the Second corps were moved to Taneytown. The Fifth and Twelfth corps were ordered to "Two Taverns" and Hanover, somewhat in advance of Pipe Creek. The left wing of the army, formed of the First, Third and Eleventh corps, was thrown forward toward Gettysburg, to which point it was afterward transferred.

General Lee was also marching. Gettysburg was of considerable importance to General Lee, as it was the first point he could reach after crossing the South Mountain, which gave access to direct lines of retreat to the Potomac. It had not the same value to General Meade, especially if he was to act upon the defensive. At that time the topographical features of Gettysburg, which made it of such value to the Federals during the battle, were unknown to both commanders, and Meade's move upon Gettysburg was more as a mask to cover the formation upon Pipe Creek than any thing else.

While the left wing of Meade's army was moving forward, Buford's division of cavalry moved from Middletown on the twenty-ninth and occupied Gettysburg on the thirtieth of June, which, will be observed, was the day before Reynolds' was ordered to occupy that place. Buford occupied the town and sent out reconnaissances, west and north, to learn the loca-

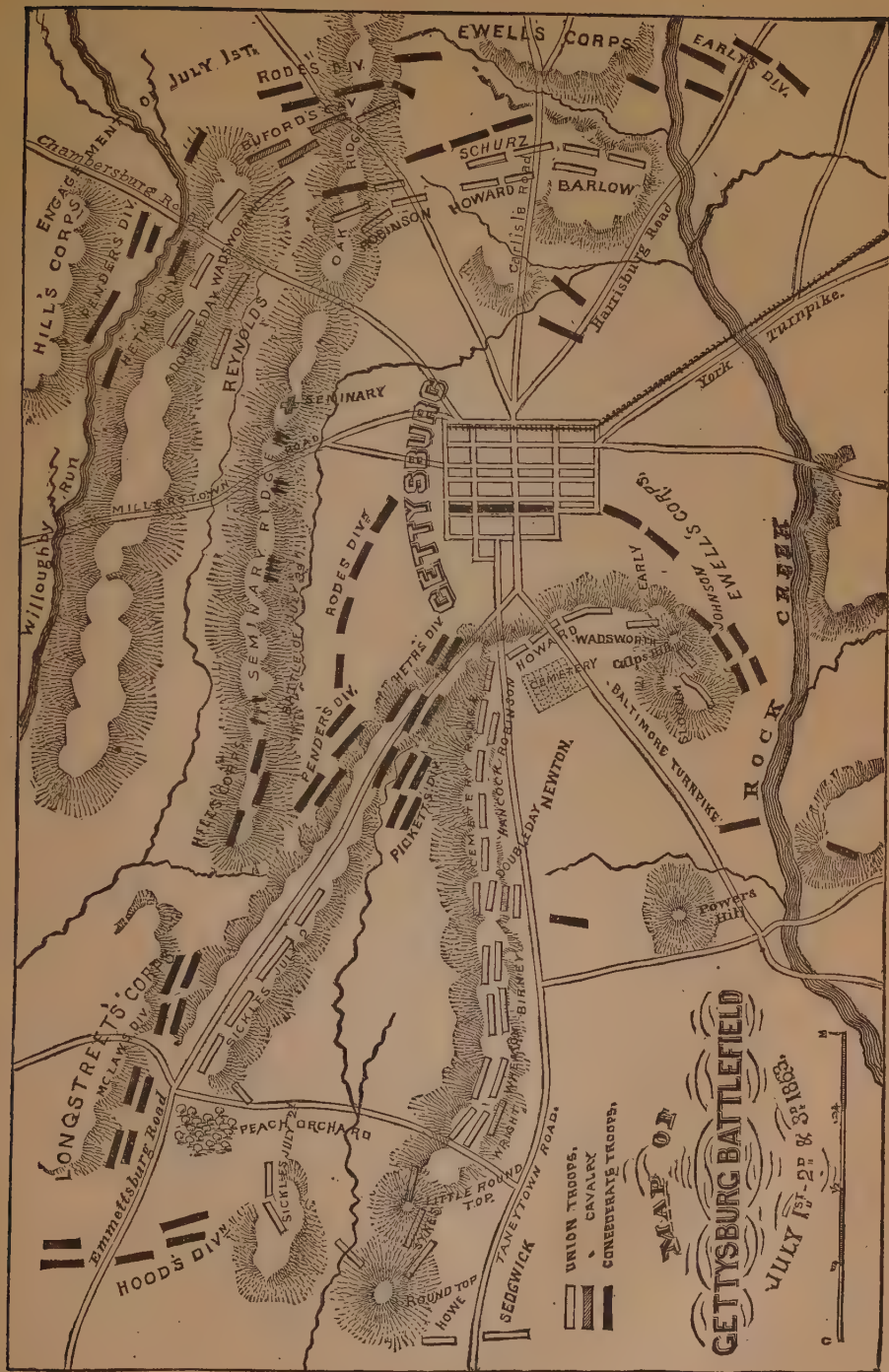
tion of the Confederates. On the same day, thirtieth, Lee had put his columns in motion toward Gettysburg, Longstreet and Hill marching eastward from Chambersburg and Fayetteville, and Ewell southwest from Carlisle; Hill's corps marched in the advance along the great turnpike which extends from Baltimore to Chambersburg, passing through Gettysburg.

On that night the advance of Hill's corps bivouacked within six miles of Gettysburg. One division of the same corps, together with Longstreet's, had not as yet crossed the mountains. Ewell had encamped at Heildersburg, nine miles from Gettysburg. That same night Buford, of the Federal army, was at Gettysburg; Reynolds with the First corps camped on the right bank of Marsh Creek, six miles from Gettysburg, to which place it was ordered to advance the next morning; the Second and Third corps were at Taneytown, the latter was to march to Emmittsburg to relieve the Eleventh, which was to join the First at Gettysburg; the Twelfth was at Two Taverns; the Fifth at Hanover; the Sixth being at Manchester, on the right, thirty-five miles away. The cavalry of Kilpatrick and Gregg was also at Hanover.

The Federal army numbered eighty-two thousand men, with three hundred pieces of artillery, and was divided into seven army corps. The Confederate army numbered seventy thousand men, with two hundred pieces of artillery, and was divided into three corps. The cavalry of each army, which is included in the foregoing estimate, numbered some ten thousand men; the Federals being commanded by Pleasanton, and the Confederates by Stuart.

THE BATTLE OF JULY FIRST.

On Wednesday morning, July first, the two Confederate columns continued their march toward Gettysburg, and General Buford, who was holding the position on the Chambersburg road, suddenly, at nine o'clock, found himself engaged with the Confederate forces. He knew that Reynolds was moving to his support and by a skillful disposition of his cavalry force, and use of his horse artillery, succeeded in



holding the advance line of Hill in check. Reynolds, who, with the First and Eleventh corps, was en route for Gettysburg, from his encampment at Marsh Creek, heard the roar of the conflict, and pressed forward with great haste, after having turned the command of the First corps over to General Doubleday, and with Watson's division of that corps, pressed on toward Gettysburg, reaching that city at ten o'clock A.M. General Doubleday's orders were to move on with the two remaining divisions of the First corps and reach the battlefield as soon as possible.

From Gettysburg, Reynolds sent an order for Howard to hurry up with the Eleventh corps in support of the First, and when he arrived to place at least one division upon Cemetery Ridge, to hold that important position, and to act as a reserve force for the Federal troops.

The formation of the country is a singular one. Looking to the west, at a distance of ten miles, is the South Mountain range which extends from the Potomac river directly across the State of Maryland far to the interior of Pennsylvania, running north and south. West of the village, at the distance of half a mile, is a long ridge, which, from the Theological seminary being upon it, is called Seminary Ridge, and one mile west of this ridge, separated by a small stream known as Willoughby Run, are two other small ridges running parallel with Seminary Ridge. It was on the narrow plain between these two ridges that the battle began on the morning of July first. Buford's men were on the ridge nearest Willoughby Run, and his opponent on the other. He succeeded in holding the Confederates at that point until Reynolds arrived with Wadsworth's division, then immediately ordered this force to the front. He placed Cutter's brigade, with Hall's battery, on both sides of the Chambersburg road, his line running squarely across it. The Iron brigade, under General Meredith, was moved to the left of center, to occupy a piece of woods which skirted Willoughby Run. Beyond this run, through a piece of wood, the Confederate right was advancing.

At this hour only Heth's division of Hill's corps had arrived, and this battle at Willoughby Run was fought by a single division on either side. Heth threw his four brigades vigorously upon the two of Wadsworth. Cutter's brigade was so severely pressed by Davis' Mississippi brigade that its flanks were turned, and it was withdrawn to Seminary Ridge. The colonel of the One Hundred and Forty-seventh New York was shot down before he could give the order of withdrawal to his men. The regiment was almost surrounded, and notwithstanding their desperate courage were almost annihilated. The withdrawal of Cutter's brigade left Hall's battery unsupported, and it was in great danger of being captured when the Fourteenth Brooklyn (Ninety-fifth New York regiment) and Sixth Wisconsin changed their front and made a gallant charge to relieve the guns. This movement was so skillfully executed that two regiments of Davis' Mississippi brigade, who were sheltered in a deep railroad cut, were surrounded, and compelled to surrender, with their colors.

Soon after this the battle burst forth with much greater fury, as both sides received reinforcements. The Federals were reinforced by the two remaining divisions of the First corps, under Generals Rowley and Robinson. The division of Rowley was placed in a position to strengthen the Federal left, displaying much valor and a considerable loss.

DEATH OF GENERAL REYNOLDS.

It was about this hour that General Reynolds was shot dead from his horse by a Confederate sharpshooter. General Doubleday was now the senior officer upon the field until the arrival of General Hancock.

During this engagement Heth's division had been supported by Pender's division of Hill's corps of four brigades, commanded by Generals Thomas, Lane, Scale and Perrin. General Howard reached Gettysburg at about eleven o'clock A.M., and took command of all of the Federal troops. The Eleventh corps, which Howard had placed under the command of General Shurz, arrived upon the field at one o'clock

P.M. The division of General Barlow formed upon the right of Robinson's division, of the First corps, which then formed the right of the Federal line. Schimmelpfennig's division formed on Barlow's right, while General Steinwehr with his division, was posted on Cemetery Ridge as a reserve. The reserve artillery was assigned to the same place. The Federal line of battle was thus prolonged by these two divisions quite a distance to the right of the Seminary, to a point at or near Rock Creek. Just at the time this line was thus extended, two divisions of Ewell's corps, Rodes' from Carlisle, and Ewell from York, arrived upon the field and moved with great vigor upon the Federal line.

Rodes' division, consisting of five brigades, was formed across Seminary Ridge, facing south, with Querron on his right, Dole on his left, and Daniel and O'Neil in the center, Ransom being in reserve. Early forming on the left of Rodes, prolonged his line until he was enabled to enfold the Federal right. This compelled the Eleventh corps to fall back, with the loss of very many prisoners and several pieces of artillery.

FEDERALS DEFEATED.

The defeat of the Eleventh uncovered the flank and rear of the remnants of the First, causing this heroic band also to retire, which it did in good order, across the large plain south of the Seminary, and reformed its lines upon Cemetery Ridge.

The retreat of the Eleventh corps was marked with much disorder and confusion, the streets of Gettysburg became choked and blocked with men and horses, and the exultant, victorious Confederates captured many prisoners within the town. Steinwehr's division advanced from its position on Cemetery Ridge and endeavored to cover the retreat, but it was hastily driven back, and the Confederates occupied the town. It had been a disastrous day for the Federals. General Reynolds had been killed, Generals Barlow and Paul wounded, and Schimmelpfennig was captured. The Federals had also lost heavily in killed, wounded and prisoners. The

Confederates had sustained a heavy loss, but the entire battlefield was in their possession, and they were of course very jubilant over their day's work.

If Early had pressed his pursuit with vigor, instead of halting his troops and forming a line of battle extending through the village, he would have swept the Union force from its stronghold upon Seminary Ridge.

HANCOCK IN COMMAND OF THE FIELD.

At the critical moment, when the remnants of the First and Eleventh corps were hurled upon Cemetery Hill, General Hancock arrived and assumed command of the field. He had been sent forward by General Meade from Taneytown to take that position. He and Howard immediately began the work of forming a line of battle. The position upon which the Federal troops formed was a very strong one. The front sloped off so gently that artillery could be used at nearly every point. There were plenty of stone fences and boulders to protect the infantry. This line covered the principal roads leading to Baltimore and Washington, and its convex form enabled troops to pass from one point to another, and proved of great value. Upon the arrival of General Slocum with the Twelfth corps, from Littleton, the command was turned over to him by General Hancock, who then returned, late in the evening, to headquarters.

Sickles and Slocum had both been called to the aid of General Howard by that officer, and had promptly responded. The Third corps, under General Sickles, was near Emmittsburg, but upon learning of the death of General Reynolds and the peril of his troops, and not being able to communicate with General Meade, without causing delay, he assumed the responsibility of pressing his columns, arriving just as Howard's position on Cemetery Hill was gained. His corps began to form on the left, and by morning all of his troops were in line. The old corps of General Hancock, under Gibbons, was ordered to take a position one and one-half miles in the rear of Cemetery Hill.

When Hancock reached Meade's headquarters, he found him firmly determined to fight at Gettysburg. The whole army had been ordered to concentrate there, and Meade was about to go to the front.

BATTLE OF JULY SECOND.

Upon the second of July the Union headquarters were established at the house of Mrs. Lydia Leister, on the Taneytown road, only a short distance from Cemetery Hill. The whole Union force was present, excepting the corps of Sykes and Sedgwick. Both of these came up during the following day.

General Lee had established his headquarters at the house of the venerable Mary Marshall, on Seminary Ridge, near the Chambersburg road, and upon the second morning of July nearly the whole of the two great armies were facing each other, both occupying strong positions, with the village of Gettysburg and a valley, less than a mile in width, between them.

The position of General Meade's army formed two sides of a triangle, whose apex was at Cemetery Hill, not far from Gettysburg. One line of it bent south over Culp's Hill to Rocky Creek, and its longer line bent backward to Round Top.

Howard's forces, together with two thousand Vermonters under General Stannard, occupied Cemetery Hill, supported by the divisions of Robinson and Doubleday. Wadsworth's division of the First corps joined that of Slocum on Culp's Hill, which formed the extreme right of the army. Hancock and Sickles occupied the irregular ridge from Zeigler's Grove, on Cemetery Hill, to Round Top—this being the extreme left of the Union line. The corps of General Sykes was held in reserve. Slocum's corps, together with an additional force of twenty-five hundred Marylanders, comprised about ten thousand men. Sedgwick with fifteen thousand men had not yet arrived.

Lee's army occupied a line five miles in length upon Semi-

nary Ridge and to the left of Rock Creek. His right, under Hood and McLaws, faced Sickles and Howard. The corps of General Hill confronted that of Howard on Cemetery Hill; Ewell occupied the village and vicinity, and formed the left wing, with the divisions of Early and Johnson so extended as to menace the Union troops on Culp's Hill, under Wadsworth and Slocum. General Stuart, with the cavalry, had not arrived from Carlisle, while that of the National army was being recruited in the rear of its lines, from the terrible usage of the previous day. This was the position of the two armies July second, each having planted a large number of pieces of artillery in position.

Neither side seemed anxious to open the battle. The more advantageous position had been secured by General Howard for the Nationals; this projected like a wedge toward his center, with rocky acclivities along its front. The battle opened at four o'clock in the afternoon by an attempt to turn the left of the Federal line by General Longstreet. Ewell to attack Meade's right, and Hill to menace his center. Hood was ordered to attack Sickles at the peach orchard, held by Birney and Humphreys, with eight regiments; this was effectively done, and the Confederates gained the key-point at the orchard. Hood's right pushed forward to a rocky eminence called Little Round Top. To secure this hill was of infinite importance to both commanders. General Vincent's brigade was detached, together with Hazlett's battery and the One Hundred and Fortieth New York, to aid in securing it. Vincent's brigade was formed with the Sixteenth Michigan on the right, Forty-Fourth New York, Eighty-Third Pennsylvania and Twentieth Maine on the extreme left of the Federal line. The following description is from the pen of one who was a participant in that memorable struggle:

"ROUND TOP."

This little sugar-loaf mountain became, at once, the Mount Moriah of the Twentieth Maine regiment, and the Mecca of its survivors through the years to come.

It was a scene fearfully lurid and graphic to witness. No painter's brush can do it justice, and consequently how insufficient is this imperfect pen. The Federal line of battle was formed of four regiments, reaching from Hazlett's battery, which crowned the crest, to the extreme left of the Union army, with the Twentieth Maine at the farthest point. Not four regiments, each a thousand strong, as when they marched forth to war from their respective states, but with ranks scarred and thinned, until the four mustered only some twelve or fifteen hundred men.

The hills seemed to tremble beneath the soldiers' tread. Down to the front and right, beginning at the "Devil's Den" and extending through the wheat field, to the fated angle at the peach orchard upon the Emmitsburg road, the divisions of Hood and McLaws had struck the corps of Sickles and the battle was raging in all its savage grandeur. The ceaseless roar of musketry was only interrupted by the overwhelming crash of the artillery, which in itself, at times, was almost incessant, all of which combined, caused the two "Round Tops" to tremble, while the deep weird echoes which rolled along the mammoth boulders resounded like groans of agony.

Hazlett's guns added a new and awful feature to the scene upon the very pinnacle of the hill. They fired so rapidly and hurled their bursting bolts of death with such fury upon the battalions of Hood and McLaws that they seemed to be transformed from ordinary engines of war to some supernatural agent of destruction, possessed of an infinite power. The battle opened along the front of this brigade.

To McLaws brigade of Hood's division, had been assigned the task of capturing Little Round Top. Sharpshooters behind the rocks at the "Devil's Den" down in the Federal front, made fearful work with their officers. General Weed, who had formed his brigade on the right of Hazlett's battery, filling the gap between that and Sickles' corps, ran up to speak with Hazlett, as the latter, begrimed with powder, was working at a gun. Weed was shot down by a sharp-

shooter, while his lips moving in death seemed to speak some message; gallant Hazlett stooped down to catch it, when he, too, was shot and fell dead upon the lifeless form of his commander.

Vincent, commanding this brigade, sprang upon a rock to cheer on his brave Michiganders as they fell into a momentary panic. His voice rang out in cheering accents and his sword glistened above his head as he, too, fell, pouring out his blood in a crimson baptism upon the rock, and thus the strife rolled on, when a new and more fearful danger threatened the thin blue line which had been traced upon the crest of Little Round Top.

Oates, commanding the Fifteenth and Forty-fifth Alabama regiments, had formed the extreme right of McLaw's brigade. In the advance of his brave men he had crossed over the crest of Great Round Top, descended the side next to Little Round Top and was soon seen coming through the narrow wood-covered ravine which separated the two. When first seen the Confederates were between the Federals and the point where Captain Merrill was last seen with his skirmishers, and it was believed that the latter had all been captured. The Forty-fifth Alabama separated from the Fifteenth, and came up in front of the extreme right of the Twentieth Maine regiment, and extended along its front upon its right, while the Fifteenth, under the immediate command of Colonel Oates, moved on to turn its left flank, and attack the line in the rear.

It was a most critical moment. If that line was permitted to turn the Federal flank, "Little Round Top" was untenable, and with this little mountain in the Confederate's possession the whole position would be untenable. It was a most fortunate fact for the Union cause that day, that in command of the Twentieth Maine was a man equal to the emergency in which he was placed, and who, when he saw the men of Colonel Qates rushing past the Federal left flank, called out, "A single side step to the left!" and his regiment quickly formed a single line of three hundred muskets. The left of

this line was then bent backward until it formed an angle facing outward, with the colors at the point.

Company H was well out on the left wing of the angle, and upon that wing the storm broke in all its fury. Not often upon the field of battle are responsibilities of such greatness placed upon men as were placed upon these. There were individual feats of valor performed in each company which would honor the pages of any state's history; but whoever writes reminiscences of those scenes can only trace the lines of what he saw, it being impossible to write as one saw. In the Federal front the ground fell off rapidly. The hillside was covered with rocks of every size, from the smallest pebbles to immense boulders; oak trees were scattered here and there, apparently wherever they could obtain a foothold between the rocks.

The Federal line was near the crest, the rocks near which affording protection to the men coming up the hillside, and very little for those standing upon the top. The conflict opened upon the Federal left, fire flashing out from behind the trees and rocks. The sharp report of rifles rang along the hillsides, bullets whistled through the air and buried themselves in the trees or struck the rocks, only to glance off ragged and noisy to lodge elsewhere. Men began to shout with excitement; others were shot, and then laid them down to die, or staggered weak and bleeding to the rear. The brave and daring effort of the gallant Alabama troops, who so heroically endeavored to accomplish the mission upon which they had been sent, should be here pictured, but as they could not be seen, we can only speak imperfectly of men equally as brave, who stood out across their pathway to check their further advance.

The Federals took all possible advantage of the situation. If a rock promised shelter, down went a man behind it, and a rifle barrel gleamed and flamed above it. Every tree was also utilized, but a great majority of the troops were not thus provided for. As the moments passed the conflict thickened; the cartridge boxes were pulled around in front and left open;

the cartridges were torn out and crowded into the smoking muzzles of the guns with a terrible rapidity. The steel ram-mers clashed and clanged in barrels heated with burning powder. The rifles were aimed with deadly precision upon the gray forms before them, and thus the work went on and many a Federal and Confederate bit the dust. O, how fast they went down!

One company lost many of its bravest men. Brave Sergeant Steele staggered up to his gallant captain, with a large hole in his breast, and exclaimed, "I am going, captain." "My God, Sergeant!" cried the captain, who sprang forward to support him, but too late; the Sergeant was dead at his feet. Then Sergeant Lathrop, gigantic in form, and of a brave heart, laid him down to die. Buck, Adams, Ireland; until of twenty-eight men of that company, fifteen were either killed or wounded, and in other companies the slaughter had been equally as great.

Not only on the crest of the hill, among the blue coats was blood running in little rivulets and forming crimson pools, but in the gray ranks of the assailants there had also been a fearful destruction. The following extract is from the official report of the gallant Colonel Oates: "My Lieutenant-Colonel, J. B. Feagin, had lost his leg. The heroic Captain Ellison had fallen, while Captain Brainard, one of the best and bravest officers in the regiment, in leading his company forward, fell exclaiming, "O God, that I could see my mother!" and instantly expired. Lieutenant John A. Oates, my beloved brother, was pierced through by eight bullets, and fell mortally wounded. Lieutenants Cady, Hill and Scoggin were killed; Captain Bethuene and several other officers were seriously wounded, while the hemorrhage of the ranks was appalling. My dead and wounded were greater in number than those still on duty. Of six hundred and forty-four men and forty-two officers, I had lost three hundred and forty-three men and nineteen officers. The blood stood in puddles on the rocks. The ground was soaked with the blood of as brave men as ever fell on the red field of battle."

The thin lines of blue on the crest became so shattered that the deadly missiles poured upon them from the rocks below, compelled them to shrink backward; it was only a few feet, but in such a case every foot is of value. The wounded men were on the ground before this position and between the lines. The poor fellows were being killed by the fire of the Confederates. The Federal ammunition was exhausted, only a few cartridges being left, and these secured from the men. A crisis had arrived; a crisis of fearful magnitude for so small a force to meet. The Federals could remain as they were no longer. The line must retreat or advance. Retreat was defeat for these and for all. To advance seemed impossible. Colonel Chamberlain was equal to the emergency. "Fix bayonets, boys!" these were his words. They passed along the line, and the iron shanks of the bayonets rattled along the steel barrels of the rifles. "Forward! double-quick! march!" There was a moment's inaction. No injustice is done those brave men when it is said that for a single brief moment they hesitated. It seemed as if the gateway of death yawned wide to swallow them. Only a moment of hesitation, and the spell was broken. Lieut. Melcher sprang forward from the angle, his sword gleaming above his head; his words, "Come on, boys!" were enough. With one wild cry of horror, wrung from its tortured heart, the regiment dashed upon the foe. The latter, supposing it had been reinforced, broke and dashed away. Little Round Top was secure.

The survivors of this regiment have placed a block of Maine granite upon the great boulder, where the point of its angle was during that terrible battle, and upon it has been traced the names of the men who were there killed or mortally wounded, and it is to be hoped that any of the American people visiting the battlefield of Gettysburg, will understand that the monument is designed to commemorate the bravery, not only of the sons of Maine, but also of their gallant opponents from the state of Alabama.

During the struggle on the extreme left, over Little Round Top, there was a fierce contest going on at other portions of

the line. The brigades of Tilton and Sweitzer had been ordered to reinforce Birney, and shared in the defeat of that part of the line.

With other troops Caldwell's division was advanced to check the oncoming Confederates, when a sanguinary battle was fought between the Taneytown and Emmittsburg roads, between the peach orchard and Little Round Top. Caldwell was here supported by Brooke and Zook, all of whom fought most gallantly, and the strife was fierce and terrible. Generals Cross and Zook were mortally wounded, and Brooke quite severely. The Federals and Confederates fought most desperately, and at length the Federals were compelled to fall back, General Caldwell having lost nearly half of his men.

Upon the Federals falling back there was a renewed struggle for Little Round Top. In this contest the Federals were led by General Crawford. The Confederate General Barksdale, who opposed him, was killed, and before morning the Federals encircled Little Round Top with breastworks, and planted twelve thirty-pound parrot guns on its summit.

When Sickles' left had been disposed of, the Confederates hastened to attack the remainder of his line. At that moment Hill advanced in heavy force from Seminary Ridge, fell upon Humphreys and quickly pushed him back, with a loss of half his men and three guns. General Willard was here killed, and General Sickles lost a leg, and Birney took command of the corps.

The Confederates dashed like turbulent waves up to the base of the ridge occupied by the nationals, fighting most desperately, and throwing themselves recklessly upon their antagonists' lines. General Meade led his troops in person and inspired his men by his presence. Just at the setting of the sun, the Federals, under the direction of Hancock, charged upon the Confederates and drove them back, recapturing four guns which had been lost.

At this time General Lee directed General Ewell to attack General Slocum simultaneously with Longstreet's assault on Sickles. In this movement there was some delay, and the

attack was not made until sunset, at which hour Ewell opened a tremendous fire on the Union batteries on Cemetery Hill, under the cover of which the corps of Early and Johnson moved to the attack. The Louisiana Tigers were ordered to storm the batteries on Cemetery Hill and to break the national center. Never was an assault more gallantly made. They charged, in the face of a heavy storm of grape and canister, to the muzzles of the guns, and demanded the surrender of the batteries of Weidrich and Ricketts. The gunners fought desperately and beat them back, until Carroll's brigade helped to repulse the Confederates and secure the integrity of the national line.

At ten o'clock at night firing ceased all along the line, and so ended the second day's fight, while forty thousand men of the two armies were either dead or wounded, although thirty-six hours before they were "effective."

Up to this time the advantage was with the Confederates, for they held the ground occupied by the nationals the previous day in advance of Gettysburg, as also that on which Sickles offered battle.

That night General Meade held a consultation with his commanders, and it was agreed to offer battle on the morrow. The national line was all intact, except a small portion on the extreme right, which was held by the Confederates under Johnson. From Wolf's Hill to Round Top they held their position upon the rocky crest. Slocum's corps was again concentrated on Culps' Hill, and Shaler's brigade and Lockwood's Marylanders were placed near it. General Pickett, with his three Virginia brigades, who came from Chambersburg, joined Longstreet early on the morning of the third, when Longstreet's batteries were advanced to the line of the Emmittsburg road, from which point he had driven the troops of General Sickles.

General Lee's plan of attack was unchanged. He expected Ewell would follow up his victory in the morning, when the Federal line might be assailed in front, flank and rear. Ewell's attack was repulsed early in the morning by the

Federals, and firmly held back; Round Top was made impregnable, and Lee determined to assail Meade's center with a force which should crush all opposition.

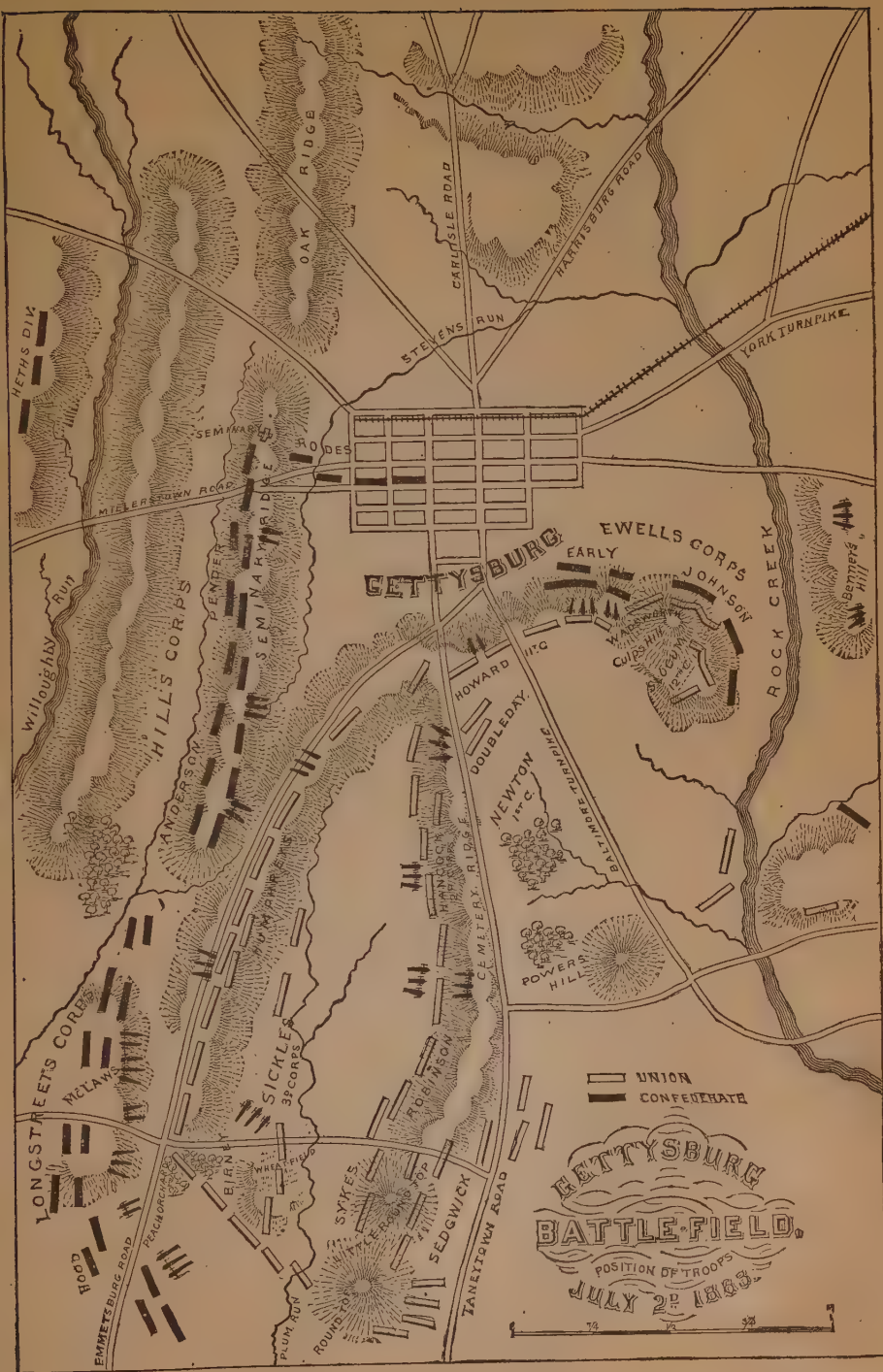
BATTLE OF JULY THIRD.

The whole forenoon was spent in preparation for the movement. General Lee placed his artillery in advantageous positions, and by noon he had one hundred and forty-five cannon in battery, along the line occupied by Longstreet and Hill. At the same time General Hunt, Meade's chief of artillery, had been working all night, and arranged his great guns from Cemetery Hill to Little Round Top, where it was evident Lee would strike the blow. He also posted artillery in reserve under Colonel R. O. Tyler. The following disposition was made of the Union batteries by General Hunt:

The batteries of Bancroft, Dilger, Eakin, Wheeler, Hill and Taft, under Major Osborne, were placed in the cemetery. On the left of the cemetery, near Zeigler's Grove, were Hancock's batteries, under Woodruff, Brown, Cushing, Arnold and Rorty, commanded by Captain Hazzard. On the left was Thomas' battery, with those of Thompson, Phillips, Hart, Rauth, Dow, Ames and Sterling, under McGilvray, in reserve. On the extreme left were the batteries of Gibbs and Hazlett, the latter now commanded by Lieutenant Rittenhouse.

At midday there was an ominous silence, at which hour General Lee entered Pennsylvania college building, which was being used for a hospital, ascended to the cupola, and, with his field glass, quietly surveyed the position of General Meade. These observations caused him to determine to aim his chief blow at Hancock's position on Cemetery Hill, and giving the signal at one o'clock, one hundred and fifteen of his cannon opened a rapid cross fire upon the devoted point.

It was absolutely appalling. An officer writes: "The air was hideous with most discordant noise. The very earth shook beneath our feet, and the hills and rocks seemed to reel like a drunken man. For one hour and a half this most terrific fire was continued, during which time the shrieking of



shells, the crash of falling timber, the fragments of rocks flying through the air, shattered from the cliffs by solid shot, the heavy mutterings from the valley between the opposing armies, the splash of bursting shrapnell, and the fierce neighing of artillery horses, made a picture terribly grand and sublime."

PICKETT'S CHARGE.

"Into this scene of death," says Pollard, "moved out the Confederate column of assault. Pickett's division proceeded to descend the slope of hills, and to move across the open ground. The front was quickly covered with skirmishers; then followed Kemper's and Garnett's brigades, forming the first line, with Armistead in support. On the flanks were Heth's division, commanded by Pettigrew, of Hill's corps, and Wilcox's brigade of McLaws' corps, the former on the left, the latter on the right of the Virginians.

"Pickett led the attack. The five thousand Virginians descended the hill with the precision and regularity of a parade. As they reached the Emmitsburg road, the Confederate guns, which had fired over their heads to cover the movement, ceased, and there stood exposed these devoted troops to the uninterrupted fire of the enemy's batteries, while the fringe of musketry fire along a stonewall marked the further boundary of death to which they marched. No halt, no waver. Through half a mile of shot and shell pressed on the devoted column. It was no sudden impetus of excitement that carried them through this terrible ordeal; it was no thin storm of fire which a dash might penetrate and divide. In every inch of air was the wing of death. Against the breadth of each man's body reared the red crest of destruction.

"Steadily the Virginians pressed on. The name of Virginia was that day baptized in fire, and illuminated forever in the temple of history. There had been no such example of devotion in the war. Presently wild cries ring out; the smoke-masked troops are in the enemy's works; there is a hand-to-hand contest, and again and again the Confederate

flag is lifted through the smoke over the shrinking columns of the enemy. Garnett is dead; Armistead is mortally wounded; Kemper is shot down; every brigadier is killed or wounded. But Pickett is unscathed in the storm; his flashing sword has taken the key of the enemy's position, and points the path of the conflict through his broken columns; the glad shout of victory is already heard; and on the distant hill of observation, where a little group of breathless spectators had watched the scene, Longstreet turns to General Lee to congratulate him that the day is won. Vain! vain!

"Overlooking the field, General Lee saw that the troops of Pettigrew's division had wavered. Another moment and they had fallen back in confusion, exposing Pickett's division to attack both from front and flank. The courage of Virginians could do no more. Overwhelmed, almost destitute of officers, and nearly surrounded, the magnificent troops of Pickett gave way. Slowly and steadily they yielded ground, and, under the heavy fire which the artillery poured into their broken ranks, they retraced their steps across the fatal valley."

"This attack," says a Northern historian, "was made by fifteen thousand troops." From an account of this terrific engagement, as witnessed by a Northern correspondent of a New York journal, at that time, we extract the following graphic record:

"Every size and form of shell known to British and to American gunnery, shrieked, whirled, moaned and whistled, and wrathfully fluttered over our ground. As many as six in a second, constantly two in a second, bursting and screaming over and around headquarters, made a very hell of fire that amazed the oldest officers. They burst in the yard, Meade's headquarters, burst next to the fence, on both sides garnished, as usual, with hitched horses of aids and orderlies. The fastened animals reared and plunged with terror. Then one fell, and then another; sixteen lay dead and mangled before the firing ceased, still fastened by their halters. These brute victims of a cruel war touched all hearts. . . .

"A shell tore up a step at the headquarters cottage, and

ripped bags of oats as with a knife. Another carried off one of its two pillars. Soon a spherical case burst opposite the open door, another ripped through the low garret. . . . Shells through the two lower rooms. A shell in the chimney that fortunately did not explode. Shells in the yard; the air thicker and fuller, and more deafening with the howling and whirring of these infernal missiles."

Just behind Cemetery Hill were the headquarters of General Meade, and shot and shell made many a pit and furrow in the ground around it, and endangered the life of every living thing connected with it. The Federals responded to the awful artillery fire which had been opened by the Confederates, with a hundred guns, and for the space of two hours, the thunders of more than two hundred guns shook Gettysburg and the surrounding country with their fearful detonations. The Federal artillery first ceased its fire because its available ammunition was failing.

Says Lossing, "There was a momentary lull in the tempest." "The silence was soon broken by the awful roll of musketry. So compactly did the assailing force move, that its front did not cover more than two of Hancock's brigades, which were so reduced that they did not number, in the aggregate, more than six thousand men. Shot and shell from Hancock's batteries made fearful lanes through the ranks, yet they moved steadily on, and pressed up to within musket range of the national line of infantry, where Gibbons was in command, Hancock being wounded.

"Half concealed, the infantry of the Second corps kept silence. Suddenly Stannard's Vermonters, of Doubleday's command, posted in a little grove, opened terrible volleys on Pickett's flank, doubling it a trifle. Yet he pressed onward, when the divisions of Hayes and Gibbons opened an appalling and continuous fire upon him. This was too much. Pettigrew's North Carolinians wavered a moment, fought well for a while, and then gave way, when two thousand of them were made prisoners, and, with fifteen battle flags, became trophies

of victory for Hayes and his divisions. Still Pickett moved on with his Virginians, and with the greatest courage and fortitude, his men following Generals Armistead and Kemper, scaled Cemetery Hill, burst through Hancock's line, and planted the Confederate flag on a stonewall.

"In this onset they drove back a portion of General Webb's brigade. These were soon rallied, and with other troops so effectively filled the breach, that Pickett could go no further. At the same time Stannard's Vermont brigade, of Doubleday's division, opened a destructive fire in Pickett's flank, which broke the spirit of his men, and very soon twenty-five hundred of them were prisoners, and with twelve battle flags were captured. Three-fourths of the gallant brigade were dead or captives. Wilcox, who failed to attack until Pickett was repulsed, met a similar fate in the loss of men, being also struck in the flank and ruined by Stannard's Vermonters."

About this time General Meade reached Little Round Top, and ordered General Crawford to move upon the Confederate right. A part of his command moved forward toward the Emmitsburg road, and drove before them an unsupported battery. A part of Hood's division was here met, but after a feeble resistance, they fell back, leaving two hundred and sixty of their men in the hands of the Federals. Nearly the whole ground lost by Sickles the day before, was now recovered, with seven thousand small arms, a Napoleon gun, and the Union men who had been wounded twenty-four hours previous.

Thus ended at sunset of July third, 1863, the great and decisive three days' contest between the two opposing armies, upon the battlefield of Gettysburg. The actors in this bloody strife, which gave the victory to the national arms, were chiefly of the infantry and artillery branches of the service. The cavalry were chiefly engaged in the flanks. Both armies had been greatly shattered by losses and weakened by exhaustion, but each rested on the night of July third, in ignorance of the real condition of the other.

General Lee knew his position was one pregnant with peril for the safety of his whole army. He therefore withdrew Ewell's division from Gettysburg, and began preparations for a retreat toward the Potomac, by way of the Cumberland Valley. During that night he sent away his sick and wounded, with his enormous wagon train of baggage, stores and plunder, and troops of horses, mules and cattle, captured in Pennsylvania. These went by way of Chambersburg and Hagerstown, and were followed the next evening, July fourth, by the whole army, by way of Hagerstown, who took with them about four thousand prisoners.

Although urged by many of his subordinate generals, Meade would not immediately pursue the retreating Confederates for many and obviously good reasons. The main body of the Federals did not leave Gettysburg until the sixth inst., and crossed the mountains into the Antietam Valley. They moved cautiously, and before they came up with Lee he had so. formidably intrenched himself that an attack was not deemed advisable, and after some delay he crossed the Potomac over into Virginia. Thus in utter discomfiture to the Confederate arms was repelled the formidable invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania, in the summer of 1863. The number of effective men who were engaged in this terrible conflict was about one hundred and twenty thousand, the Federals exceeding the Confederates about ten thousand. Each side lost about twenty-five per cent of their numbers.

In this sanguinary battle, upon which the fate of the Confederacy hung, were displayed feats of heroism and daring upon the part of the men engaged on both sides, which will ever live in history, as befitting deeds of chivalry and gallant manhood, worthy only of that high standard of true greatness, the American soldiery possessed. With the defeat of Lee, was tolled the death knell of secession, and from the moment of that terrible repulse, the fortunes of war began to perch upon the Union banners. The battle of Gettysburg is a thing of the past, but never will its glory fade from the pages of American history, or American hearts.

IMBODEN'S ACCOUNT OF THE CONFEDERATE RETREAT.

When night closed upon the grand scene our army was repulsed. Silence and gloom pervaded our camps. We knew that the day had gone against us, but the extent of the disaster was not known except in high quarters. The carnage of the day was reported to have been frightful, but our army was not in retreat, and we all surmised that with to-morrow's dawn would come a renewal of the struggle; and we knew that if such was the case those who had not been in the fight would have their full share in the honors and the dangers of the next day. All felt and appreciated the momentous consequences of final defeat or victory on that great field. These considerations made that, to us, one of those solemn and awful nights that every one who fought through our long war sometimes experienced before a great battle.

Few camp fires enlivened the scene. It was a warm summer's night, and the weary soldiers were lying in groups on the luxuriant grass of the meadows we occupied, discussing the events of the day or watching that their horses did not straggle off in browsing around. About eleven o'clock a horseman approached and delivered a message from General Lee, that he wished to see me immediately. I mounted at once, and, accompanied by Lieutenant McPhail of my staff, and guided by the courier, rode about two miles toward Gettysburg, where half a dozen small tents on the roadside were pointed out as General Lee's headquarters for the night. He was not there, but I was informed that I would find him with General A. P. Hill, half a mile further on. On reaching the place indicated, a flickering, solitary candle, visible through the open front of a common tent, showed where Generals Lee and Hill were seated on camp stools, with a county map spread upon their knees, and engaged in a low and earnest conversation. They ceased speaking as I approached, and after the ordinary salutations General Lee directed me to go to his headquarters and wait for him. He did not return until about one o'clock, when he came riding along at a slow walk and evidently wrapped in profound thought.

There was not even a sentinel on duty, and no one of his staff was about. The moon was high in the heavens, shedding a flood of soft silvery light, almost as bright as day, upon the scene. When he approached and saw us, he spoke, reined up his horse and essayed to dismount. The effort to do so betrayed so much physical exhaustion that I stepped forward to assist him, but before I reached him he had alighted. He threw his arm across his saddle to rest himself, and fixing his eyes upon the ground, leaned in silence upon his equally weary horse; the two forming a striking group, as motionless as a statue. The moon shone full upon his massive features, and revealed an expression of sadness I had never seen upon that fine countenance before, in any of the vicissitudes of the war through which he had passed. I waited for him to speak until the silence became painful and embarrassing, when to break it, and change the current of his thoughts, I remarked in a sympathetic tone, and in allusion to his great fatigue:

“General, this has been a hard day on you.”

This attracted his attention. He looked up and replied mournfully:

“Yes, it has been a sad, sad day to us,” and immediately relapsed into his thoughtful mood and attitude. Being unwilling again to intrude upon his reflections, I said no more. After a minute or two he suddenly straightened up to his full height, and turning to me with more animation, energy and excitement of manner than I had ever seen in him before, he addressed me in a voice tremulous with emotion, and said:

“General, I never saw troops behave more magnificently than Pickett’s division of Virginians did to-day in their grand charge upon the enemy. And if they had been supported, as they were to have been — but, for some reason not yet fully explained to me, they were not — we would have held the position they so gloriously won at such a fearful loss of noble lives, and the day would have been ours.”

After a moment he added in a tone almost of agony, “Too bad! too bad! oh, too bad!”

I never shall forget, as long as I live, his language, and his manner, and his appearance and expression of mental suffering. Altogether it was a scene that a historical painter might well immortalize, had one been fortunately present to witness it.

In a little while he called up a servant from his sleep to take his horse; spoke mournfully, by name, of several of his friends who had fallen during the day, and when a candle had been lighted, invited me alone into his tent, where, as soon as we were seated, he remarked:

"We must return to Virginia. As many of our poor wounded as possible must be taken home. I have sent for you because your men are fresh, to guard the trains back to Virginia. The duty will be arduous, responsible and dangerous, for I am afraid you will be harassed by the enemy's cavalry. I can spare you as much artillery as you require, but no other troops, as I shall need all I have to return to the Potomac by a different route from yours. All the transportation and all the care of the wounded will be intrusted to you. You will recross the mountain by the Chambersburg road, and then proceed to Williamsport by any route you deem best, without halting. There rest and feed your animals, then ford the river, and make no halt till you reach Winchester, where I will again communicate with you."

On the morning of the fourth my written instructions and the package for Mr. Davis were delivered to me. It was soon apparent that the wagons and ambulances and the wounded could not be ready to move till late in the afternoon. The General sent me four four-gun field batteries, which, with my own, gave me twenty-two guns to defend the trains.

Shortly after noon the very windows of heaven seemed to have been opened. Rain fell in dashing torrents, and in a little while the whole face of the earth was covered with water. The meadows became small lakes; raging streams ran across the road in every depression of the ground; wagons, ambulances, and artillery carriages filled the roads and fields in all directions. The storm increased in fury every

moment. Canvas was no protection against it, and the poor wounded, lying upon the hard, naked boards of the wagon-bodies, were drenched by the cold rain. Horses and mules were blinded and maddened by the storm, and became almost unmanageable. The roar of the winds and waters made it almost impossible to communicate orders. Night was rapidly approaching, and there was danger that in the darkness the "confusion" would become "worse confounded."

About four P.M. the head of the column was put in motion, and began the ascent of the mountain. After dark I set out to gain the advance. The train was seventeen miles long when drawn out on the road. It was moving rapidly, and from every wagon issued wails of agony. For four hours I galloped along, passing to the front, and heard more—it was too dark to see—of the horrors of war than I had witnessed from the battle of Bull Run up to that day. In the wagons were men wounded and mutilated in every conceivable way. Some had their legs shattered by a shell or minie ball; some were shot through their bodies; others had arms torn to shreds; some had received a ball in the face, or a jagged piece of shell had lacerated their heads. Scarcely one in a hundred had received adequate surgical aid. Many had been without food for thirty-six hours. Their ragged, bloody and dirty clothes, all clotted and hardened with blood, were rasping the tender, inflamed lips of their gaping wounds. Very few of the wagons had even straw in them, and all were without springs. The road was rough and rocky. The jolting was enough to have killed sound, strong men. From nearly every wagon, as the horses trotted on, such cries and shrieks as these greeted the ear:

"Oh God! why can't I die?"

"My God! will no one have mercy and kill me, and end my misery?"

"Oh! stop one minute, and take me out and leave me to die on the roadside."

"I am dying! I am dying! My poor wife, my dear children! what will become of you?"

Some were praying; others were uttering the most fearful oaths and execrations that despair could wring from them in their agony. Occasionally a wagon would be passed from which only low, deep moans and sobs could be heard. No help could be rendered to any of the sufferers. On, on; we must move on. The storm continued and the darkness was fearful. There was no time even to fill a canteen with water for a dying man; for, except the drivers and the guards disposed in compact bodies every half mile, all were wounded and helpless in that vast train of misery. The night was awful, and yet in it was our safety, for no enemy would dare attack us when he could not distinguish friend from foe. We knew that when day broke upon us we would be harassed by bands of cavalry hanging on our flanks. Therefore our aim was to go as far as possible under cover of the night, and so we kept on. It was my sad lot to pass the whole distance from the rear to the head of the column, and no language can convey an idea of the horrors of that most horrible of all nights of our long and bloody war.

Daybreak on the morning of the fifth found the head of our column at Greencastle, twelve or fifteen miles from the Potomac at Williamsport, our point of crossing. Here our apprehended troubles from the Union cavalry began. From the fields and cross-roads they attacked us in small bodies, striking the column where there were few or no guards, and creating great confusion.

To add still further to our perplexities, a report was brought that the Federals in large force held Williamsport. This fortunately proved untrue. After a great deal of harassing and desultory fighting along the road, nearly the whole immense train reached Williamsport a little after the middle of the day. The town was taken possession of; all the churches, schoolhouses, etc., were converted into hospitals, and proving insufficient, many of the private houses were occupied. Straw was obtained on the neighboring farms; the wounded were removed from the wagons and housed; the citizens were all put to cooking and the army surgeons to dressing wounds.

The dead were selected from the train, for many had perished on the way, and were decently buried. All this had to be done because the tremendous rains had raised the river more than ten feet above the fording stage, and we could not possibly cross.

Our situation was frightful. We had over ten thousand animals and all the wagons of General Lee's army under our charge, and all the wounded that could be brought from Gettysburg. Our supply of provisions consisted of a few wagon loads of flour and a small lot of cattle. My effective force was only about two thousand one hundred men and twenty odd field pieces. We did not know where our army was; the river could not be crossed; and small parties of cavalry were still hovering around. The means of ferriage consisted of two small boats and a small wire rope stretched across the river, which, owing to the force of the swollen current, broke several times during the day. To reduce the space to be defended as much as possible, all the wagons and animals were parked close together on the river bank.

ONE IN BLUE AND ONE IN GRAY.

WM. WARD.

Each thin hand resting on a grave
Her lips apart in prayer,
A mother knelt and left her tears
Upon the violets there.
O'er many a rood of vale and lawn,
Of hill and forest gloom;
The reaper Death had reveled in
His fearful harvest home.

The last red summer's sun had shone
Upon a fruitless fray—
From yonder forest charged the blue,
Down yonder slope the gray.
The hush of death was on the scene,
And sunset o'er the dead,
In that oppressive stillness
A pall of glory spread.

I know not, dare not question how
I met the ghastly glare
Of each upturned and stirless face
That shrunk and whitened there.
I knew my noble boys had stood
Through all that withering day—
I knew that Willie wore the blue,
That Harry wore the gray.

I thought of Willie's clear blue eye
His wavy hair of gold,
That clustered on a fearless brow
Of purest Saxon mold;
Of Harry, with his raven locks,
And eagle glance of pride;
Of how they clasped each other's hand
And left their mother's side;
How hand in hand they bore my prayer
And blessings on the way—
A noble heart beneath the blue,
Another 'neath the gray.

The dead, with white and folded hands,
That hushed our village homes,
I've seen laid calmly, tenderly,
Within their darkened rooms;
But there I saw distorted limbs,
And many an eye aglare,
In the soft purple twilight of
The thunder-smitten air;
Along the slope and on the sward
In ghastly ranks they lay,
And there was blood upon the blue,
And blood upon the gray.

I looked and saw his blood, and his;
A swift and vivid dream
Of blended years flashed o'er me, when,
Like some cold shadow, came
A blindness of the eye and brain—
The same that seizes one
When men are smitten suddenly
Who overstare the sun;
And while blurred with the sudden stroke
That swept my soul, I lay—
They buried Willie in his blue,
And Harry in his gray.

The shadows fall upon their graves ;
They fall upon my heart ;
And through the twilight of my soul
Like dew the tears will start —
The starlight comes so silently,
And lingers where they rest ;
So hope's revealing starlight sinks
And shines within my breast.
They ask not there where yonder heaven
Smiles with eternal day,
Why Willie wore the loyal blue —
Why Harry wore the gray.

ROSTER A.

ROSTER OF THE FEDERAL ARMY ENGAGED IN THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY AND FRIDAY, JULY 1st, 2d AND 3d, 1863.

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE GORDON MEADE, COMMANDING.

STAFF

MAJOR-GENERAL DANIEL BUTTERFIELD, Chief of Staff.
 BRIGADIER-GENERAL M. R. PATRICK, Provost Marshal-General.
 " " SETH WILLIAMS, Adjutant-General.
 " " EDMUND SCHRIVER, Inspector-General.
 " " RUFUS INGALLS, Quartermaster-General.
 COLONEL HENRY F. CLARKE, Chief Commissary of Subsistence.
 MAJOR JONATHAN LETTERMAN, Surgeon, Chief of Medical Dept.
 BRIGADIER-GENERAL G. K. WARREN, Chief Engineer.
 MAJOR D. W. FLAGLER, Chief Ordnance Officer.
 MAJOR-GENERAL ALFRED PLEASANTON, Chief of Cavalry.
 BRIGADIER-GENERAL HENRY J. HUNT, Chief of Artillery.
 CAPTAIN L. B. NORTON, Chief Signal Officer.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN F. REYNOLDS, Commanding the First, Third,
and Eleventh Corps on July 1st.

MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY W. SLOCUM, Commanding the Right Wing
on July 2d and July 3d.

MAJOR-GENERAL W. S. HANCOCK, Commanding the Left Center on
July 2d and July 3d.

FIRST CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN F. REYNOLDS, PERMANENT COMMANDER.
 MAJOR-GENERAL ABNER DOUBLEDAY, Commanding on July 1st.
 MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN NEWTON, Commanding July 2d and 3d.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES S. WADSWORTH, COMMANDING.

First Brigade.—(1) Brigadier-General SOLOMON MEREDITH (wounded); (2) Colonel HENRY A. MORROW (wounded); (3) Colonel W. W. ROBINSON, 2d Wisconsin, Colonel Lucius Fairchild (wounded), Lieut.-Colonel George H. Stevens (wounded), Major John Mansfield (wounded), Captain George H. Otis; 6th Wisconsin, Lieut.-Colonel R. R. Dawes; 7th Wisconsin, Colonel W. W. Robinson; 24th Michigan, Colonel Henry A. Morrow (wounded), Lieut.-Colonel Mark Flanigan (wounded), Major Edwin B. Wright (wounded), Captain Albert M. Edwards; 19th Indiana, Colonel Samuel Williams.

Second Brigade.—Brigadier-General LYSANDER CUTLER, Commanding. 7th Indiana, Major Ira G. Grover; 56th Pennsylvania, Colonel J. W. Hoffman; 76th New York, Major Andrew J. Grover (killed), Captain John E. Cook; 95th New York, Colonel George H. Bidle (wounded), Major Edward Pye; 147th New York, Lieut.-Colonel F. C. Miller (wounded), Major George Harney; 14th Brooklyn, Colonel E. B. Fowler.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN C. ROBINSON, COMMANDING.

First Brigade.—Brigadier-General GABRIEL R. PAUL, Commanding (wounded); Colonel S. H. LEONARD; Colonel RICHARD COULTER. 16th Maine, Colonel Charles W. Tilden (captured), Lieut.-Colonel N. E. Welch, Major Arch. D. Leavitt; 13th Massachusetts, Colonel S. H. Leonard (wounded); 94th New York, Colonel A. R. Root (wounded), Major S. H. Moffatt; 104th New York, Colonel Gilbert G. Prey; 107th Pennsylvania, Colonel T. F. McCoy (wounded), Lieut.-Colonel James McThompson (wounded), Captain E. D. Roath; 11th Pennsylvania, Colonel Richard S. Coulter, Captain J. J. Bierer.¹

Second Brigade.—Brigadier-General HENRY BAXTER, Commanding. 12th Massachusetts, Colonel James L. Bates; 83d New York, Lieut.-Colonel Joseph R. Moesch; 97th New York, Colonel Charles Wheelock; 8th Pennsylvania, Major Benezet F. Faust, Captain E. Y. Patterson; 90th Pennsylvania, Colonel Peter Lyle.

THIRD DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL ABNER DOUBLEDAY, PERMANENT COMMANDER on July 2d and 3d.
BRIGADIER-GENERAL THOMAS A. ROWLEY, July 1st.

First Brigade.—Brigadier-General THOMAS A. ROWLEY, July 2d and 3d; Colonel CHAPMAN BIDDLE, July 1st. 121st Pennsylvania, Colonel Chapman Biddle, Major Alexander Biddle; 142d Pennsylvania, Colonel Robert P. Cummings (killed), Lieut.-Colonel A. B. McCalmont; 151st Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel George F. McFarland (lost a leg), Captain Walter L. Owens; 20th New York S. M., Colonel Theodore B. Gates

Second Brigade.—(1) Colonel ROY STONE, Commanding (wounded); (2) Colonel LANGHORNE WISTER (wounded); (3) Colonel EDMUND L. DANA. 143d Pennsylvania, Colonel Edmund L. Dana, Major John D. Musser; 149th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel Walton Dwight (wounded), Captain A. J. Sofield (killed), Captain John Irvin; 150th Pennsylvania, Colonel Langhorne Wister (wounded), Lieut.-Colonel H. S. Huidekoper (wounded), Major Thomas Chamberlain (wounded), Captain C. C. Widdis (wounded), Captain G. W. Jones.

Third Brigade.—Brigadier-General GEO. J. STANNARD, Commanding (wounded). 12th Vermont, Colonel Asa P. Blunt (not engaged); 13th Vermont, Colonel Francis V. Randall; 14th Vermont, Colonel William T. Nichols; 15th Vermont, Colonel Redfield Proctor (not engaged); 16th Vermont, Colonel Wheelock G. Veazey.

Artillery Brigade.—Colonel CHARLES S. WAINWRIGHT, Commanding. 2d Maine, Captain James A. Hall; 5th Maine, G. T. Stevens; Battery B, 1st Pennsylvania, Captain J. H. Cooper; Battery B, 4th United States, Lieutenant James Stewart; Battery L, 1st New York, Captain J. A. Reynolds.

[NOTE.—Tidball's Battery of the Second United States Artillery, under Lieutenant John H. Calef, also fought in line with the First corps. Lieutenant Benj. W. Wilber, and Lieutenant George Breck, of Captain Reynolds' Battery, and Lieutenant James Davison, of Stewart's Battery, commanded sections which were detached at times.]

SECOND CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL WINFIELD S. HANCOCK, PERMANENT COMMANDER (wounded).

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN GIBBON (wounded).

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN C. CALDWELL.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN C. CALDWELL.
COLONEL JOHN R. BROOKE (wounded).

First Brigade.—Colonel EDWARD E. CROSS (killed); Colonel H. B. McKEEN. 5th New Hampshire, Colonel E. E. Cross, Lieut.-Colonel C. E. Hapgood; 61st New York, Lieut.-Colonel Oscar K. Broady; 81st Pennsylvania, Colonel H. Boyd McKeen, Lieut.-Colonel Amos Stroho; 148th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel Robert McFarland.

Second Brigade.—Colonel PATRICK KELLY, Commanding. 28th Massachusetts, Colonel Richard Byrnes; 63 New York, Lieut.-Colonel R. C. Bentley (wounded), Captain Thos. Touhy; 69th New York, Captain Richard Maroney (wounded), Lieutenant James J. Smith; 88th New York, Colonel Patrick Kelly, Captain Dennis F. Burke; 116th Pennsylvania, Major St. Clair A. Mulholland.

Third Brigade.—Brigadier-General S. K. ZOOK, Commanding (killed); Lieut.-Colonel JOHN FRAZER. 52d New York, Lieut.-Colonel Charles G. Freudenberg (wounded), Captain Wm. Scherrer; 57th New York, Lieut.-Colonel Alfred B. Chapman; 66th New

¹ The Eleventh Pennsylvania was transferred from the Second Brigade.

York, Colonel Orlando W. Morris (wounded), Lieut.-Colonel John S. Hamrell (wounded), Major Peter Nelson; 140th Pennsylvania, Colonel Richard P. Roberts (killed), Lieut.-Colonel John Frazer.

Fourth Brigade.—Colonel JOHN R. BROOKE, Commanding (wounded). 27th Connecticut, Lieut.-Colonel Henry C. Merwin (killed), Major James H. Coburn; 64th New York, Colonel Daniel G. Bingham; 53d Pennsylvania, Colonel J. R. Brooke, Lieut.-Colonel Richard McMichael; 145th Pennsylvania, Colonel Hiram L. Brown (wounded), Captain John W. Reynolds (wounded), Captain Moses W. Oliver; 2d Delaware, Colonel William F. Bailey.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN GIBBON, PERMANENT COMMANDER (wounded).
BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM HARROW.

First Brigade.—Brigadier-General WILLIAM HARROW, Commanding; Colonel FRANCIS E. HEATH. 19th Maine, Colonel F. E. Heath, Lieut.-Colonel Henry W. Cunningham; 15th Massachusetts, Colonel George H. Ward (killed), Lieut.-Colonel George C. Joslin; 82d New York, Colonel Henry W. Huston (killed), Captain John Darrow; 1st Minnesota, Colonel William Colvill (wounded), Captain N. S. Messick (killed), Captain Wilson B. Farrell, Captain Louis Muller, Captain Joseph Periam, Captain Henry C. Coates.

Second Brigade.—Brigadier-General ALEX. S. WEBB, Commanding (wounded). 69th Pennsylvania, Colonel Dennis O. Kane (killed), Lieut.-Colonel M. Tschudy (killed), Major James Duffy (wounded), Captain Wm. Davis; 71st Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel Richard Penn Smith; 72d Pennsylvania, Colonel De Witt C. Baxter; 106th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel Theo. Hesser.

Third Brigade.—Colonel NORMAN J. HALL, Commanding. 19th Massachusetts, Colonel Arthur F. Devereux; 20th Massachusetts, Colonel Paul J. Revere (killed), Captain H. L. Abbott (wounded); 42d New York, Colonel James E. Mallon; 59th New York, Lieut.-Colonel Max A. Thoman (killed); 7th Michigan, Colonel N. J. Hall, Lieut.-Colonel Amos E. Steele (killed), Major S. W. Curtis.

Unattached.—Andrew Sharpshooters.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ALEXANDER HAYS, COMMANDING.

First Brigade.—Colonel SAMUEL S. CARROLL, Commanding. 4th Ohio, Lieut.-Colonel James H. Godman, Lieut.-Colonel L. W. Carpenter; 8th Ohio, Colonel S. S. Carroll, Lieut.-Colonel Franklin Sawyer; 14th Indiana, Colonel John Coons; 7th West Virginia, Colonel Joseph Snyder.

Second Brigade.—Colonel THOMAS A. SMYTH, Commanding (wounded); Lieut.-Colonel F. E. PIERCE. 14th Connecticut, Major John T. Ellis; 10th New York (battalion), Major George F. Hopper; 10th New York, Colonel Charles J. Powers; 12th New Jersey, Major John T. Hill; 1st Delaware, Colonel Thomas A. Smyth; Lieut.-Colonel Edward P. Harris, Captain M. B. Ellgood (killed), Lieutenant Wm. Smith (killed).

Third Brigade.—Colonel GEORGE L. WILLARD, Commanding (killed); Colonel ELIAKIM SHERRILL (killed), Lieut.-Colonel JAMES M. BULL. 39th New York, Lieut.-Colonel James G. Hughes; 11th New York, Colonel Clinton D. McDougall (wounded), Lieut.-Colonel Isaac M. Lusk, Captain A. P. Seeley; 125th New York, Colonel G. L. Willard (killed), Lieut.-Colonel Levi Crandall; 12th New York, Colonel E. Sherrill (killed), Lieut.-Colonel J. M. Bull.

Artillery Brigade.—Captain J. G. HAZARD, Commanding. Battery B, 1st New York, Captain James McK. Rorty (killed); Battery A, 1st Rhode Island, Lieutenant William A. Arnold; Battery B, 1st Rhode Island, Lieutenant T. Fred. Brown (wounded); Battery I, 1st United States, Lieutenant G. A. Woodruff (killed); Battery A, 4th United States, Lieut. A. H. Cushing (killed).

[NOTE.—Battery C, 4th United States, Lieutenant E. Thomas, was in the line of the Second corps on July 3d. Some of the batteries were so nearly demolished that there was no officer to assume command at the close of the battle.]

Cavalry Squadron.—Captain RILEY JOHNSON, Commanding. D and K, 6th New York.

THIRD CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL DANIEL E. SICKLES, COMMANDING (wounded).

MAJOR-GENERAL DAVID B. BIRNEY.

FIRST DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL DAVID B. BIRNEY, PERMANENT COMMANDER.
BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. H. H. WARD.

First Brigade.—Brigadier-General C. K. GRAHAM, Commanding (wounded, captured); Colonel Andrew H. TIPPIN. 57th Pennsylvania, Colonel Peter Sides, Lieut.-Colonel Wm. P. Neeper (wounded), Captain A. H. Nelson; 63d Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel John A. Danks; 68th Pennsylvania, Colonel A. H. Tippin, all of the Field Officers wounded; 105th

Pennsylvania, Colonel Calvin A. Craig; 114th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel Frederick K. Cavada (captured); 141st Pennsylvania, Colonel Henry J. Madill, Captain E. R. Brown.¹

[NOTE.—The Second New Hampshire, Third Maine, and Seventh and Eighth New Jersey, also formed part of Graham's line on the 2d.]

Second Brigade.—Brigadier-General J. H. WARD, Commanding; Colonel H. BERDAN, 1st U. S. Sharpshooters, Colonel H. Berdan, Lieut.-Colonel C. Trapp, 2d U. S. Sharpshooters, Major H. H. Stoughton; 3d Maine, Colonel M. B. Lakeman (captured), Captain William C. Morgan; 4th Maine, Colonel Elijah Walker (killed), Major Ebenezer Whitcombe (wounded), Captain Edwin Libby; 20th Indiana, Colonel John Wheeler (killed), Lieut.-Colonel William C. L. Taylor; 99th Pennsylvania, Major John W. Moore; 86th New York, Lieut.-Colonel Benjamin Higgins; 124th New York, Colonel A. Van Horn Ellis (killed), Lieut.-Colonel Francis M. Cummings.

Third Brigade.—Colonel PHILIP R. DE TROBRIAND, Commanding, 3d Michigan, Colonel Byron R. Pierce (wounded), Lieut.-Colonel E. S. Pierce; 5th Michigan, Lieut.-Colonel John Pulford (wounded), Major S. S. Matthews; 40th New York, Colonel Thomas W. Egan; 17th Maine, Lieut.-Colonel Charles B. Merrill; 110th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel David M. Jones (wounded), Major Isaac Rogers.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ANDREW A. HUMPHREYS, COMMANDING.

First Brigade.—Brigadier-General JOSEPH B. CARR, Commanding, 1st Massachusetts, Colonel N. D. McLaughlin; 11th Massachusetts, Lieut.-Colonel Porter D. Tripp; 16th Massachusetts, Lieut.-Colonel Waldo Merriam; 26th Pennsylvania, Captain George W. Tomlinson (wounded), Captain Henry Goodfellow; 11th New Jersey, Colonel Robert McAllister (wounded), Major Philip J. Kearny (killed), Captain William B. Dunning; 84th Pennsylvania (not engaged), Lieut.-Colonel Milton Opp; 12th New Hampshire, Capt. J. F. Langley.

Second Brigade.—Colonel WILLIAM R. BREWSTER, Commanding, 70th New York (1st Excelsior), Major Daniel Mahen; 71st New York (2d Excelsior), Colonel Henry L. Potter; 72nd New York (3d Excelsior), Colonel Wm. O. Stevens (killed), Lieut.-Colonel John S. Austin; 73d New York (4th Excelsior), Colonel William R. Brewster, Major M. W. Burns; 74th New York (5th Excelsior), Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Holt; 129th New York, Lieut.-Colonel Cornelius D. Westbrook (wounded), Major J. R. Tappen, Captain A. L. Lockwood.

Third Brigade.—Colonel GEORGE C. BURLING, Commanding, 5th New Jersey, Colonel William J. Sewall (wounded), Captain Virgel M. Healey (wounded), Captain T. C. Godfrey, Captain H. H. Woolsey; 6th New Jersey, Colonel George C. Burling, Lieut.-Colonel S. E. Gilkyson; 7th New Jersey, Colonel L. R. Francine (killed), Lieut.-Colonel Francis Price; 8th New Jersey, Colonel John Ramsey (wounded), Captain John G. Langston; 115th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel John P. Dunne; 2d New Hampshire, Colonel Edward L. Bailey (wounded), Major Samuel P. Sayles (wounded).

Artillery Brigade.—Captain GEORGE E. RANDOLPH, Commanding, Battery E, 1st Rhode Island, Lieutenant John K. Buckley (wounded), Lieutenant Benjamin Freeborn; Battery B, 1st New Jersey, Captain A. J. Clark; Battery D, 1st New Jersey, Captain George T. Woodbury; Battery K, 4th U. S., Lieutenant F. W. Seeley (wounded), Lieutenant Robert James; 4th New York, Captain James E. Smith.

FIFTH CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE SYKES, COMMANDING.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES BARNES, COMMANDING.

First Brigade.—Colonel W. S. TILTON, Commanding, 18th Massachusetts, Colonel Joseph Hayes; 22d Massachusetts, Colonel William S. Tilton, Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Sherman, Jr.; 118th Pennsylvania, Colonel Charles M. Provost; 1st Michigan, Colonel Ira C. Abbot (wounded), Lieut.-Colonel W. A. Throop.

Second Brigade.—Colonel J. B. SWEITZER, Commanding, 9th Massachusetts, Colonel Patrick R. Guiney; 32d Massachusetts, Colonel George L. Prescott (killed), Lieut.-Colonel Luther Stephenson (wounded), Major J. Cushing Edmunds; 4th Michigan, Colonel Hamson H. Jeffords (killed), Lieut.-Colonel Geo. W. Lombard; 62 Pennsylvania, Colonel J. B. Sweitzer, Lieut.-Colonel James C. Hull.

Third Brigade.—Colonel STRONG VINCENT, Commanding (killed); Colonel JAMES C. RICE, 20th Maine, Colonel Joshua L. Chamberlain; 44th New York, Colonel James C. Rice, Lieut.-Colonel Freeman Conner; 83d Pennsylvania, Major William H. Lamont, Capt. O. E. Woodward; 16th Michigan, Lieut.-Colonel N. E. Welch.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ROMAYN B. AYRES, COMMANDING.

First Brigade.—Colonel HANNIBAL DAY, 6th U. S. Infantry, Commanding, 3d U. S. Infantry, Captain H. W. Freedley (wounded), Captain Richard G. Lay; 4th U. S. Infantry, Captain J. W. Adams; 6th U. S. Infantry, Captain Levi C. Bootes; 12th U. S. Infantry, Captain Thomas S. Dunn; 14th U. S. Infantry, Major G. R. Giddings.

¹ Colonel Madill commanded the 114th and 141st Pennsylvania.

Second Brigade.—Colonel Sidney BURBANK, 2d U. S. Infantry, Commanding. 2d U. S. Infantry, Major A. T. Lee (wounded), Captain S. A. McKee; 7th U. S. Infantry, Captain D. P. Hancock; 10th U. S. Infantry, Captain William Clinton; 11th U. S. Infantry, Major De L. Floyd Jones; 17th U. S. Infantry, Lieut.-Colonel Durrell Green.

Third Brigade.—Brigadier-General S. H. WEED (killed); Colonel KENNER GARRARD. 140th New York, Colonel Patrick H. O'Rorke (killed), Lieut.-Colonel Louis Ernst; 146th New York, Colonel K. Garrard, Lieut.-Colonel David T. Jenkins; 91st Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel Joseph H. Sinex; 155th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel John H. Cain.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL S. WILEY CRAWFORD, COMMANDING.

First Brigade.—Colonel WILLIAM McCANDLESS, Commanding. 1st Pennsylvania Reserves, Colonel William Cooper Talley; 2d Pennsylvania Reserves, Colonel William McCandleless, Lieut.-Colonel Patrick McDonough; 6th Pennsylvania Reserves, Colonel Wellington H. Ent; 11th Pennsylvania Reserves, Colonel S. M. Jackson; 1st Rifles (Bucktails), Colonel Chas. J. Taylor (killed), Lieut.-Colonel A. E. Niles (wounded), Major William R. Hartshorne.

Second Brigade.—Colonel JOSEPH W. FISHER, Commanding. 5th Pennsylvania Reserves, Colonel J. W. Fisher, Lieut.-Colonel George Dare; 9th Pennsylvania Reserves, Colonel Robert Anderson; 10th Pennsylvania Reserves, Colonel Adon J. Warner; 12th Pennsylvania Reserves, Colonel M. D. Harden.

Artillery Brigade.—Captain A. P. MARTIN, Commanding. Battery D, 5th United States, Lieutenant Charles E. Hazlett (killed), Lieutenant B. F. Rittenhouse; Battery I, 5th United States, Lieutenant Leonard Martin; Battery C, 1st New York, Captain Albert Barnes; Battery L, 1st Ohio, Captain N. C. Gibbs; Battery C, Massachusetts, Captain A. P. Martin.

Provost Guard.—Captain H. W. RYDER. Companies E and D, 12th New York.

SIXTH CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN SEDGWICK.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL H. G. WRIGHT, COMMANDING.

First Brigade.—Brigadier-General A. T. A. TORBERT, Commanding. 1st New Jersey, Lieut.-Colonel Wm. Henry, Jr.; 2d New Jersey, Colonel Samuel L. Buck; 3d New Jersey, Colonel Henry W. Brown; 15th New Jersey, Colonel William H. Penrose.

Second Brigade.—Brigadier-General J. J. BARTLETT, Commanding. 5th Maine, Colonel Clark S. Edwards; 121st New York, Colonel Emory Upton; 95th Pennsylvania, Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Carroll; 95th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel William H. Lessig.

Third Brigade.—Brigadier-General D. A. RUSSELL, Commanding. 6th Maine, Colonel Hiram Burnham; 49th Pennsylvania, Colonel Wm. H. Irvin; 119th Pennsylvania, Colonel F. C. Ellmaker; 5th Wisconsin, Colonel Thomas S. Allen.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. P. HOWE, COMMANDING.

Second Brigade.—Colonel L. A. GRANT, Commanding. 2d Vermont, Colonel J. H. Walbridge; 3d Vermont, Colonel T. O. Seaver; 4th Vermont, Colonel E. H. Stoughton; 5th Vermont, Lieut.-Colonel John R. Lewis; 6th Vermont, Lieut.-Colonel Elisha L. Barney.

Third Brigade.—Brigadier-General T. A. NEILL, Commanding. 7th Maine, Lieutenant-Colonel Seldon Connor; 49th New York, Colonel D. D. Bidwell; 77th New York, Colonel J. B. McKean; 43d New York, Colonel B. F. Baker; 61st Pennsylvania, Major George W. Dawson.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL FRANK WHEATON, COMMANDING.

First Brigade.—Brigadier-General ALEXANDER SHALER, Commanding. 65th New York, Colonel J. E. Hamblin; 67th New York, Colonel Nelson Cross; 122d New York, Lieut.-Colonel A. W. Dwight; 23d Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel John F. Glinn; 52d Pennsylvania, Colonel Isaac Bassett.

Second Brigade.—Colonel H. L. EUSTIS, Commanding. 7th Massachusetts, Lieutenant-Colonel Franklin P. Harlow; 10th Massachusetts, Lieut.-Colonel Jefford M. Decker; 37th Massachusetts, Colonel Timothy Ingraham; 2d Rhode Island, Lieut.-Colonel A. W. Corliss.

Third Brigade.—Colonel DAVID I. NEVIN, Commanding. 62d New York, Colonel D. I. Nevin, Lieut.-Colonel Theo. B. Hamilton; 102d Pennsylvania,¹ Colonel John W. Patterson; 93d Pennsylvania, Colonel James M. McCarter; 98th Pennsylvania, Major John B. Kohler; 139th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel William H. Moody.

¹ Not engaged.

Artillery Brigade.—Colonel C. H. TOMPKINS, Commanding. Battery A, 1st Massachusetts, Captain W. H. McCartney; Battery D, 2d United States, Lieutenant E. B. Williston; Battery F, 5th United States, Lieutenant Leonard Martin; Battery G, 2d United States, Lieutenant John H. Butler; Battery C, 1st Rhode Island, Captain Richard Waterman; Battery G, 1st Rhode Island, Captain George W. Adams; 1st New York, Captain Andrew Cowan; 3d New York, Captain William A. Harn.

Cavalry Detachment.—Captain WILLIAM L. CRAFT, Commanding. H, 1st Pennsylvania; L, 1st New Jersey.

ELEVENTH CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL OLIVER O. HOWARD, PERMANENT COMMANDER.
MAJOR-GENERAL CARL SCHURZ, July 1st.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL FRANCIS C. BARLOW, COMMANDING (wounded).
BRIGADIER-GENERAL ADELBERT AMES.

First Brigade.—Colonel LEOPOLD VON GILSA, Commanding. 41st New York, Colonel L. Von Gilsa, Lieut.-Colonel D. Von Einsiedel; 54th New York, Colonel Eugene A. Kezley; 68th New York, Colonel Gotthilf Bourne de Ivernois; 153d Pennsylvania, Colonel Charles Glanz.

Second Brigade.—Brigadier-General ADELBERT AMES, Commanding; Colonel ANDREW L. HARRIS. 17th Connecticut, Lieut.-Colonel Douglass Fowler (killed); Major A. G. Brady (wounded); 25th Ohio, Lieut.-Colonel Jeremiah Williams (captured), Lieutenant William Maloney (wounded), Lieutenant Israel White; 75th Ohio, Colonel Andrew L. Harris (wounded), Lieut.-Colonel Ben Morgan (wounded), Major Charles W. Friend; 107th Ohio, Captain John M. Lutz.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. VON STEINWEHR, COMMANDING.

First Brigade.—Colonel CHARLES R. COSTER, Commanding. 27th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel Lorenz Cantador; 73d Pennsylvania, Captain Daniel F. Kelly; 134th New York, Colonel Charles R. Coster, Lieut.-Colonel Allan H. Jackson; 154th New York, Colonel Patrick H. Jones.

Second Brigade.—Colonel ORLANDO SMITH, Commanding. 33d Massachusetts, Lieut.-Colonel Adin B. Underwood; 136th New York, Colonel James Wood, Jr.; 55th Ohio, Colonel Charles B. Gambee; 73d Ohio, Colonel Orlando Smith, Lieut.-Colonel Richard Long.

THIRD DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL CARL SCHURZ, PERMANENT COMMANDER.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ALEXANDER SCHIMMELPFENNIG, Commanding on July 1st.

First Brigade.—Brigadier-General A. VON SCHIMMELPFENNIG, Commanding (captured); Colonel GEORGE VON ARNSBURG. 45th New York, Colonel G. Von Arnsburg, Lieut.-Colonel Adolphus Dobke; 157th New York, Colonel Philip P. Brown, Jr.; 74th Pennsylvania, Colonel Adolph Von Hartung (wounded), Lieut.-Colonel Von Mitzel (captured), Major Gustav Schleiter; 61st Ohio, Colonel S. J. McGroarty; 82d Illinois, Colonel J. Hecker.

Second Brigade.—Colonel WALDIMER KRZANOWSKI, Commanding. 58th New York, Colonel W. Krzanowski, Lieut.-Colonel August Otto, Captain Emil Koenig, Lieut.-Colonel Frederick Gellman; 119th New York, Colonel John T. Lockman, Lieut.-Colonel James C. Rogers; 75th Pennsylvania, Colonel Francis Mahler (wounded), Major August Ledig; 82d Ohio, Colonel James S. Robinson (wounded), Lieut.-Colonel D. Thomson; 26th Wisconsin, Colonel William H. Jacobs.

Artillery Brigade.—Major THOMAS W. OSBORN, Commanding. Battery I, 1st New York, Captain Michael Wiedrick; Battery I, 1st Ohio, Captain Hubert Dilger; Battery K, 1st Ohio, Captain Lewis Heckman; Battery G, 4th United States, Lieut. Bayard Wilkeson (killed), Lieutenant E. A. Bancroft; 13th New York, Lieutenant William Wheeler.

TWELFTH CORPS.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ALPHEUS S. WILLIAMS, COMMANDING.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL THOMAS H. RUGER, COMMANDING.

First Brigade.—Colonel ARCHIBALD L. McDougall, Commanding. 5th Connecticut, Colonel Warren W. Packer; 20th Connecticut, Lieut.-Colonel William B. Wooster; 123d New York, A. L. McDougall, Lieut.-Colonel James C. Rogers; 145th New York, Colonel E. L. Price; 46th Pennsylvania, Colonel James L. Selfridge; 3d Maryland, Colonel J. M. Sudsbury.

*Second Brigade.*¹—Brigadier-General HENRY H. LOCKWOOD, Commanding. 150th New York, Colonel John H. Ketcham; 1st Maryland (P. H. B.), Colonel William P. Maulsby; 1st Maryland (E. S.), Colonel James Wallace.

Third Brigade.—Colonel SILAS COLGROVE, Commanding. 2d Massachusetts, Colonel Charles R. Mudge (killed), Lieut.-Colonel Charles F. Morse; 107th New York, Colonel Miron M. Crane; 13th New Jersey, Colonel Ezra A. Carman (wounded), Lieut.-Colonel John R. Fesler; 27th Indiana, Colonel Silas Colgrove, Lieut.-Colonel John R. Fesler; 3d Wisconsin, Lieut.-Colonel Martin Flood.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN W. GEARY, COMMANDING.

First Brigade.—Colonel CHARLES CANBY, Commanding. 28th Pennsylvania, Captain John Flynn; 147th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel Ario Pardee, Jr.; 5th Ohio, Colonel John H. Patrick; 7th Ohio, Colonel William R. Creighton; 29th Ohio, Captain W. F. Stevens (wounded), Captain Ed. Hays; 66th Ohio, Colonel C. Candy, Lieut.-Colonel Eugene Powell.

Second Brigade.—(1) Colonel GEORGE A. COBHAM, JR.; (2) Brigadier-General THOMAS L. KANE. 29th Pennsylvania, Colonel William Rickards; 109th Pennsylvania, Captain Fred. L. Gimber; 11th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel Thomas M. Walker, Lieut.-Colonel Frank J. Osgood.

Third Brigade.—Brigadier-General GEORGE S. GREENE, Commanding. 60th New York, Colonel Abel Godard; 78th New York, Lieut.-Colonel Herbert Von Hammerstein; 102d New York, Lieut.-Colonel James C. Lane (wounded); 137th New York, Colonel David Ireland; 149th New York, Colonel Henry A. Barnum, Lieut.-Colonel Charles B. Randall.

Artillery Brigade.—Lieutenant EDWARD D. MUHLENBERG, Commanding. Battery F, 4th United States, Lieutenant E. D. Muhlenberg, Lieutenant S. T. Rugg; Battery K, 5th United States, Lieutenant D. H. Kinsie; Battery M, 1st New York, Lieutenant Charles E. Winegar; Knap's Pennsylvania Battery, Lieutenant Charles Atwell.

Headquarter Guard.—Battalion 10th Maine.

CAVALRY CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL ALFRED PLEASANTON, COMMANDING.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN BUFORD, COMMANDING.

First Brigade.—Colonel WILLIAM GAMBLE, Commanding. 8th New York, Colonel Benjamin F. Davis; 8th Illinois, Colonel William Gamble, Lieut.-Colonel D. R. Clendenin; two squadrons 12th Illinois, Colonel Amos Voss; three squadrons 3d Indiana, Colonel Geo. H. Chapman.

Second Brigade.—Colonel THOMAS C. DEVIN, Commanding. 6th New York, Colonel Thomas C. Devin, Lieut.-Colonel William H. Crocker; 9th New York, Colonel William Sackett; 17th Pennsylvania, Colonel J. H. Kellogg; 3d Virginia (detachment).

Reserve Brigade.—Brigadier-General WESLEY MERRITT, Commanding. 1st United States, Captain R. S. C. Lord; 2d United States, Captain T. F. Rodenbough; 5th United States, Captain J. W. Mason; 6th United States, Major S. H. Starr (wounded), Captain G. C. Cram; 6th Pennsylvania, Major James H. Hazeltine.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL D. McM. GREGG, COMMANDING.

(HEADQUARTER GUARD—Company A, 1st Ohio.)

First Brigade.—Colonel J. B. McINTOSH, Commanding. 1st New Jersey, Major M. H. Beaumont; 1st Pennsylvania, Colonel John P. Taylor; 3d Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel Edward S. Jones; 1st Maryland, Lieut.-Colonel James M. Deems; 1st Massachusetts at Headquarters Sixth Corps.

*Second Brigade.*²—Colonel PENNOCK HUEY, Commanding. 2d New York, 4th New York, 8th Pennsylvania, 6th Ohio.

Third Brigade.—Colonel J. I. GREGG, Commanding. 1st Maine, Colonel Charles H. Smith; 10th New York, Major W. A. Avery; 4th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel W. E. Doster; 16th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel John K. Robison.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JUDSON KILPATRICK, COMMANDING.

(HEADQUARTER GUARD—Company C, 1st Ohio.)

First Brigade.—(1) Brigadier-General E. J. FARNSWORTH; (2) Colonel N. P. RICHMOND. 5th New York, Major John Hammond; 18th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel William P. Brinton; 1st Vermont, Colonel Edward D. Sawyer; 1st West Virginia, Colonel H. P. Richmond.

¹ Unassigned during progress of battle; afterward attached to First Division as Second Brigade.

² Not engaged.

Second Brigade.—Brigadier-General GEORGE A. CUSTER, Commanding. 1st Michigan, Colonel Charles H. Town; 5th Michigan, Colonel Russell A. Alger; 6th Michigan, Colonel George Gray; 7th Michigan, Colonel William D. Mann.

HORSE ARTILLERY.¹

First Brigade.—Captain JOHN M. ROBERTSON, Commanding. Batteries B and L, 2d United States, Lieutenant Edw. Heaton; Battery M, 2d United States, Lieutenant A. C. M. Pennington; Battery E, 4th United States, Lieutenant S. S. Elder; 6th New York, Lieut. Joseph W. Martin; 9th Michigan, Captain J. J. Daniels; 8d United States, Lieutenant William D. Fuller.

Second Brigade.—Captain JOHN C. TIDBALL, Commanding. Batteries G and E, 1st United States, Captain A. M. Randol; Battery K, 1st United States, Captain William M. Graham; Battery A, 2d United States, Lieut. John H. Calef; Battery C, 3d United States.

ARTILLERY RESERVE.

- (1) BRIGADIER-GENERAL R. O. TYLER (disabled).
- (2) CAPTAIN JOHN M. ROBERTSON.

First Regular Brigade.—Captain D. R. RANSOM, Commanding (wounded). Battery H, 1st United States, Lieutenant C. P. Eakin (wounded); Batteries F and K, 3d United States, Lieutenant J. C. Turnbull; Battery C, 4th United States, Lieutenant Evan Thomas; Battery C, 5th United States, Lieutenant G. V. Weir.

First Volunteer Brigade.—Lieut.-Colonel F. MCGILVER, Commanding. 15th New York, Captain Patrick Hart; Batteries F and G, Pennsylvania, Captain R. B. Ricketts; 5th Massachusetts, Captain C. A. Phillips; 9th Massachusetts, Captain John Bigelow.

Second Volunteer Brigade.—Captain E. D. TAFT, Commanding. Battery B, 1st Connecticut;² Battery M, 1st Connecticut;² 5th New York, Captain Elijah D. Taft; 2d Connecticut, Lieutenant John W. Sterling.

Third Volunteer Brigade.—Captain JAMES F. HUNTINGTON, Commanding. Batteries F and G, 1st Pennsylvania, Captain James Thompson; Battery H, 1st Ohio, Captain James F. Huntington; Battery A, 1st New Hampshire, Captain F. M. Edgell; Battery C, 1st West Virginia, Captain Wallace Hill.

Fourth Volunteer Brigade.—Captain R. H. FITZHUGH, Commanding. Battery B, 1st New York, Captain Jas. McRorty (killed); Battery G, 1st New York, Captain Albert N. Ames; Battery K, 1st New York (11th Battery attached), Captain Robert H. Fitzhugh; Battery A, 1st Maryland, Captain Jas. H. Rigby; Battery A, 1st New Jersey, Lieutenant Augustin N. Parsons; 6th Maine, Lieutenant Edwin B. Dow.

Train Guard.—Major CHARLES EWING, Commanding. 4th New Jersey Infantry.

Headquarter Guard.—Captain J. C. FULLER, Commanding. Battery C, 32d Massachusetts.

DETACHMENTS AT HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Command of the Provost-Marshal-General.—Brigadier-General M. R. PATRICK, Commanding. 93d New York,² 8th United States,² 1st Massachusetts Cavalry, 2d Pennsylvania Cavalry, Batteries E and I, 6th Pennsylvania Cavalry, Detachment Regular Cavalry, United States Engineer Battalion,² Captain Geo. H. Mendel, United States Engineers.

Guards and Orderlies.—Captain D. P. MANN, Commanding. Independent Company Oneida Cavalry.

¹ A section of a battery attached to the Funnell Legion was with Gregg on the 3d.

² Not engaged.

ROSTER B.

ORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, JUNE 1, 1863.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE, COMMANDING.

STAFF.

COLONEL W. H. TAYLOR, Adjutant-General.
 " C. S. VENABLE, A.D.C.
 " CHARLES MARSHALL, A.D.C.
 " JAMES L. CORLEY, Chief Quartermaster.
 " R. G. COLE, Chief Commissary.
 " B. G. BALDWIN, Chief of Ordnance.
 " H. L. PEYTON, Assistant Inspector-General.
 GENERAL W. N. PENDLETON, Chief of Artillery.
 DOCTOR L. GUILD, Medical Director.
 COLONEL W. PROCTOR SMITH, Chief Engineer.
 MAJOR H. E. YOUNG, Assistant Adjutant-General.
 " G. B. COOK, Assistant Inspector-General.

FIRST CORPS.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET, COMMANDING.

McLAWS' DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL L. McLAWS, COMMANDING.

Kershaw's Brigade.—Brigadier-General J. B. KERSHAW, Commanding. 15th South Carolina Regiment, Colonel W. D. DeSaussure; 8th South Carolina Regiment, Colonel J. W. Manning; 2d South Carolina Regiment, Colonel John D. Kennedy; 3d South Carolina Regiment, Colonel James D. Nance; 7th South Carolina Regiment, Colonel D. Wyatt Aiken; 3d (James'), Battalion South Carolina Infantry, Lieut.-Colonel R. C. Rice.

Benning's Brigade.—Brigadier-General H. L. BENNING, Commanding. 50th Georgia Regiment, Colonel W. R. Manning; 51st Georgia Regiment, Colonel W. M. Slaughter; 53d Georgia Regiment, Colonel James P. Somms; 10th Georgia Regiment, Lieut.-Colonel John B. Weems.

Barksdale's Brigade.—Brigadier-General WM. BARKSDALE, Commanding. 13th Mississippi Regiment, Colonel J. W. Carter; 17th Mississippi Regiment, Colonel W. D. Holder; 18th Mississippi Regiment, Colonel Thomas M. Griffin; 21st Mississippi Regiment, Colonel B. G. Humphreys.

Wofford's Brigade.—Brigadier-General W. T. WOFFARD, Commanding. 18th Georgia Regiment, Major E. Griffs; Phillips' Georgia Legion, Colonel W. M. Phillips; 24th Georgia Regiment, Colonel Robert McMillan; 16th Georgia Regiment, Colonel Goode Bryan; Cobb's Georgia Legion, Lieut.-Colonel L. D. Glenn.

PICKETT'S DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE E. PICKETT, COMMANDING.

Garnett's Brigade.—Brigadier-General R. B. GARNETT, Commanding. 8th Virginia Regiment, Colonel Eppa Hunton; 18th Virginia Regiment, Colonel R. E. Withers; 19th Virginia Regiment, Colonel Henry Gantt; 28th Virginia Regiment, Colonel R. C. Allen; 56th Virginia Regiment, Colonel W. D. Stuart.

Armistead's Brigade.—Brigadier-General L. A. ARMISTEAD, Commanding. 9th Virginia Regiment, Lieut.-Colonel J. S. Gilliam; 14th Virginia Regiment, Colonel J. G. Hodges; 38th Virginia Regiment, Colonel E. C. Edmonds; 53d Virginia Regiment, Colonel John Grammer; 67th Virginia Regiment, Colonel J. B. Magruder.

Kemper's Brigade.—Brigadier-General J. L. KEMPER, Commanding. 1st Virginia Regiment, Colonel Lewis B. Williams, jr; 8d Virginia Regiment, Colonel Joseph Mayo, jr; 7th Virginia Regiment, Colonel W. T. Patton; 11th Virginia Regiment, Colonel David Funs-ton; 24th Virginia Regiment, Colonel W. R. Terry.

Toombs' Brigade.—Brigadier-General R. TOOMBS, Commanding. 2d Georgia Regiment, Colonel E. M. Butt; 15th Georgia Regiment, Colonel E. M. DuBose; 17th Georgia Regiment, Colonel W. C. Hodges; 20th Georgia Regiment, Colonel J. B. Cummings.

Corse's Brigade.—Brigadier-General M. D. CORSE, Commanding. 15th Virginia Regiment, Colonel T. P. August; 17th Virginia Regiment, Colonel Morton Marye; 30th Virginia Regiment, Colonel A. T. Harrison; 32d Virginia Regiment, Colonel E. B. Montague.

HOOD'S DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL J. B. HOOD.

Robertson's Brigade.—Brigadier-General J. B. ROBERTSON, Commanding. 1st Texas Regiment, Colonel A. T. Rainey; 4th Texas Regiment, Colonel J. C. G. Key; 5th Texas Regiment, Colonel R. M. Powell; 3d Arkansas Regiment, Colonel Van H. Manning.

Laws' Brigade.—Brigadier-General E. M. LAWS, Commanding. 4th Alabama Regiment, Colonel P. A. Bowles; 4th Alabama Regiment, Colonel W. H. Perry; 15th Alabama Regiment, Colonel James Canty; 47th Alabama Regiment, Colonel J. W. Jackson; 48th Alabama, Colonel J. F. Shepherd.

Anderson's Brigade.—Brigadier-General G. T. ANDERSON, Commanding. 10th Georgia Battalion, Major J. E. Rylander; 7th Georgia Regiment, Colonel W. M. White; 8th Georgia Regiment, Lieut.-Colonel J. R. Towers; 9th Georgia Regiment, Colonel B. F. Beck; 11th Georgia Regiment, Colonel F. H. Little.

Jenkins' Brigade.—Brigadier-General M. JENKINS, Commanding. 2d South Carolina Rifles, Colonel Thomas Thompson; 1st South Carolina Regiment, Lieut.-Colonel David Livingstone; 5th South Carolina Regiment, Colonel A. Coward; 6th South Carolina Regiment, Colonel John Bratton; Hampton's Legion, Colonel M. W. Gary.

ARTILLERY OF THE FIRST CORPS.

COLONEL J. B. WALTON, COMMANDING.

Battalion.—Colonel H. C. CABELL; Major HAMILTON. Batteries: McCarty's, Manly's, Carlton's, Fraser's.

Battalion.—Major DEARING; Major REED. Batteries: Macon's, Blount's, Stribling's, Caskie's.

Battalion.—Major HENRY. Batteries: Bachman's, Rielly's, Latham's, Gordon's.

Battalion.—Colonel E. P. ALEXANDER; Major HUGER. Batteries: Jordan's, Rhett's, Moody's, Parker's, Taylor's.

Battalion.—Major ESHLEMAN. Batteries: Squire's, Miller's, Richardson's, Norcom's.

Total number of guns, Artillery of the First corps, 83.

SECOND CORPS.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL R. S. EWELL.

EARLY'S DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL J. A. EARLY, COMMANDING.

Hays' Brigade.—Brigadier-General H. S. HAYS, Commanding. 5th Louisiana Regiment, Colonel Henry Forno; 6th Louisiana Regiment, Colonel William Monaghan; 7th Louisiana Regiment, Colonel D. B. Penn; 8th Louisiana Regiment, Colonel Henry B. Kelley; 9th Louisiana Regiment, Colonel A. L. Stafford.

Gorden's Brigade.—Brigadier-General J. B. GORDEN, Commanding. 13th Georgia Regiment, Colonel J. M. Smith; 23th Georgia Regiment, Colonel E. N. Atkinson; 31st Georgia Regiment, Colonel C. A. Evans; 38th Georgia Regiment, Major J. D. Matthews; 60th Georgia Regiment, Colonel W. H. Stiles; 61st Georgia Regiment, Colonel J. H. Lamar.

Smith's Brigade.—Brigadier-General WILLIAM SMITH, Commanding. 13th Virginia Regiment, Colonel J. E. B. Terrill; 31st Virginia Regiment, Colonel John S. Hoffman; 49th Virginia Regiment, Colonel Gibson; 52d Virginia Regiment, Colonel Skinner; 58th Virginia Regiment, Colonel F. H. Board.

Hoke's Brigade.—Colonel J. E. AVERY, Commanding (General R. F. HOKE being absent, wounded). 5th North Carolina Regiment, Colonel J. E. Avery; 21st North Carolina Regiment, Colonel W. W. Kirkland; 54th North Carolina Regiment, Colonel J. C. T. McDowell; 57th North Carolina Regiment, Colonel A. C. Godwin; 1st North Carolina Battalion, Major R. H. Wharton.

RHODE'S DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL R. E. RHODES, COMMANDING.

Daniel's Brigade.—Brigadier-General JUNIUS DANIEL, Commanding. 32d North Carolina Regiment, Colonel E. C. Brabble; 43d North Carolina Regiment, Colonel Thomas S. Keenan; 45th North Carolina Regiment, Lieut.-Colonel Samuel H. Boyd; 53d North Carolina Regiment, Colonel W. A. Owens; 2d North Carolina Battalion, Lieut.-Colonel H. S. Andrew.

Doles' Brigade.—Brigadier-General GEORGE DOLES, Commanding. 4th Georgia Regiment, Lieut.-Colonel D. R. E. Winn; 12th Georgia Regiment, Colonel Edward Willis; 21st Georgia Regiment, Colonel J. T. Mercer; 44th Georgia Regiment, Colonel S. P. Lumpkin.

Iverson's Brigade.—Brigadier-General ALFRED IVERSON, Commanding. 5th North Carolina Regiment, Captain S. B. West; 12th North Carolina Regiment, Lieut.-Colonel N. Slough; 23d North Carolina Regiment, Colonel D. H. Christie.

Ramseur's Brigade.—Brigadier-General S. D. RAMSEUR, Commanding. 2d North Carolina Regiment, Major E. W. Hurt; 4th North Carolina Regiment, Colonel Bryan Grimes; 14th North Carolina Regiment, Colonel R. T. Bennett; 30th North Carolina Regiment, Colonel F. M. Parker.

Rodes' Brigade.—Colonel E. A. O'NEAL, Commanding. 3d Alabama Regiment, Colonel C. A. Battle; 5th Alabama Regiment, Colonel J. M. Hall; 6th Alabama Regiment, Colonel J. N. Lightfoot; 12th Alabama Regiment, Colonel S. B. Pickens; 26th Alabama Regiment, Lieut.-Colonel J. C. Goodgame.

JOHNSON'S DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL ED. JOHNSON, COMMANDING.

Stewart's Brigade.—Brigadier-General GEORGE H. STEWART, Commanding. 10th Virginia Regiment, Colonel E. T. H. Warren; 23d Virginia Regiment, Colonel A. G. Talliaferro; 27th Virginia Regiment, Colonel T. V. Williams; 1st North Carolina Regiment, Colonel J. A. McDowell; 3d North Carolina Regiment, Lieut.-Colonel Thurston.

"Stonevall's" Brigade.—Brigadier-General JAMES A. WALKER, Commanding. 2d Virginia Regiment, Colonel J. Q. A. Nadenbousch; 4th Virginia Regiment, Colonel Charles A. Ronald; 5th Virginia Regiment, Colonel J. H. S. Funk; 27th Virginia Regiment, Colonel J. K. Edmondson; 33d Virginia Regiment, Colonel F. M. Holladay.

Jones' Brigade.—Brigadier-General JOHN M. JONES, Commanding. 21st Virginia Regiment, Captain Moseley; 42d Virginia Regiment, Lieut.-Colonel Withers; 44th Virginia Regiment, Captain Buckner; 48th Virginia Regiment, Colonel T. S. Garnett; 50th Virginia Regiment, Colonel Vandeventer.

Nicholls' Brigade.—Colonel J. M. WILLIAMS, Commanding (General F. T. Nicholls being absent, wounded). 1st Louisiana Regiment, Colonel William R. Shivers; 2d Louisiana Regiment, Colonel J. M. Williams; 10th Louisiana Regiment, Colonel E. Waggoner; 14th Louisiana Regiment, Colonel Z. York; 15th Louisiana Regiment, Colonel Edward Pendleton.

ARTILLERY OF THE SECOND CORPS.

COLONEL S. CRUTCHFIELD, COMMANDING.

Battalion.—Lieut.-Colonel Thomas H. Carter; Major Carter M. Braxton. Batteries: Page's, Fry's, Carter's, Reese's.

Battalion.—Lieut.-Colonel H. P. JONES; Major BROCKENBOROUGH. Batteries: Carlington's, Garber's, Thompson's, Tanner's.

Battalion.—Lieut.-Colonel S. ANDREWS; Major LATIMER. Batteries: Brown's, Dermot's, Carpenter's, Raine's.

Battalion.—Lieut.-Colonel NELSON; Major PAGE. Batteries: Kirkpatrick's, Massie's, Millege's.

Battalion.—Colonel J. T. BROWN; Major HARDAWAY. Batteries: Dauce's, Watson's, Smith's, Huff's, Graham's.

Total number of guns, Artillery of the Second Corps, 82.

THIRD CORPS.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL A. P. HILL, COMMANDING.

R. H. ANDERSON'S DIVISION.

Wilcox's Brigade.—Brigadier-General C. M. WILCOX, Commanding. 8th Alabama Regiment, Colonel T. L. Royster; 9th Alabama Regiment, Colonel S. Henry; 10th Alabama Regiment, Colonel W. H. Forney; 11th Alabama Regiment, Colonel J. C. C. Saunders; 14th Alabama Regiment, Colonel L. P. Pinkham.

Mahone's Brigade.—Brigadier-General WILLIAM MAHONE, Commanding. 8th Alabama Regiment, Colonel G. T. Rogers; 12th Virginia Regiment, Colonel D. A. Weisiger; 16th Virginia Regiment, Lieut.-Colonel Joseph H. Ham; 41st Virginia Regiment, Colonel W. A. Farham; 61st Virginia Regiment, Colonel V. D. Groner.

Posey's Brigade.—Brigadier-General CANOT POSEY, Commanding. 46th Mississippi Regiment, Colonel Joseph Jayne; 16th Mississippi Regiment, Colonel Samuel E. Baker; 19th Mississippi Regiment, Colonel John Mullins; 12th Mississippi Regiment, Colonel W. H. Taylor.

Wright's Brigade.—Brigadier-General A. R. WRIGHT, Commanding. 2d Georgia Battalion, Major G. W. Ross; 3d Georgia Regiment, Colonel E. J. Walker; 22d Georgia Regiment, Colonel R. H. Jones; 48th Georgia Regiment, Colonel William Gibson.

Perry's Brigade.—Brigadier-General E. A. PERRY, Commanding. 2d Florida Regiment, Lieut.-Colonel S. G. Pyles; 5th Florida Regiment, Colonel J. C. Hatley; 8th Florida Regiment, Colonel David Long.

HETH'S DIVISION.

First, Pettigrew's Brigade.—42d, 11th, 26th, 44th, 47th, 52d, and 17th North Carolina Regiments.

Second, Field's Brigade.—40th, 55th, and 47th Virginia Regiments.

Third, Archer's Brigade.—1st, 7th, and 14th Tennessee, and 13th Alabama Regiments.

Fourth, Cook's Brigade.—15th, 27th, 46th, and 48th North Carolina Regiments.

PENDER'S DIVISION.

First, McGowan's Brigade.—1st, 12th, 13th, and 14th North Carolina Regiments.

Second, Lane's Brigade.—7th, 18th, 28th, 33d, and 37th Georgia Regiments.

Third, Thomas' Brigade.—14th, 35th, 45th, and 49th Georgia Regiments.

Fourth, Pender's Old Brigade.—13th, 16th, 22d, 34th, and 38th North Carolina Regiments.

ARTILLERY OF THE THIRD CORPS.

COLONEL R. LINDSEY WALKER, COMMANDING.

Battalion.—Major D. G. MCINTOSH; Major W. F. POAGUE. Batteries: Hurt's, Rice's, Luck's, Johnson's.

Battalion.—Lieut.-Colonel GARNETT; Major RICHARDSON. Batteries: Lewis's, Maurin's, Moore's, Grandy's.

Battalion.—Major CUTSHAW. Batteries: Wyatt's, Woolfork's, Brooke's.

Battalion.—Major WILLIE P. PEGRAM. Batteries: Brunson's, Davidson's, Crenshaw's, McGraw's, Marye's.

Battalion.—Lieut.-Colonel CUTTS; Major LANE. Batteries: Winfield's, Ross', Patterson's.

Total number of guns, Artillery of the Third Corps, 83.

Total number of guns, Army of Northern Virginia, 248.

LIEUT.-GENERAL J. E. B. STUART'S CAVALRY CORPS.

Brigadier-General Wade Hampton's Brigade.

Brigadier-General Fitz Hugh Lee's Brigade.

Brigadier-General W. H. F. Lee's Brigade, under Colonel Chambliss.

Brigadier-General B. H. Robertson's Brigade.

Brigadier-General William E. Jones' Brigade.

Brigadier-General J. D. Imboden's Brigade.

Brigadier-General A. G. Jenkins' Brigade.

Colonel White's Battalion.

Baker's Brigade.

CHAPTER XVI.

REMINISCENCES OF CAMP AND FIELD. POEM.

WHERE IN THUNDER WAS GENERAL GRANT?

DURING the war, in the country towns, the wounded soldier, home on furlough, was considered the lion of the village; a special wonder in the eyes of all, both old and young. This, of course, afforded the soldier great pleasure, and he made the most of the situation, and many were the wonderful stories of daring adventure, and terrible suffering through which he had passed. These were usually accepted by the listeners with but little, if any, discount.

During the autumn of 1864, one of Grant's men, who had been severely wounded in the Wilderness fight, was at his old home, a small hamlet in eastern Maine, on a furlough. It was an election day, and the yeomanry were out in full force. Nearly every one had relatives in the army, and of course were anxious to hear of army life, and the particulars about the marches, officers, battles, etc. Our hero, a mere youth, who had seen two years service at the front, however, received a volley of a hundred questions as the first greeting, the following being fair samples of their character:

"How do you go into a fight?" "How did it feel when you were shot?" "Were you scared?" "Did you see General Lee?" "How many rebels did you kill?" "Did you ever talk with General Grant?" "Was he near you when you were shot?"

This hopeful youth saw it was a good opportunity to spin a yarn, and being well qualified by his two years associations, for the task, told his old neighbors that if they would listen, he would describe the whole matter to them. Silence reigned in a moment, and with open mouths and eyes the people listened for a truthful description of a battle from one of their own boys.

Assuming a face of gravity, showing that he appreciated the importance of the occasion, the soldier began his narrative. He informed them how the corps were organized from the brigades and divisions, pictured to their minds how the army marched along the different routes, told them of the passage across the Rappahannock and Rapidan, how the army entered the Wilderness and encamped the night before the battle, gave them information as to how the coffee was prepared in the morning, the breastworks constructed, and how at noon they advanced through the dense forest to find the Confederates.

Then came the battle. The blue and gray struggling beneath the pine trees, how in the thickest of the fight he was wounded just as the line began to fall back.

"Where in thunder was General Grant?" blurted out one fellow, who could contain his curiosity and excitement no longer. "Where was Grant?" he repeated.

The questioner was silenced by a gesture of the soldier's hand, and he continued: "I was about to remark, that when I was wounded, the line began to fall back, and I went as rapidly as possible toward the rear. As I was passing along the turnpike General Grant rode up to me and cried, 'For God's sake go back to the front, the army has learned of your being wounded, they are all retreating, and every thing will be lost if you do not.'"

I answered, "No, Grant, I am severely wounded. You must go in now and take the responsibility yourself. That was the last time General Grant talked with me." There was disgust on every face in the crowd, and without saying more they departed, and left this military liar master of the field.

NO MARK OF A GENTLEMAN.

In a certain company there was one fellow who failed to comprehend the importance of keeping his person clean. He received many words of admonition, threats and warnings from his officers, but all to no avail.

One day there was to be a regimental inspection, and as

fate would have it, this fellow's neck and ears were in a most sorry plight. The inspector was a graduate from West Point and of course every thing must be in first-class order. Coming to the company of which this man was a member, accompanied by his captain, the inspector went down the line until he came to the subject of this sketch, up to which time all had gone well.

At first he examined his rusty rifle, then his dirty, unbrushed clothes, and his shoes unblackened. His face was livid with anger. Then by chance he saw his neck, upon which the dust had gathered in a thick layer, and not having been moistened for weeks, had cracked open and was in large flakes; then his ears, the inside of which were as black as the muzzles of two twelve pounders. With a puzzled look the inspector turned to the captain and said, "When you return to camp at least swab out his ears."

When the company returned to its camp street, this fellow stepped out of the ranks, before the company, when with much indignant feeling the captain told him how he had "disgraced himself, his officers and his company." When the captain ceased speaking, the culprit, whose face was a perfect picture of woe, without changing a muscle in his countenance, spoke thus, in his own defence: "All you have said may be true, captain, but I do want to say that, in my opinion, it is a cussed mean business to go around and peek in other folks ears."

"WASHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES."

The army was in front of Petersburg, the opposing lines were near each other, and there was an incessant fire between the two; minie balls and shells occasionally dropped as if from the skies to send death and terror among the men.

The troops were obliged to spend much of their time in the bomb-proof. Cooking was almost impossible, and washing soon became one of the lost arts. To add to the embarrassment of the situation, the trenches became inhabited by those little gray insects which are the bane of a soldier's life; ver-

min. They bivouacked on their shirts and entrenched themselves in every seam, until it was almost impossible to dislodge them. Daily raids were made upon them, and fruitless endeavors made to pick them off; the garments were frequently turned hoping that by constant change and the keeping them upon the outside, they might be run to death, but these expedients only lessened the evil for the time being.

To wash the garments and then boil them in salt and water was considered a very effective means to get rid of them, but a fellow would resist that temptation a long time before he would build a fire and thus expose himself to the Confederate sharpshooters and the terrible shells.

One day, when the heat was intense and the insects unusually active, one fellow declared he would stand it no longer; that he had sooner die like a man than to be tortured to death by degrees. He sprang out from the bomb-proof, a fire was kindled, the company kettle of sheet-iron was filled with water, and placed upon the burning sticks of wood, while the bullets began to fly around the adventurous man. He wisely concluded that he would not wash the garment, but rather take it from his person and boil it, as this process would require much less time, and would be equally destructive to his tormentors. The water reaching a boiling point, his only shirt was placed into the foaming liquid, while its owner, with a remorseless smile upon his grim countenance, stood and enjoyed solid comfort, at the discomfiture of his foes.

There was a rushing sensation in the air above his head, as if a planet was about to drop from the firmament above him. The cause, his comrades well understood, and he sprang for the bomb-proof, and none too quickly. A huge shell plunged down and as if guided by the hand of fate, buried itself in the fire. A moment later there was an explosion that shook the earth for rods, and it is quite needless to add that the company kettle and that shirt, had not been heard from when the regiment left for home some ten months afterward.

DEMORALIZED.

We succeeded in playing a very rich joke upon a member of our regiment, just as the battle began in the Wilderness. This man's name was G——t. He was always nervous under fire. Like all the rest of us he did not relish the sound of the whistling bullets, and the fearful rush of the bursting shells, but, unlike many of us, he did not have the happy faculty of concealing his fear. He well understood that we all knew of his cowardice, and this only increased it.

His habit when under fire was, if we halted for a moment, to throw himself upon the ground, bury his face in the dirt, and endeavor to get out of range of the enemy's fire. This habit became so notorious that the boys all used to declare, if he was placed under fire upon an oaken floor, he would settle his whole size right through the solid wood; but perhaps such a statement is a slight exaggeration of the truth.

On the afternoon of May fifth the division was ordered to advance and open the battle. Before proceeding far through the dense forest, it came upon the advance line of the enemy, who immediately opened fire upon it, the bullets flying thickly in every direction. A skirmish line was deployed in front of us, and we could not fire without endangering the lives of our comrades. The order came for us to halt for a few moments. The bullets were shattering the dry pine limbs above our heads, and the splinters were flying as thickly as hailstones.

The moment we halted, G——t threw himself upon the ground, and following his custom, began to sink from view. As a kind providence would have it, there was a pine stump, about the size of a nail keg, directly in front of him, and he did not observe what the boys were quick to see. The old stump was very much decayed, in fact, so rotten that a pebble might have been easily thrown through it. The boys saw there was an opportunity to have some fun. For a moment we forgot all about the danger around us, and the battle before us, as we heartily entered into the spirit of the occasion.

There was a member of the regiment to which G——t

belonged, by the name of Tom, whose yell so much resembled the screech of a shell that one could scarcely be distinguished from the other. He occupied a position several rods in advance of the line. Three or four gun-straps were taken from as many guns, fastened together, and one end made fast to the top of the stump, while a fellow had the other end in the rear of G——t's feet. The muzzles of half-a-dozen guns were placed about the head of the unsuspecting victim; a signal was given; Tom's terrible yell sent terror along the line; the guns were discharged; a sharp pull was given upon the strap, and the stump rolled down over the head and back of G——t. He sprang to his feet, and for a moment seemed to be bewildered. Then he turned and dashed to the rear, through the line of battle and the provost guard, over the breastworks, and back to the old Wilderness tavern. We did not see him again for a number of days.

The best of the joke was that we were never able to convince him it was a joke. To him it was always a serious reality—a shell exploded upon his shoulders. To this day he tells his grandchildren of his wonderful escape from death in the Wilderness, and perhaps may be drawing a pension for injuries received on that occasion.

“SOLD.”

Among the recruits who came to the — Maine, in the spring of 1865, when encamped near Hatcher's Run, was an Irishman who bore the classic name of Patrick Muldownie. He was a most singular looking man for a soldier, short and thick set, very fleshy, with little, stumpy legs which seemed to creak and groan under the great load placed upon them; his head was large and round, its top destitute of hair, while his face would have resembled the moon at its full had it been red. He was a tailor, by trade, and when he enlisted the large bounty he received not satisfying his sordid greed for filthy lucre, he packed several suits of fine blue clothing in his knapsack, intending to earn an honest penny by selling

them to the soldiers at the enormous prices which they would command at the front. He was obliged to march several miles from a station on the City Point railroad to the camp at Hatcher's Run. The knapsack was large and heavy, and its owner soon became weary of its burden.

True to the instincts of his nation, he began to grumble to himself something like the following: "An' bad luck to meself, an' a bloody fool was I the day I enlisted in the Union army to free the black, nasty nagers; an' I wonder why I was not afther taken me whole establishment upon me back whin I came, as well have it all as a part whin I'm not able to carry ither." Just then he saw a squad of cavalrymen passing, and ceasing from his philosophical soliloquy, he yelled, "An' can ye inform me where the —— Maine is to be found?" "O yes," replied the trooper thus addressed, who probably had never heard of such a regiment before, "I know right where their camp is."

"An' would ye be afther going in that direction me b'hoy?" "Yes, the colonel is my brother, and I shall make him a call as I go past." "An' now ye are talkin' me lad. An' phawt will ye carry this small knapsack to ye brother's for? I care nothing for its weight, for it is as light as a feather, but I don't want to go to the regiment of ye brother looking like a baste of burthen, at all, at all."

"O, give me five dollars and I will leave it there for you." "An unmerciful a price for so small a bundle, but Patrick Muldownie cares nothing for money, so here is the greenback. Take the knapsack, presint me compliments to yer brother, ther kernel, and tell him I am on me way."

After dark that night the name of Patrick Muldownie was read for the first time at the roll call of Company H. He was quickly surrounded by a number of smart young recruits who had enlisted several weeks before, and who now priding themselves as being old soldiers, were anxious to play the same jokes upon him which the older soldiers had played on them. But he motioned them aside with a lordly flourish of his hand and demanded, "Where is yer kernel's tent, me boys?" "And

what does a recruit like yourself want with the colonel, I would like to know?" questioned a spruce young fellow. "An' what is that to yourself, any how?" retorted the other; "what would ther loikes of yerself say should I tell yer that the kernel was an old pursonal friend of meself, and that his own brother came all the way from City Point to this bloody camp for no other purpose than to bring the knapsack of meself an' leave it with the kernel 'til I should be afther calling for it."

The boys, thinking the man must be either drunk or insane, and that there would be some fun, pointed out to him the tent of the regimental commander. Muldownie moved forward in that direction in a most gallant manner. The guard had been removed, and without waiting to knock at the door for admission, he walked directly in. The colonel was just in the act of retiring. Imagine his surprise at the unannounced entrance of the man, and upon hearing the following remarks: "An' it's me knapsack which I am afther." "What is your name?" "An' what odds about me name? It's me knapsack I want." "Your name, sir?" cried the enraged officer. "An' its not Patrick Muldownie that is ashamed of his name, sir! as good a name as your own, I have no doubt; but its me knapsack which your brother was to lave with ye for meself." "Brother! I never had any, you lunatic. Leave this tent, or I will send you to the guard-house for a week." "By the Holy Virgin, sir, there was never one by the name, I swear, who would consint to be bullied out of his rights. It's me knapsack I want, and will have, if I turn yer bloody tent inside out." Suiting his actions to the words, he quickly prepared for action.

The colonel's reinforcements providentially arrived, when the Irishman was captured, and borne to the guard-house. In the morning he told his story, and was released; but he vowed eternal vengeance upon the head of the man who had defrauded him out of his knapsack and money.

Ever after that, when any desired to raise war in Ireland, one had only to inquire about that knapsack and the colonel's brother. If he is living, let the trooper be warned by an old comrade to beware how he crosses the path of Muldownie.

CHEEK.

Of all the royal spirits there was not one more generous and brave than Sergeant Winslow, and in all the foraging expeditions where this notable failed to succeed, it was but little use for others to try.

On the march from Five Forks to Appomattox, Lee's army being in full retreat, and fearfully shattered each day by the blows it was receiving from the mailed hand of the Union army, the division of which he was a member, was supporting General Sheridan's cavalry, and by the extraordinary marching it performed, won the name of "foot cavalry."

It was a day or two before Lee's surrender, rations were scarce, the men were hungry, footsore and tired. There was but little food of any kind left in that section of the country, and that little was usually found guarded to protect it from the soldiers. In passing a large farm-house just at noon, at which General Griffin, commanding the division, had established his headquarters, it was found to be surrounded by his cavalry escort. Sentinels were stationed around it. The General and his staff were standing on the veranda. In the front yard of the house was a large flock of sheep which their owner had placed there for safe keeping, they having the double protection of the yard fence and the cavalry guard.

As the troops marched past, Sergeant Winslow saw the sheep. His appetite was so keen that he forgot the surroundings, and dirty, ragged and bronzed, he passed through the guard as coolly as though he had been the commanding General, climbed the fence and sighting a huge, fat wether, which stood between the officers and himself, with a warning of "Look out!" he took aim and fired. The minie ball passed through the head of the sheep, and buried itself in the wall of the house behind General Griffin. The Sergeant did not stop to discuss the situation at all, but shouldered the sheep, and passed out in the same manner in which he had entered, leaving all the officers and guard speechless at his audacity. As the delicious meat was eaten, a unanimous vote of thanks was passed Sergeant Winslow for his magnificent exhibition of cheek.

A CHRISTMAS DINNER.

It was Christmas, and such a day! The sky was as blue and the air as mild as our own New England September. The boys were all in excellent spirits, and from the first the day was one of amusement.

At an early hour orders came to fall in for a ration of whiskey, which was to be issued on this special occasion, and enough of the men partook of the ardent to make the camp a lively scene for a few hours. Captain Loud very generously sent over to the brigade commissary, and purchased sufficient meat and vegetables to provide a magnificent Christmas dinner for the whole company.

The materials were placed in the hands of Daniel, the incomparable company cook, who soon produced a Christmas soup luscious enough to tickle the palate of a king. Eagerly the boys gathered around the cook-house, while the presiding genius of that establishment dealt out to them that memorable dinner.

In tin pans, plates and cups we carried it to our own tents, and ate. The tide of joy never flowed higher in Company H than on that Christmas day. In our tent's company of five was Sergeant H., a brave, generous-hearted fellow, but who on this occasion was a little too highly inspired by the liquid ration of the morning. A three quart sheet-iron mess pan contained his dinner. It was not quite full, he probably intended to draw a second ration before the dinner was completed. Just as we sat down to partake of the food, Captain Loud's voice was heard calling Sergeant H. The mess pan was quickly deposited upon the floor, and the Sergeant hastened to obey the call of his superior officer.

This was a very suitable occasion to play a joke on him, a quarter-pound package of black pepper being quickly poured into the soup and well stirred in, a small quantity of the fluid then poured from another pan upon it, and the mess pan returned to its place, just before the Sergeant returned. He was quickly seated upon the side of the lower berth, with his pan in one hand and a huge iron spoon in the other; a spoon-

ful of the contents of the dish, which spoonful was at least three fourths pepper, was quickly transferred to his mouth. Of course all expected an explosion of wrath, but to our disappointment and grief he was in just the right condition not to detect the joke, and as the soup was rapidly transferred from the pan to his mouth, his only comments were, "Splendid soup! splendid soup! only a little highly seasoned!"

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

During the winter of 1862-'63, while encamped near Stoneman's Switch, not far from Falmouth, Virginia, wood was very scarce and the soldiers were obliged to go down to Aquia Creek, some two or three miles away, and cut up stumps and carry them to camp.

One rainy day, a fellow went down to the creek, and, after an hour's severe labor, secured a great stump. It was so heavy he could not carry it to camp, but a brilliant plan suggested itself: he could carry it over to the railroad, and, as the freight train always ran slowly, it being up grade, he could put the stump on one of the flat cars and ride up to camp, throw the stump off, and then himself jump after it.

His plan worked well, and he rode two miles, up to camp, but to his sad discomfiture, when near the camp the train began to increase its speed and soon went at so rapid a rate that he did not dare jump off. He could only watch his opportunity and roll his load off in a clump of bushes, where he supposed it would be safe, and ride on to the next station, and then walk back. When he returned, the stump was missing; some scoundrel had stolen it. Vowing vengeance upon the head of the thief, he resolved to find his lost property. He searched through several of the company streets, but all of no avail, his wood was not to be found.

Disgusted and angry he returned to his tent. The boys pointed to a heap of wood in high glee, and one of them went on to explain that he was down on the railroad and captured a stump. It was so large he could not carry it away alone, and, fearing that the owner would put in an appearance he

had called in three other fellows, from another company, and had divided the wood in four equal parts, his tent of course receiving one fourth of the whole. Their exultation soon subsided when the owner explained to them that they had succeeded in stealing and then giving away their own wood.

A PALACE.

Our new quarters, says an old soldier, was a palace, both in size and architecture. It was built of pine logs and was eight feet in width by twelve feet in length. We located it upon a corner lot of our Company street, directly opposite that of our first sergeant. The interior was commodious, elegant and unique.

On the right as you entered the front door were the two berths, one above the other, designed to accommodate two men each; these being as long as the palace was wide, and occupied about four feet of its length. Directly opposite the front door, with a hall between, was the fire-place made of sods, with a chimney of barrels. The hall was, of course, as long as the palace was wide. On the left of the hall as you entered was the table occupying the remainder of the space. The furniture consisted of a bench as long as the table, and placed upon a line parallel with it. The lower berth, which was a little wider than the upper one, also served for a very comfortable seat. There were but few residences in Company H, furnished in such an elaborate manner as this one upon the corner.

Our company consisted of three old soldiers and a recruit. We kindly took the latter in to teach him the mysteries of a soldier's life, and he used to take daily lessons in carrying wood and water for the tent's company. It was very kind of us to interest ourselves in his behalf, and we hope he appreciated the kindness. The arrangement seemed to be a very satisfactory one at any rate, and he appeared to be willing to do all the work, and we—well, we were willing to gratify him, and did.

In the army it was always considered criminal to throw

cartridges down each other's chimneys, and the party guilty of such an offense, if detected, was of course to suffer a terrible punishment. When a fellow was sitting comfortably in his tent, and the coals and brands were suddenly blown into his face and around his room, he was to consider it an insult to his manhood, and a challenge to his bravery.

Our recruit was a splendid fellow, but one who prided himself upon his physical powers, and who was always ready for a combat. The rear of our tent came in contact with the rear of another tent occupied by the first sergeant of an adjoining company. For some reason this recruit had taken a strong dislike to this neighbor, and one evening as we were sitting around the little fire he was telling of his personal hatred for him, and vowing that if ever an opportunity was offered him, he would exercise his muscle upon him. We advised him to be peaceable and friendly, and in fact we placed much emphasis upon the desirability of such a course, especially when we saw that such advice only added to his determination to commence hostilities at the earliest opportunity.

While he was thus speaking of the subject of his wrath, Joe, with great dexterity, placed a small package of cartridges beneath the sticks of wood which were burning in the fireplace. A moment later, the fire and ashes were thrown by the explosion all over the tent. The recruit, whom we will call Dick, sprang to his feet and roared, "It is the cussed sergeant!" We instantly poured oil upon the troubled waters, by advising him to remain quiet, telling him that the Sergeant was a brave, powerful man, and that, in our opinion, it would be a very rash thing for so small a man as himself to make an attack upon him. While we were thus advocating peaceful measures, package number two went into the fire, and was quickly followed by another explosion. Dick could contain himself no longer, and yelled out, "If you old soldiers, who claim to be so brave, are too cowardly to protect this tent, I will show you that a recruit will not be imposed upon in this way!"

He caught an oak stick up in one hand, and with a big

bundle of cartridges in the other, he sallied forth. A few moments later there was an explosion in the sergeant's tent which blew fire, ashes, and wood in every direction, and nearly demolished the tent. The occupant, nearly boiling over with rage, rushed to the rear of his tent, and there met the enraged Dick, who was on the lookout for him. "You threw cartridges!" yelled the sergeant. "You threw them!" responded Dick; but just then they came in contact. Dick's stick came down upon the officer's head, and the latter's fist draped one of Dick's eyes in mourning. They clinched, wrestled, fell, and rolled into a deep ditch where we had removed the earth to build our chimney. It was partially filled with water, and the bath cooled the ire of both. They arose, explanations followed, a compromise was effected, and peace was restored.

Ever afterward, however, in speaking of the matter, Dick would always shake his head and declare "The sergeant lied when he said he was not guilty of throwing the cartridges, and the punishment he received was not half enough."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

There were two brothers in one company who were much attached to each other, one being twenty-five, the other sixteen years of age. Immediately after the battle of Antietam the elder was seized with typhoid fever, and was borne down nigh unto death. He was carried to the field hospital, with many others who were sick and wounded. The younger brother watched over him with all the solicitude of a brother's love, and every moment which he could spare from his company he was beside him. Night after night he watched over the patient, who was wild with delirium, who one moment would fancy that he was with his wife and children at home, and the next, that he was in the midst of the battle.

There were no persons in the tent who knew them, or no one who seemed to have any especial interest in the sick man's welfare. The heart of the younger grew sad and homesick for one kind word of sympathy to be spoken in his great

anxiety, but none were spoken. Intelligence reached the army that it was to be reviewed by President Lincoln, and great preparations were made to receive, in a proper manner, the man who filled so exalted a position.

The day of the review the younger brother was compelled to be with his company, but when the review ended, and the regiment broke ranks, he ran across the field to his brother, fearing that, in his absence, life might have passed away. The tent was reached, and when he entered it he saw a number of civilians conversing with the patients, and was much surprised to see a gentleman stooping down over his brother's form. He stooped near the foot of the bed; a great rough hand was being pressed gently upon the patient's brow, and words were being spoken to soothe him, as soft and sweet as a mother speaks to her child. The stranger saw the soldier halting at the foot of the rough couch, and arose until his tall form stood erect. He took the soldier's hand, asked him in relation to the patient, inquired what state they were from, and expressing a hearty wish that both might live to return home, he departed.

The hospital steward approached the soldier, and asked him if he knew who the stranger was, and when he replied that he did not, the steward remarked, "That man was President Lincoln."

The boy soldier buried his face in the rough blankets upon the bed of his unconscious brother; his pent-up feelings gave way, and he wept like a child. The words of sympathy, for which his heart was so hungry, had been spoken by the President of the United States. God bless the name of Abraham Lincoln!

"WHEN WILL THE REST OF THE CIRCUS ARRIVE."

General Charles Griffin, the commander of the First division, Fifth corps, was one of the most gallant officers in the army, and one whose dry humor was almost equal to his courage. He was a very plain, unostentatious man, who never surrounded himself with the pomp of war; his uniform was

always plain, and, in an active campaign, was usually much the worse for wear.

General Bartlett, commanding the Third brigade of Griffin's division, was likewise brave, but passionately fond of dress, and usually wore a uniform resplendent with gold lace.

During that fearful campaign from the Wilderness to the James river, in 1864, the officers, as well as the men, became ragged and dirty. Just before crossing the James river, the division halted for two or three days, near the Chickahominy river. General Bartlett immediately got out a new suit of uniform; new sky blue pants with stripes of gold lace, a short military jacket elaborately trimmed and well opened in front to show the clean linen bosom of the shirt. He mounted his horse and, followed by his staff, rode with great dignity down to visit his superior officer, General Griffin. The latter, clad in an old ragged uniform, was seated upon the ground in front of his little tent, intently examining a map. With quite a flourish Bartlett drew rein in front of him. Griffin looked up and gravely inquired: "Well, Bartlett, when will the rest of the circus arrive?" Without giving the desired information General Bartlett rode indignantly away.

A CRUEL JOKE.

A cruel joke was played upon a cook while in the trenches in front of Petersburg. In all the mysterious aits of cooking Daniel stood peerless, but he never took kindly to shells, while the screech of one of these monsters would cause immediate indisposition on his part.

There was a time while before that city that there seemed to be regular hours for shelling. For a time all would be quiet, and then were let loose all the dogs of war by the Confederates. The soldiers became so familiar with this practice that all knew about when to expect the music.

During those days of exposure Daniel, in common with other cooks, had established his headquarters far in the rear, and could be scarcely ever gotten up to the front. One day, one of the fellows was back at Daniel's establishment, and

informed that worthy that a flag of truce had been sent in, and there was to be no more firing for twenty-four hours, and that the captain wanted him to come up to the company and cook a big dinner for the boys. The materials to be furnished by the brigade commissary.

This was good news for the loyal cook. Though not brilliant in feats of arms, yet no other man shone with greater lustre than he among cooking utensils, and he was but too glad to go to the front and get up a feast for the boys; his preparations were most ample; he packed up immense quantities of tin ware and suspended cooking utensils about his person wherever it was possible.

At about one o'clock in the afternoon he might have been seen coming, a moving mass of tin ware. The heat was intense, and the bright rays of the sun were reflected from the culinary apparatus. All knew it was about time for the Confederate guns to open. Slowly and with dignity Daniel drew near the intrenched line, evidently not dreaming of danger. Suddenly a gun thundered over in a Confederate fort, quickly followed by a dozen more. The shells came screaming with fiendish glee through the air. Daniel turned, and the tin dishes were scattered to the four winds of heaven, as he dashed across the fields to the rear. He always blamed that fellow for the joke, although he endeavored to explain that it was only a salute which General Lee had fired in his honor.

CAMP OF DISTRIBUTION.

A soldier had been absent from his regiment, wounded, and upon his return was obliged to pass through the Camp of Distribution, near Alexandria, Virginia. It was during the autumn of 1864. There were some two thousand men there from the hospitals, awaiting orders to be forwarded to their regiments in the Army of the Potomac.

Each corps in that army was here represented by a street, and the soldiers of that corps here encamped in large circular Sibley tents. He found his place on the street of the Fifth

corps. There were two men detailed from each corps as cooks for their respective streets. Upon going down to draw his rations for dinner, upon arriving in camp, who should he find presiding over the culinary department but an old chum, Sam Fox, of Company F of his regiment.

The meeting was a mutual surprise, and afforded much enjoyment. Sam dealt him out a most generous dinner, and made him promise to pay him a visit that afternoon. It is needless to say the promise was fulfilled at an early hour. As he entered the large tent, over which Sam was the presiding genius, he was introduced by that worthy to Sergeant Reuben E. Talmage, of a New Jersey regiment, and who then was in command of the street assigned to the Fifth corps.

"This is the fellow," cried Sam, pointing to him, "he is one of the best cooks who ever came from Maine, just the man to help me, and I want you to detail him for that purpose immediately." Before he could ask for an explanation he was detailed by Sergeant Talmage to assist Sam in the cookhouse, and the Sergeant had departed. When his form was lost to view, Sam threw himself upon his bed, and laughed as loud as he could roar. "O, won't we have a big time!" he exclaimed, and "Didn't I play that well! We will have all the potatoes, onions, beefsteak and bread we want, and will stay here just as long as we please." Of course he could not refuse to obey orders, and was forthwith established as assistant cook in the Fifth corps street, at Camp Distribution.

The eight weeks which followed were memorable ones. Sam and his assistant acquitted themselves, in their field of labor, most successfully. Such cooking one never saw before! It was all done in the open air. A pit, three feet wide by twenty in length, was dug. At each end was a post, and upon these posts was placed poles, on which were suspended a dozen camp kettles. In these the rations were cooked. In the trench, over which the kettles hung, was a hot fire of oak wood. The rations consisted of salt pork and coffee, with a little fresh beef, and a few onions and potatoes thrown in as

luxuries. The family varied in size; men were constantly arriving, and each week a squad would be forwarded to their regiments.

One day would be cooked, perhaps, enough for three hundred men, the next day for a thousand, while the day following there would not be fifty in camp. On one occasion nearly a thousand men were to be sent, and these were to carry three days' rations. On this day there was much work for the cooks. Among other articles of food, two barrels of salt pork were boiled, and to do this they had to work all night. It was cold and windy, and the ground glistened with frost. The flames leaped forth from the pit beneath the boiling kettles, and sent their ruddy light and glaring heat far out in the cold, dark night. The men who had no fires in their tents were attracted by this fire, and came shivering with cold, to get warm. They soon gathered so thickly around it that it was only with great difficulty that the cooks could reach the fire to do their work. Soon Sam became enraged and made most vigorous assaults upon them. Late in the evening he succeeded in routing them, and they withdrew to their tents. At two o'clock in the morning the twelve great camp kettles were filled anew with pork and water, and again suspended over the fiery pit. The cooks were sleepy, and Sam decided that they had better "turn in," saying that he could easily awake in season to replenish the water in the kettles. Soon both slept soundly; Sam awoke first, and a peculiar odor accompanied by a frizzling sound, convinced him that he had slept too long; he caught up a kettle of cold water and rushed out to the fire.

While the cooks had been sleeping a change had been taking place around the fire; at least a score of German soldiers had come forth from the cold tents, spread their blankets upon the ground around the fire and were all soon asleep. The fire was burning briskly; in the dozen camp kettles the pork was frying and spattering, the water having all disappeared, and the kettles themselves being red with heat. Sam reached the end of the pit after having stumbled over half-a-dozen sleeping

Dutchmen. His only thought was to save the pork and his reputation as a cook. He flung the pail of water in such a manner that a part of it entered each kettle upon the pole; but what a sensation was created! Sheets of fiery flame, forked and satanic, flew forth from each hissing kettle, flying through the air in every direction, enfolded the sleeping forms resting so quietly upon the ground; burning fat fell upon the faces and hands of veterans who "fought mit Sigel," and who upon being thus rudely awakened evidently thought that Stonewall Jackson himself was upon them, and springing to their feet, leaving their blankets, rushed through the darkness endeavoring to extinguish the flames and exhausting the German vocabulary of profanity as they went. Sam was repaid for the loss of his pork. He came back to the tent, his fat sides shaking with laughter as he cried, "All the pork and twenty Dutchmen are burned up."

Of course where so many men were thrown together there was much stealing, and no property was safe unless strictly guarded. Of all foragers in that camp, not one equaled Sam in daring and success. Candles were one of the greatest luxuries in the army, and one day, to the great surprise of all, among other rations, we drew a large box of candles. The three sergeants, who had charge of the street of the Fifth corps, were present at the time, and quietly remarked "that as they had much writing to do evenings, they would not distribute the candles among the men but would have them carried immediately to their tents, which was done. As they did not offer to divide, Sam was very indignant, and, after they had gone, declared he would steal those candles.

That evening, while these officers were eating their supper in the cook-tent, as was customary, Sam carelessly remarked, "You will have to look out for those candles, boys, or some of the fellows will steal them." "O, no fear of that," laughed one of the trio, "I put them down under the floor in the upper corner of the tent, where no one would ever think of looking."

At midnight Sam glided forth from his tent, and skirmished

up to that of the sergeants, near the head of the street. Crawling upon the ground, he approached the upper corner, and after diligently digging for a few moments beneath the floor, pulled out a mysterious looking box, and returned to his tent. He, in high glee, made his dispositions rapidly. The candles were taken from the box, and the latter burned. They were then placed in a box of different form and size and carefully put under his bunk.

The next morning, at breakfast, the three sergeants looked crestfallen enough, but Sam, before either of them spoke, said gaily, "We purchased a prize last night." "What was it?" "Why, a Sixth corps fellow came here with a box of candles, and I bought them at so low a price that I know I can double my money on them." "Let's see them?" cried the three in one breath, and Sam pulled forth the unfamiliar looking box. "Sam," exclaimed one of them, "some villain stole our candles last night, and I will bet these are the same ones." "You don't say so," replied the astonished Sam. "Well, he was a hard looking fellow that sold them to me, and when he first offered them I thought of yours, but remembering that you had hidden them so carefully, I thought of course they were safe." "Well, won't you divide with us?" asked one of the officers. "I will be accommodating," said Sam, "but I paid fifteen dollars for those candles, and I can sell them for twice that amount; yet if you fellows want one half of them at cost, you may have them: I always like to do as I would be done by." "Ah, Sam, you are a jewel," remarked Talmage, as they paid that worthy seven and one half dollars, and without a shade of suspicion resting upon their minds, took one half of the box of candles and walked away.

Where so many of the men would so suddenly depart from this camp for their regiments, it would often occur that many rations would remain in our hands, and the coffee, especially, was of considerable value. The commander at the time was from Ohio, and he very patriotically gave orders that all such rations should be conveyed to his headquarters, and turned over to him. Sam did not believe in that doctrine, and made

arrangements to dispose of his own surplus rations. There was an eating saloon over on the outskirts of the convalescent camp, three fourths of a mile from our tent, and Sam had made arrangements with its proprietor to purchase all the rations he could smuggle to him. This smuggling was a most precarious business, and was strictly against orders, while the suspicions of the commander soon became aroused, as he did not turn any rations over to him, and his police were watching very narrowly.

Occasionally the commander would call at his tent, and inquire as to what became of all the coffee, and Sam, with a sober, honest face, would always answer, "The Fifth corps boys all like their drink amazingly strong, colonel." He had made elaborate preparations to smuggle coffee. He owned a huge blue overcoat, with a heavy cape; this coat was lined from the collar to the waist. He cut a small hole in the lining, just below the collar, then sewed the lining firmly to the outside, down both sides, and across the bottom, and thus had a huge pocket, which was capable of containing from thirty to forty pounds of coffee. He had a large amount on hand, and was anxiously awaiting for a favorable time to come when he could take it to his customer. There came a dark, rainy night; the rain fell in torrents, and the wind blew in wild gusts over the side hills, and wailed fearfully among the cloth tents. Occasionally there was a flash of lightning, and terrible peals of thunder would roll along the darkened sky. This was Sam's golden moment. The mysterious pocket in his coat was crowded full of the contraband article, and when by the most violent crowding it could be made to contain no more, the coat was placed on Sam's person, and he departed on his first trip for that night.

It was a most ludicrous spectacle as he went forth with his coffee, and he looked as if he was a giant. Arrangements were made for his assistant to follow close on his rear, and give a signal if he was trailed by any of the watchmen. They both sallied forth. By the lightning's glare a view could be obtained of Sam as he waddled on in the darkness,

intent only upon the success of his expedition. One half of the route had been passed over, when an angry oath escaped Sam's lips. A disaster had overtaken him; his assistant rushed on to the spot from where his voice was heard, as a friendly flash of lightning revealed the situation. Sam stood erect, the picture of anger and dismay. A stream of water, the result of the storm, was rushing on beside him, and had been the innocent cause of this misfortune.

He had heard it rushing at his feet, and had made a vigorous bound to leap over it, in which he had been successful, but the violence of the shock when his feet came in contact with the ground on the other bank had caused his pocket to burst. His form had suddenly reduced in size as the coffee had poured forth and was being borne away upon the tossing crest of the laughing waves. Disappointed and wet, he returned to his tent. Damages were repaired and another and more successful effort was made to remove the remainder of the coffee that night.

Thus those three weeks were filled up with incidents. Sam was a noble-hearted fellow, and did all he could to make a sojourn in the camp pleasant. His assistant grew tired of such a life and voluntarily returned to his regiment; Sam soon following. When the regiment returned to Arlington Heights, at the close of the war, Sergeant Talmage was on duty at one of the forts near by. A visit was made him, and Sam confessed that he stole the candles. The assistant cook has never met Sam since they said good by at Portland in 1865. If he is living no doubt he often thinks of the olden time, and of the Camp of Distribution, near Alexandria, Virginia.

BANTY TIM.

BY JOHN HAY.

Remarks of Sergeant Tilmon Joy to the White Man's Committee, Spunky Point, Illinois, upon a proposition to drive a colored man out of town who had served in the Union army, and saved the life of Joy.

I reckon I git your drift, gents—
You 'low the boy shan't stay;
This is a white man's country;

You're Democrats, you say;
 And, whereas, and seein', and wherefore,
 The times bein' out o' jint,
 The niggar has got to mosey
 From the limits o' Spunky Pint!

Let's reason the thing a minute:
 I'm an old-fashioned Democrat, too,
 Though I laid my politics out o' the way
 For to keep till the war was through.
 But I come back here allowin'
 To vote as I used to do,
 Though it grieves me like the devil to train
 Along o' such fools as you.

Now, dog my cats ef I can see,
 In all the light of the day,
 What you've got to do with the question
 Ef Tim shall go or stay.
 And funder than that, I give notice
 'Ef one of you teches the boy,
 He kin check his trunk to a warmer clime
 Than he'll find in Illanoy.

Why, blame your hearts, just hear me!
 You know that ungodly day
 When our left struck Vicksburg Hights, how ripped,
 And torn and tattered we lay.
 When the rest retreated I staid behind,
 Fur reasons sufficient to me—
 With a rib caved in, and a leg on a strike,
 I sprawled on that cursed glacee.

Lord! how the hot sun went for us,
 And boiled and blistered and burned!
 How the rebel bullets whizzed round us,
 When a cuss in his déath-grip turned!
 Till along toward dusk I seen a thing
 I couldn't believe fur a spell:
 That niggar—that Tim—was a crawlin' to me
 Through that fire-proof, gilt-edged hell!

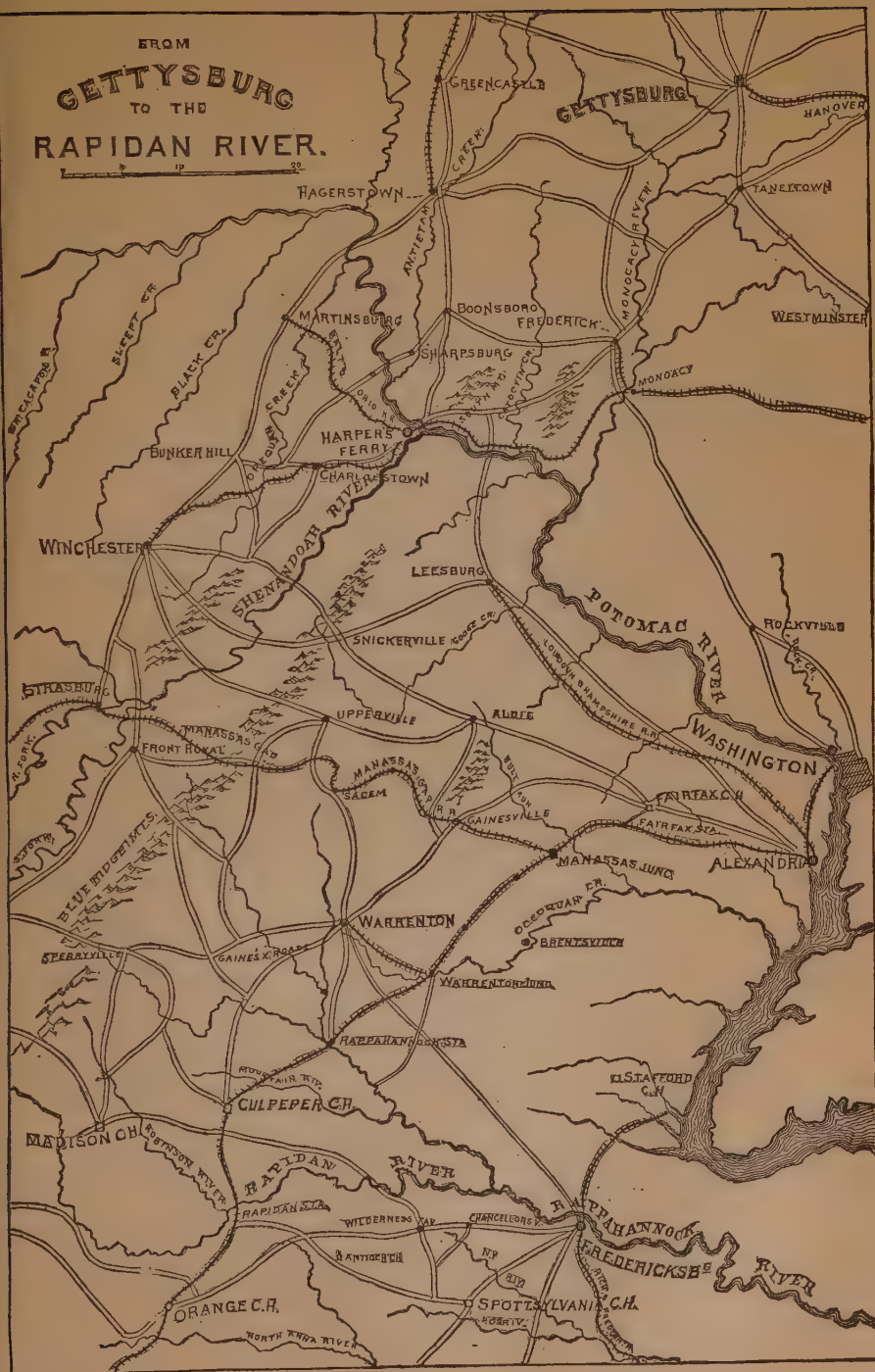
The rebels seen him as quick as me,
 And the bullets buzzed like bees;
 But he jumped for me, and shouldered me,
 Though a shot brought him once to his knees:

But he staggered up and packed me off,
With a dozen tumbles and falls,
Till safe in our lines he dropped us both,
His black hide riddled with balls.

So, my gentle gazelles, thar's my answer,
And here stays Banty Tim.
He trumped Death's ace for me that day,
And I'm not going back on him!
You may rezaloot till the cows come home,
But ef one of you teches the boy,
He'll wrastle his hash to-night in hell,
Or my name's not Tilmon Joy!

FROM
GETTYSBURG
TO THE
RAPIDAN RIVER.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32



CHAPTER XVII.

THE FALL CAMPAIGN OF 1863. LEE RETIRES TO THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY. MEADE CROSSES THE POTOMAC. CONFEDERATES AT CULPEPPER. PARTS OF BOTH ARMIES DETACHED. FEDERALS ENFORCING NEW YORK DRAFT. LONGSTREET'S CORPS SENT TO TENNESSEE. ADVANCE OF FEDERALS. LEE FALLS BACK ACROSS THE RAPIDAN. FEDERALS AT CULPEPPER. ELEVENTH AND TWELFTH CORPS SENT TO TENNESSEE. ADVANCE OF CONFEDERATES. FEDERALS FALL BACK. CONFEDERATES REOCCUPY CULPEPPER. BATTLE OF BRISTOE'S STATION. CONFEDERATES REPULSED. DEATH OF GENERAL MALLOW. FEDERALS AT CENTERVILLE. CAVALRY BATTLE OF THE NINETEENTH. CONFEDERATES VICTORIOUS. BATTLE OF KELLY'S FORD. FEDERALS VICTORIOUS. BATTLE OF RAPPAHANNOCK STATION. FEDERALS VICTORIOUS. TERRIBLE SLAUGHTER OF TROOPS. LEE RETREATS. FEDERALS AT CULPEPPER. ADVANCE TO MINE RUN. PREPARATIONS FOR BATTLE. FEDERALS RETIRE ACROSS THE RAPPAHANNOCK. BOTH ARMIES IN WINTER QUARTERS. POEM.

FALL CAMPAIGN OF 1863.

WHEN General Lee crossed the Potomac, upon his retreat from Gettysburg, he immediately moved his army to the Shenandoah Valley, and took up the same line on the Opequan Creek which he had occupied after the battle of Antietam, in 1862.

General Meade, pressing onward in pursuit, at the head of the Army of the Potomac, followed the same route along which McClellan had marched after the battle of Antietam, east of the Blue Ridge. He thus closely pressed the mountains, hoping to strike the Confederates, under advantageous circumstances, before they could burst through the mountain passes. So slowly did he move, however, that General Lee outstripped him, and occupied Culpepper before he was intercepted. After this, each army enjoyed a much needed rest.

PARTS OF BOTH ARMIES DETACHED.

A portion of the Federal army was now detached, and sent to South Carolina, while another part was sent to New York to enforce the draft. At the same time Longstreet's corps of the Confederates was sent to Tennessee, and General Lee appeared to assume a mere defensive attitude.

General Meade becoming aware of the withdrawal of Longstreet's corps, ordered his cavalry to cross the Rappahannock river. Lee now retired across the Rapidan, and Meade advanced his whole line, occupying Culpepper Court-house. Soon after this movement was made, the Eleventh and Twelfth corps were detached from the Army of the Potomac and sent to Tennessee, under the command of Hooker.

This so reduced the strength of Meade's army, that the troops returned from New York, about the middle of October. He now intended to make a movement, but was prevented from so doing by a sudden forward movement on the part of General Lee, who, being aware of the reduction of Meade's forces, determined to compel him to fall back from his line, near the Rapidan. This plan was to move around Meade's right flank, and, if possible, get between him and Washington. This would take up the attention of Meade, and prevent his advance into the interior of Virginia during the autumn, and allow him to reinforce his army during the winter by troops from the West.

Lee crossed the Rapidan, October ninth, and marched by way of Madison Court-house around Meade's right. General Stuart, with a division of cavalry, moved to the right of this advancing column, while Fitz Lee's division, together with a detachment of infantry, was left to hold the fords of the Rapidan, and cover the movement from the view of the Federals.

The first intimation General Meade received of General Lee's advance, was upon his position on his right. This was attacked, at James City, by General Stuart, on the tenth, and driven back upon Culpepper. Meade at once understood that

General Lee intended to turn his right, and he therefore ordered his trains to fall back across the Rappahannock, and on the following day moved his entire command across that river.

Arriving at Culpepper, on the eleventh, Lee found that his antagonist had retired; he therefore remained quiet with his infantry during that day, but sent Stuart to harass his rear, which was being protected by the Federal cavalry, under General Pleasanton. General Lee again advanced, on the morning of the twelfth, and, finding that Meade was falling back, determined to make another flank movement, and, if possible, get between Meade and Washington.

Upon learning of Lee's occupation of Culpepper, Meade decided that his retreat had been too hasty. He therefore resolved to advance his army, and the Second, Fifth and Sixth corps, with a division of cavalry, were ordered to the south bank of the Rappahannock. While the main portion of Meade's army was thus moving southward, to strike Lee at Culpepper, that General was moving along parallel roads northward, to cut Meade's line of communications.

General French, with the Third corps, and General Gregg, with a division of cavalry, had been left on the north bank of the Rappahannock, to guard the fords against any passage of Lee's army.

General Lee, in moving northward, reached Sulphur Springs, where he came into collision with the Federal cavalry, under General Gregg, whom he hurled back with considerable loss. Upon this becoming known to General Meade, he at once understood Lee's intentions, and immediately recalled the three corps which had been sent to Culpepper. This order reached them at nightfall, but was promptly obeyed, and they at once recrossed the Rappahannock.

On the morning of the thirteenth both armies were on the north bank of the above named river, and then began a most desperate race between the two.

Lee determined to strike the Orange and Alexandria railroad, and thus cut off Meade's line of retreat. The Federal

commander resolved to defeat the plan of his antagonist by a swift backward movement of his troops, and during the thirteenth fell back along the line of the railroad, while Lee, moving in the same direction, advanced to Warrenton. From this place the Confederate army moved in two columns; the corps of General Hill moving northward, by the Warrenton Pike, to New Baltimore, from whence, striking to the east, seized Bristoe Station. The other column, under General Ewell, was to pass through Auburn and Greenwich, and join Hill at Bristoe Station. On the morning of the fourteenth the whole Confederate force was in motion to carry out the plan of General Lee.

The success of the Confederates of course depended upon their ability to outmarch the Federals. Meade's route was shorter than that of Lee, but the latter had a definite purpose in view, while his antagonist was uncertain as to what his opponents plans really were.

In this retrograde movement the Second corps, under General Warren, was, with the cavalry under General Kilpatrick, to cover the Federal rear. When General Lee encamped at Warrenton, on the night of the thirteenth, Warren camped at Auburn, only five miles away. While the two armies were thus encamped for the night, a very amusing incident occurred, which served the double purpose of displaying the dashing bravery of General Stuart, commanding the Confederate cavalry, as also that of disclosing the close proximity of the hostile forces. General Warren, suspecting that Lee was closely pressing on the Federal rear, ordered Caldwell's division, together with the batteries of Rickett, Arnold and Ames, to be placed in a position upon the banks of Cedar Run to guard against any attack of the enemy from the direction of Warrenton.

Before daylight, on the morning of the fourteenth, while the head of Warren's corps was crossing Cedar Run, Caldwell's men kindled fires on the heights they occupied, for the purpose of cooking breakfast, when, to their surprise, as also to that of General Warren, a hot fire of artillery was opened

upon them from batteries planted directly across the road along which Warren was to march to reach Catlett's station. The fire was so deadly, that Caldwell's men changed their position to the opposite side of the hill, where they also received a fire from the Confederates, who were advancing along the road from Warrenton. For a few moments it appeared as though Warren's corps was surrounded, and all escape would be impossible; but the situation was not as desperate as was at first supposed, and the mystery was quickly solved.

On the thirteenth Stuart, with his accustomed dash and daring, had moved around the Federal flank, and having encountered French's command, and being repulsed, had retreated in the direction of Catlett's station; and as Sykes marched up the railroad with the Fifth corps, Stuart found himself between these two Federal columns. Darkness came on and the dashing Confederate commander bivouacked his command within less than two miles of the headquarters of General Meade, and in less than half a mile of Caldwell's division.

In the early morn of the fourteenth he was concealed in the valley by the heavy mists, while the fires of Caldwell's men could be plainly seen by his troops, and he ordered his guns to be opened on them, with the result above stated. After thus paying his compliments to his enemy he dashed away by the flank and escaped.

The fire which Warren received from the direction of Warrenton came from Ewell's corps, then moving forward to strike the Federal rear. His army was now pressing hard for Centerville where General Meade had resolved to halt and give battle. General Lee was at the same time straining every nerve to reach Bristoe station to strike Meade's passing columns. It was a most desperate race, and each army understood the great prize which was at stake. Warren brought up the Federal rear, while Hill and Ewell led the Confederate advance. Hill's corps moved from New Baltimore, and when, in the early afternoon of the fourteenth it drew near to Bristoe station, all of Meade's army had passed that point, with

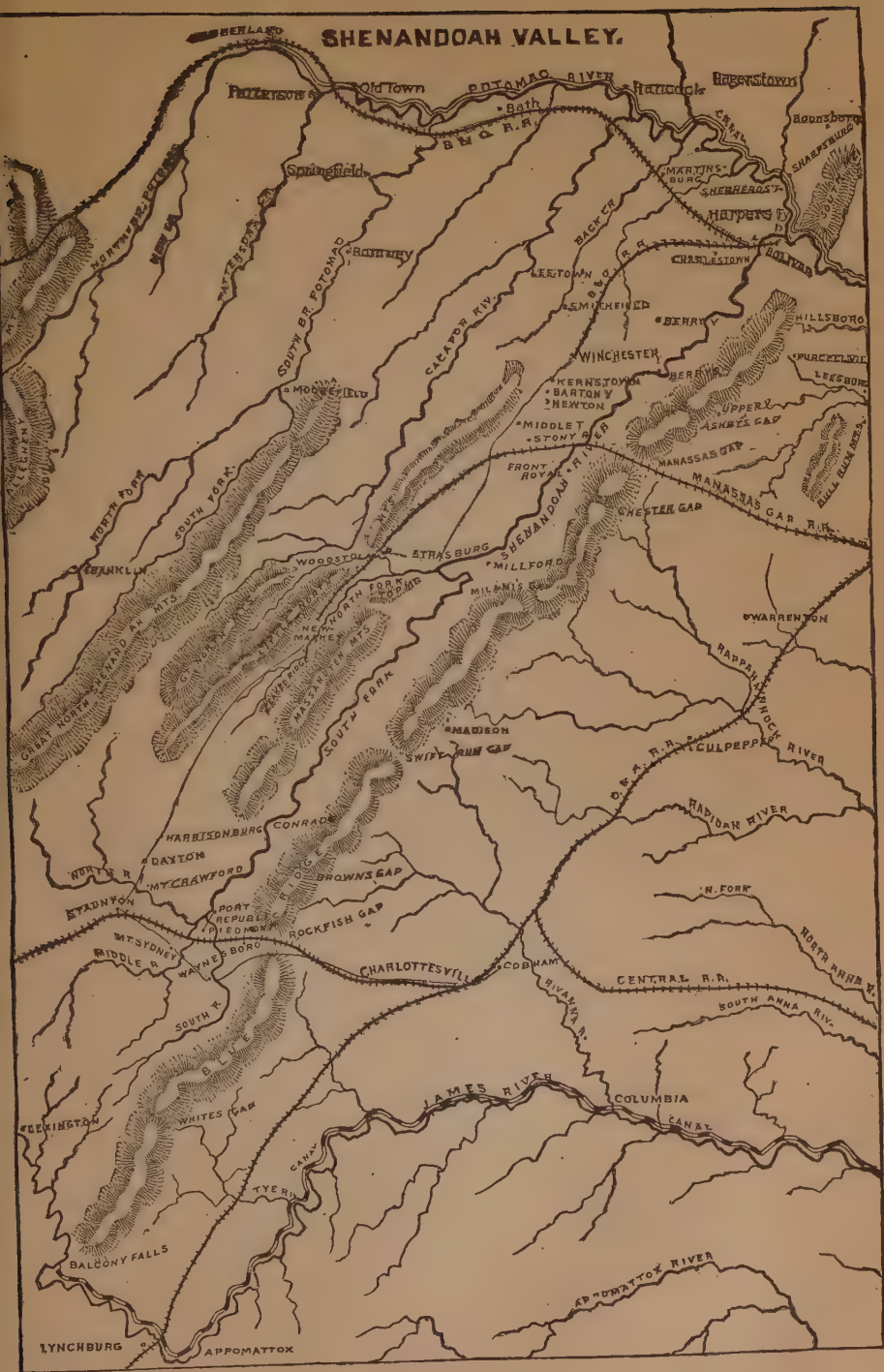
the exception of Warren's corps. As the head of the Confederate column reached this point the rear of Sykes' corps was crossing Broad Run, and retiring toward Centerville.

BATTLE OF BRISTOE'S STATION.

General Hill supposing this to be the rear of the Federal army threw forward a line of battle to press upon it, but just as this movement was to be made he was surprised to see Warren's corps hastening along the railroad from the point where it had encountered Ewell that morning. The latter General had not moved as rapidly as Warren had, and now the Federals had only to encounter General Hill. General Warren was much surprised at finding Bristoe station in the hands of the Confederates, as General Meade had indicated to him that he would find the Fifth corps under General Sykes at that point. His position now was a very critical one; if he tarried to fight Hill in his front, he knew that Ewell would fall upon his rear. When Hill saw the command of Warren he advanced a line of battle toward the railroad.

Seeing this movement, and being perfectly familiar with the locality, Warren quickly planned his action. There was a deep cut in the railroad which neither commander could see, but the Federal commander knew its value and location. He instantly ordered Webb's division to form, and, on the doublequick, to seize that point. This the division did just in time to prevent the advance of the enemy from occupying the coveted position. The Confederates receiving a terrible fire from this division, as also from Rickett's battery, fell back in much confusion. Warren immediately ordered a line of battle to pursue them, and five hundred prisoners, five pieces of artillery, and two battle flags were captured.

At this time Caldwell's division arrived, but the engagement was decided, the Federal loss being slight. Among the killed was the gallant General Mallow, commanding the Third brigade of Webb's division. Although Warren had thus gallantly repulsed Hill, he was still in a most critical situation, as that officer still remained in his front, and General



Ewell soon appeared in his rear. It now became a very serious problem as to how he should extricate the Second corps in the presence of so superior a force. Night came on, and under the shelter of darkness, while Lee was making plans to attack him, he skillfully withdrew his command, and joined the remainder of the army at Centerville.

The position which General Meade now occupied was one of great strength. General Lee had failed in his plan to thrust his command between the Federal army and Washington, and continued his advance no farther. He now threw a small force forward, and destroyed the Orange and Alexandria railway, from Bristoe to the Rappahannock. He then fell back with his whole army, while Meade cautiously advanced in pursuit. The only engagements fought were those between the cavalry, however.

On the nineteenth the cavalry division of Kilpatrick came into collision with the troops of General Hampton and Fitz Lee, under the immediate command of Stuart. The conflict was fierce and bloody. Fitz Lee made a gallant dash upon the flank of Kilpatrick, when the Federals gave way, and were pursued for several miles by the victorious Confederates.

General Meade now advanced his army to Warrenton, and there waited until the railroad was repaired. Upon the seventh of November the army advanced toward the Rappahannock river in two columns. The right wing, composed of the Fifth and Sixth corps, under General Sedgwick, and the left, composed of the First, Second and Third corps, under General French. Sedgwick's orders were to cross the river at Rappahannock Station, while French was to cross at Kelly's Ford, several miles below.

General Lee's army was then on the south bank of the Rappahannock, with headquarters at Culpepper Court-house, but with advanced detachments of his troops at Rappahannock Station and Kelly's Ford. At the first named place, the Confederates were upon both banks of the river, while at the latter they were only upon the south bank. General Birney, in command of the Third corps, led the advance of the left

column upon Kelly's Ford, and as soon as the Federals reached the river, one division immediately forded it before the pontoons were laid, and a storming party, composed of Bordan's sharpshooters, Fortieth New York, One Hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania, Third and Fifth Michigan, and the First and Twentieth Indiana, assaulted the Confederate rifle-pits and captured several hundred prisoners. The Federal artillery, posted on the northern bank of the river, rendered effective service by shelling the fields on the opposite side of the river, thus preventing the Confederates from reinforcing their troops. The Federal loss was light.

BATTLE OF RAPPAHANNOCK STATION.

While these events were transpiring at Kelly's Ford, more important ones were occurring at Rappahannock Station. The Confederates here occupied a strong line of earthworks, thrown up by the Federals some time before, with two thousand men of Early's division. A heavy cannonade was opened upon this line, during the afternoon of the seventh, to which the Confederates savagely replied. Just before dark an assaulting column was formed, consisting of portions of Upton's and Russell's brigades of the Sixth corps. In making the assault, they were joined by a detachment of skirmishers from the Twentieth Maine. This attack was one of the most desperate and daring of the war. Several of the regiments thus engaged won imperishable honors, but none gained more than did the gallant Sixth Maine, which bore the brunt of the enemy's fire and was the first to enter the Confederate works.

In this assault the slaughter of the Federals was terrible, but their efforts were entirely successful, the entire position being carried. Among the trophies were one thousand five hundred prisoners and four guns. The few Confederates who escaped forded the river and retreated to their lines near Culpepper Court-house.

The Army of the Potomac crossed the river on the nights of the sixth and seventh, and morning of the eighth, and if the victories of the seventh had been followed up by a vig-

orous movement on the part of General Meade, the Confederate position would have been a very embarrassing one.

During Meade's delay on the eighth, General Lee recrossed the Rapidan river, and General Meade advanced to Culpepper. Both armies now occupied nearly the same position they did before the movement of General Lee upon Centerville began. Neither General had accomplished any important results from this movement, while both have been criticised for their tardy movements.

General Warren was one of the most important actors in the campaign, and displayed more genius than any other officer in the Federal army. There had been many weary marches, but once more the two armies were facing each other in grim defiance from across the Rapidan river. Winter was now rapidly approaching, and General Meade was very anxious to bring on a general engagement before the storms of winter should make the roads impassable.

At that time the left of the Confederate army rested upon the Rapidan river, near Morton's Ford. Lee had left the lower fords of the Rapidan uncovered, and his line was extended in almost a straight course from the river along the western bank of Mine Run, a tributary of the Rapidan which empties into it at Morton's Ford. This position was naturally a very strong one, and feeling perfectly secure, General Lee had scattered his army over a great extent of territory, as it could be more easily subsisted. Ewell's corps was scattered from Morton's Ford to Orange Court-house, and Hill's occupied a position along the railroad in the direction of Charlottesville, leaving a space of several miles between the two.

When General Meade learned of the situation of the Confederate army he conceived the plan of crossing the Rapidan at the uncovered fords by a rapid advance along the Wilderness turnpike and the Orange Court-house plank road, and thus turn the Confederate right, and thrust his columns between the commands of Hill and Ewell. Ten days rations were issued to the army, and all the trains left on the north-

ern bank of the Rappahannock river. This bold movement began on the twenty-sixth of November. The First and Fifth corps, Fifth in advance, were to cross the Rapidan at Culpepper Mine Ford, and advance along the plank road to Parker's store, the Second to cross at Germania Ford, and move along the Wilderness turnpike to Robertson's tavern, there to be joined by the Third and Sixth, which had advanced by other routes.

The Federal right would thus rest upon Robertson's tavern, and the left at Parker's store. The distance to be marched was about twenty miles. By an early move on the morning of the twenty-sixth, General Meade estimated that the corps would all be in the positions assigned them by noon of the twenty-seventh. Numerous delays occurred. Twenty-four hours were consumed in reaching and crossing the Rapidan, when only one half the distance had been passed.

Early on the morning of the 27th, the army pressed forward with much vigor, General Warren at the head of the Second corps, reaching Robertson's tavern in the early afternoon. Here he encountered a force of Confederates. A sharp skirmish soon developed the Confederate position. The Second corps was here to have been joined by the Third, under General French, nor was an attack to be made until that force arrived. Having met with numerous delays, after crossing the Rapidan at Jacob's Mill, this corps pursued the wrong road, misleading it far to the right, and bringing it into collision with Johnson's division of Ewell's corps. After a brisk skirmish, General French extricated his command from this difficulty, but did not reach Robertson's tavern until dark.

General Lee had discovered the design of his antagonist. Ewell's corps was now withdrawn across Mine Run; Hill was called to the same place, and the entire Confederate army stood on the western bank of the river, to offer battle to the Federals. Their position was upon the crest of a long ridge, extending north and south, a distance of six miles. In the rear of this line was a very heavy growth of timber, while in front, with its marshy, mucky banks, was Mine Run, over

which infantry could only pass with the greatest difficulty. It was one of the strongest positions which General Lee occupied during the war. Meade followed up the withdrawal of Ewell's corps, and did not halt until he reached Mine Run, and discovered the Confederate position.

The Federals immediately made preparations for attack. Each corps commander was entrusted with the close examination of the position of the enemy in his immediate front. Warren on the left, and Sedgwick on the right, after having closely observed the enemy's lines, reported in favor of an assault. Preparations for this were not completed until late on Sunday the twenty-ninth, and it was determined to make the attack early on Monday morning. Before eight o'clock, on the morning of the last named day, the army was in line waiting for the order of battle. Every soldier who wore a blue uniform on that day, knew well, that if the Confederate line was to be assaulted, it must be at a terrible sacrifice of life, but not a man faltered. Soon the roar of Sedgwick's guns were heard through the dense forest, telling that the battle had opened on the right. Not a sound from Warren on the left, had been heard. This silence was explained about nine o'clock.

At daylight General Warren had made a very close observation of the Confederate position, and ascertained that General Lee had so strengthened it during the night that he did not deem it wise to make an assault, which he assuredly believed would only end in defeat, and the slaughter of his brave men. He therefore assumed the responsibility of suspending the attack. General Meade rode over to the left and surveyed the situation, and became satisfied that General Warren had acted wisely. There was nothing now left for the Federal commander to do but retire across the Rapidan.

FEDERALS RETIRE ACROSS THE RAPIDAN.

During the following night the army was quietly withdrawn, and took up its old position on the north bank of that river.

In other sections of Virginia other operations about the close of the year were on a very small scale, comparatively, the most important event being upon the line of Virginia and East Tennessee, in the district commanded by the Confederate General, Sam Jones. Here the Federals, under General Averill, successfully struck the Virginia and Tennessee railroad at Salem, and severed what, at that time, was the most important line of communications in the South. The two great armies went into winter quarters, the Federals on the line of the Rappahannock and the Confederates on the Rapidan, which closed the operations of the campaign, and dropped the veil over the great scenes of the war in Virginia for the year 1863.

ROLL CALL.

BY N. G. SHEPHERT.

"Corporal Green!" the orderly cried;
"Here!" was the answer, loud and clear,
From the lips of the soldier who stood near;
And "Here!" was the word the next replied.

"Cyrus Drew!" then a silence fell;
This time no answer followed the call;
Only his rear man had seen him fall,
Killed or wounded, he could not tell.

There they stood in the failing light;
These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,
As plain to be read as open books,
While slowly gathered the shades of night.

The fern on the hillsides was splashed with blood,
And down in the corn where the poppies grew,
Were redder stains than the poppies knew;
And crimson dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side
That day, in the face of a murderous fire
That swept them down, in its terrible ire,
And their life-blood went to color the tide.

"Herbert Kline!" At the call there came
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,
Bearing between them this Herbert Kline,
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr!" and a voice answered "Here!"

"Hiram Kerr!" but no man replied.

They were brothers, these two; the sad winds sighed,
And a shudder crept through the cornfield near.

"Ephraim Deane!" then a soldier spoke:

"Deane carried our regiment's colors," he said;

"Where our ensign was shot I left him dead,
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

"Close to the roadside his body lies.

I paused a moment and gave him drink;
He murmured his mother's name, I think,
And death came with it and closed his eyes."

'Twas a victory; yes, but it cost us dear,
For that company's roll, when called at night,
Of a hundred men who went into the fight,
Numbered but twenty, that answered, "Here!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

REMINISCENCES, ANECDOTES, POEM.

THE LOST PIG.

IF there was any one thing in the army which had a tendency more than another to keep up the good spirits of the men, it was to be able to play some trick upon the officers of their own commands.

In the early days of the war, any depredation upon the citizen by the soldiers was punishable, and while they had no excuse for stealing, there being an abundance of all they needed, yet they sometimes did things which got them into trouble.

A light battery was quartered at Point of Rocks, on the Appomattox, in 1862. The fat pigs of the farmers ran at liberty about the camp, and orders had been given that they were not to be disturbed by any one. One morning a planter rode to the captain's tent, and complained of the loss of one of his pigs. Captain R., who was a whole souled kind of fellow, told him that he was very sorry for it, and further, that his camp should be searched, and the offender made to suffer, if he could be found. Diligent search failed to get any clue to the pig, or the men who killed it, and there the matter dropped. The captain declared, if he could find out who killed the pig, or any one who ate any part of it, that he should pay for it.

The next day some of the non-commissioned officers invited the Captain and his lieutenants to dine with them, as they had just received several boxes from their homes. The invitation was accepted and the next day the feast was spread in grand style. In seating the officers at the table, the Captain was given the most prominent seat, before which had been placed

a fine cut of shote. This the officer was asked to cut. Soon all were seated and having a good time, when a burst of merriment told the story. Captain R. had carved the pig as requested, during which act he had placed a piece in his mouth; this was a part of the planter's lost pig, and so, in accordance with his own orders, he had to pay for it.

FORAGING FOR MELONS.

While the Confederates were in the vicinity of Richmond during the summer, the truck patches and cornfields of those who supplied the markets of the city with vegetables often suffered very severely. The soldiers, whose rations were slim, used to raid on these garden patches, and commit great havoc. Sentinels were frequently placed to guard them, but who were the sentinels? only the messmates of the raiders.

On one occasion a truckman, named Heckler, a Dutchman, had a very large and fine garden, on the Charles City road, which was repeatedly robbed, although sentinels were stationed all around his field. He therefore concluded to do a little duty in this line, himself, to see if he could not detect the soldiers who were thus pilfering his fields.

There was a large crop of very luscious water melons, just ripe, occupying a part of the garden which is known in that section as new ground. There remained many of the stumps of the trees which had been cut from this plot, in the midst of which the melons grew sumptuously. The night Heckler, gun in hand, went to watch his field, the soldiers of an artillery company went to forage for melons, neither the sentinels or the soldiers knowing that the old man was on guard. The moon shone but dimly, about the time half-a-dozen men crept stealthily by the careless guard, and into the patch of melons. Before this, the owner had concealed himself behind a big stump in the middle of the field to await results. Time hanging heavily on him, he finally fell asleep. Then came the soldiers, and quickly began to gather the fine melons, and hurriedly placed them in sacks, brought for that purpose, soon filling them all.

Not thinking of danger, the men thought they would then and there take a large melon to eat, and one fellow raised it high, and dropped it upon what he conceived to be a black stump. The melon was broken in many pieces, not over a stump, however, but over the head of Heckler, who, being thus suddenly aroused, was frightened nearly to death, and dropping his gun, fled in one direction, while the astonished soldier, equally surprised, ran in the opposite.

Poor Heckler ran right into the guard, who captured and sent him to the commanding officer to be tried for robbing his own melon patch.

THE REVERSE.

It has often been observed that a term of enlistment gave a fine opportunity to develop character. The true dispositions of men were by this means thoroughly shown, and a close study revealed the full caliber of individual composition, mentally, morally and physically speaking.

Often it has been remarked, that those who constituted, what might be termed, in civil life, men of much prowess were the most arrant cowards as soldiers. These were men whose physical qualifications constituted their all, their mental characters being too meagre to be observable in the slightest degree.

In camp, they were at all times ready to pick upon the less formidable, who might be in their midst, but when faced by the dangers of battle would skulk in the most cowardly manner. They were, moreover, endowed with but little power of endurance, scarcely ever being able to bear equal fatigue with their comrades of frailer build, but on the contrary, hundreds of instances have been known where the weak in body were giants in will and daring.

TRUE MANHOOD.

"Lead my command safely out of your lines, and you shall receive ten thousand dollars," said a cavalry raider, who had been entrapped near Stony Creek.

This offer was made to a citizen. "I would not do it were I able," replied the old man. "You are surrounded, and escape is almost impossible. Keep your money; I don't want it on any such terms."

"Then you are my prisoner, and shall suffer for your refusal," said the irate officer.

"To suffer at your hands, I expect, but turn traitor to my country, never!" cried the old patriot.

The firm spirit of the aged scion of Virginia touched the cords of manly admiration in the breast of the soldier, and he told the white-headed citizen that he did not blame him, but admired him the more.

Had all men, both North and South, shown this true principle, many would today enjoy much more of the esteem and respect of their fellow-citizens. Brave men are always the recipients of admiration, while from the weak and dissembling this mark of esteem is justly withheld.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Young men who left the luxuries of ease and comfort, often made the more rugged soldiers, and cases have come to light where they shrank from encountering a physical contest with any of their own comrades, and yet they displayed far more courage when faced by the common foe than those whose overbearing taunts they would not resent in the camp.

Two officers, both young men, had a personal difficulty over some conceived grievance, resulting in one of them being slapped in the face by the other. This insult was not resented by the victim who was a much smaller man physically. He repaired to his tent, and in due course of time sent a challenge to his antagonist. This was accepted by the first aggressor, who, in accordance with the code, had the choice of weapons. In exercising this right he chose double-barreled shot guns, ten paces distant; each barrel to be loaded with large shot, and each to fire until one or both fell. He hoped by thus acting to frighten the challenging party and bring about an amicable settlement.

In this he was vastly mistaken, however, as his terms were promptly accepted and time of meeting arranged. Being a natural coward he instinctively shrank from the barbarous proposition which he had made, and actually withdrew it. Ever after this he labored under the contemptuous ridicule of his brother officers.

At the battle of Yellow Tavern when Stuart fell the officer whom the bully had attempted to frighten was close by the side of his General, in the thickest of the fight, while his former antagonist was made conspicuous by his absence without leave.

COURT-MARTIALED.

Among other military requirements was that of respectful obedience to the officers, and the prompt discharge of their commands. No officer had a right, however, to abuse his authority or use disrespect toward his inferiors in rank. To show what results such an abuse of authority would sometimes produce, the following instance will illustrate:

The major of a certain regiment, in riding around his picket line, came to a post, under command of a lieutenant, the locality of which he did not approve.

It so happened that the commanding general had, in person, placed the picket in the position occupied, and ordered the lieutenant to there remain.

When the major came up, he ordered the removal of the post to another position, which he designated. At this the officer in charge informed him that the general had stationed the pickets in person, and that he could not move, unless that officer's orders were presented. This enraged the major, and with a very profane oath, he demanded to know of the lieutenant if he intended to disobey his order, at the same time applying anything but a gentlemanly epithet to him.

"No," said the post commander, "I do not intend to disobey the order of my commanding general or the natural inclinations of my mind either," and drawing his sabre, he struck the major a telling blow across the face, which knocked

him from his horse. Thoroughly enraged, the major arose, and again mounting, rode off.

Soon came another officer to relieve the post commander, and with orders that he report at headquarters. He was then ordered to his quarters under arrest.

A court-martial was convened and the inferior officer was arraigned on the charge of having struck a superior. He plead justification. Upon a full hearing, he was sustained in his plea, and the major was not only censured for what he had done, but was debarred from drawing his pay for a month. This lesson had a healthy effect in the regiment and ever afterward, courtesy and politeness superseded arrogance and self-assumed importance.

MASONRY EXEMPLIFIED.

There was much advantage gained by some during the war as representatives of masonry, as the following instance will show:

A squad of Federal cavalry dashed up to a plantation while on the march, and its members proceeded to pillage. Some invaded the stable, others the dairy, while others the dwelling-house. The owner was standing helplessly by, a silent witness to these wicked proceedings, when an officer came up, and some sign of recognition was made him, which was immediately responded to by the Federal.

In an instant, orders were given for the men to remount, their commander first causing them to disgorge everything they had laid hands on, and bidding the planter a hearty adieu, rode off.

TAKE IT AWAY.

Many amusing jokes have been told of a very prominent officer of the Federal army, who was made conspicuous by his inordinate desire to accumulate wealth through the medium of spoons.

Perhaps it is not generally known that a report was in circulation, while he commanded the forces in charge of a prom-

inent southern city, that this veritable specimen of humanity appropriated to his own use, a steamboat, without being detected. A contraband transport being captured by the gunboats, was turned over to this commander to be accredited to the general government. This, so goes the report, was not done, but for an enormous sum, the steamer was leased to Uncle Sam, and at the expiration of the lease, sold to him, and the proceeds pocketed.

When the war was closed, the city of Richmond was filled with northern visitors. Among others, this gentleman happened to be in the city, a guest at a prominent hotel, then the headquarters of most of the northern people.

At dinner, one day, while he was seated with many others, at the same table, a gentleman occupying the seat opposite to where our hero sat, created quite a sensation at his expense. In ordering his dessert, there was brought him, among other things, a spoon. On seeing it, the gentleman excitedly called to the waiter as he moved away, and ordered his immediate attention. These actions had attracted the notice of every one in the room, among others being the general. "Waiter," he said, "take this spoon right away. I have always borne a good character, and I don't want to lose it. I see by the morning paper that General —— is in this city, a guest of this house, and if any spoons are missing I wout be responsible for them."

This speech brought down the house, the victim of the sport joining heartily in the laugh which had been inaugurated at his expense.

PRAYED FOR HISSEF AND DE BOTE.

The army of General Magruder was being entrenched about Williamsburg and Yorktown, and many negroes from the opposite side of the James river were pressed into the service by the authorities, and made to assist in the building of breastworks.

During a storm, a boat, containing quite a number of slaves and their guard, was crossing the river. The wind blew so

fiercely there was danger of all being lost before it could reach the shore. Soon the man who had command began to pray, while through the skillful management of the negroes, it safely landed.

One of the negroes being asked by a soldier who witnessed the peril from the shore, if he was frightened, answered, "no," but he "thought the guard was." "What did he do?" continued the soldier. "Well, sar," said the negro, "he prayed for hissef and de bote, but he didn't say a word about we niggers, so I spect he was 'larmed."

THE REWARD OF MERIT.

If the genuine friendship of a negro was once gained, nothing could alienate the feelings of these people from those whom they "sot store by;" loved.

A young Virginia planter, when about to leave his home to join the army, was asked by one of his favorite negroes, to be allowed to follow him. This slave, the planter had retained from his childhood as a body servant, and shared with him every comfort of life. "John," replied his master, "I am afraid you might be killed if I allowed you to go to the war. Are you not satisfied to stay at home with your mistress, out of danger?" "No master, do you think I could rest nights in my bed, when I knew that you were suffering? I want to go, sir." "Then be it so, you may go."

John followed his master through the first two years of the war, and never a fight in which his master took part, did he miss. At the fearful battle of Chantilly, the planter soldier was shot from his horse and left in the lines of the enemy, either to die, or be taken prisoner.

When the negro heard of it, and while the fight was still raging, he mounted the extra horse which his master had provided for his use, and dashed to the front, in the direction indicated by the men. In the midst of the exploding shells and humming bullets, he pressed his way, until his efforts were rewarded by seeing his master lying before him, apparently dead. Quickly dismounting he lifted him upon the back of

the horse which he had ridden, and soon bore him from the field. The act of daring had been witnessed by an officer of high rank, and an especial medal was awarded the negro for this deed of valor.

His master recovered; John still following him until he laid down his arms at Appomattox. In course of time this ex-rebel soldier became a national law maker, and one of the first appointments which was made at his suggestion, was conferred upon this faithful man who had been his slave.

THE BATTLE OF BETHEL.

Not every one in the South favored the course the seceding states assumed, and when a full realization of war was fairly presented to the more careful and discreet, many regrets were expressed by thousands.

As the boom of heavy guns aroused the people for miles around on that June morning of 1861, and forced them to recognize the fact that hostilities had been indeed inaugurated upon a determined scale of bloody war, the excitement among the inhabitants was fearful and melancholy. Strong men wrung their hands in bitter anguish; women wept, while terrified little ones clung to the garments of their parents in childish affright. The memories of the battle of Bethel will long live in the minds of the people of Eastern Virginia, and time alone can obliterate the impressions which were made upon the surroundings of that first field of strife. Only one class, the slaves, looked on that event with any impulses of pleasure, and even they mingled their tears with their joys.

THE SOLDIERS' COMPANIONS.

The many thousands who took no part in the civil war, but remained at their homes surrounded by the comforts, luxuries and pleasures which ease and wealth afford, had no idea what means were often employed in the camp, on the picket post, and in the lonely prison pens, to divert the mind from the thought of the terrible reality through which the army was passing. Every means was employed which could be devised,

and every one made an effort to excel his neighbor in the attempt to produce something original in character calculated to interest the whole for a season.

In this way many an hour which would otherwise have hung heavily passed away. Debates on topics of general interest were often indulged in; songs and dances filled many a blank space; and last, though not least, the fighting of gray backs caused more sport than any other one thing ever introduced. This doubtless sounds strange to the readers of the present day, and yet we can assure them that many a dollar, plug of tobacco, or some similar article changed hands through this medium.

Perhaps it would be well to give a little insight into this procedure that the uninitiated may have a better idea of what is meant. It is an indisputable fact that at least two thirds of every regiment in the field became lousy during some period of their term of enlistment. Many of these vermin were as large as grains of wheat, some having a little spot upon their backs, and thus differing from many others. They were especially noted for their ferocity, and all that was necessary to do was to bring one of each variety in contact to create a row. A battle ground was easily arranged by laying a canteen upon its side and describing a circle thereon with chalk or charcoal. Then the combatants would be taken from the clothing of two soldiers, one from each, and placed in the ring.

It is rather a singular fact, and yet true, that these little creatures will fight savagely. The men indulging in this sport will wager anything upon their bug, often the fight being kept up until one, or both, of the insects are dead. It was nothing unusual to see a dozen groups of men so engaged, eagerly witnessing one of these encounters. Any old soldier has heard of this sport, and knows that this is no far fetched yarn.

AN INVENTIVE GENIUS.

While thousands of Confederates were confined at Point Lookout, as prisoners of war, many ingenious inventions were got up by the soldiers.

Among these curiosities was a steam engine and train of cars. A young Alabamian, who remained in that prison for quite a length of time, being the mechanical genius. The material used in its construction was such as could be found about the prison. Tin, nails, wire and wood were the only ingredients used, and yet a perfect locomotive was constructed, and when fired up would actually draw the miniature train of cars around the circular track, made for this especial purpose. So unique and perfect was this device that a Federal officer purchased it, and sent it home to his children, paying the soldier well for it. There was certainly no better place in the world to develop talent, than the prison pen.

THE SKULKER.

Every soldier who has seen active service, knows what is meant by the word skulker; and no body of men were enrolled without having one or more of this class among them. He is always ready to do anything to avoid danger, and if chance brings him in peril, he will find a way to evade it.

An instance to the point occurred in front of Petersburg. His regiment was engaged on the skirmish line, and during the fight, one of his comrades was badly wounded in the foot, and needed to be assisted to the rear. The skulker immediately offered his services, and was ordered to go. Instead of aiding the wounded man, he made for the rear at a brisk walk, beckoning to the wounded man to follow him. He hobbled along the best he could, while the skulker still kept in advance, and rendered him no assistance whatever. Just at this time an exploding shell wounded the skulker in both feet, and he began to howl most piteously for help. This the other could not render, but went on to the rear, and told the story. During the whole day that fellow lay there, and when removed was very nearly dead. It was a good lesson, however, and taught others never to evade the dangers which brave men are called upon to face.

CAPTURING A REGIMENT.

Not far from Stony Creek, a station on the Weldon railroad, quite an unusual occurrence once transpired, which, to many, will at first seem incredible. General Wilson of Federal cavalry fame, at the head of thousands was raiding that section at will, but after doing much damage, he was severely punished for his daring by the Confederates.

After a very severe and bloody engagement, in which many lives were lost, his cavalry was completely routed, and scattered in many directions. The country around Sussex Courthouse was swarming with broken regiments of Union cavalry, while those of the Confederates were in hot pursuit.

A member of the — Virginia had been detailed as a despatch bearer, and was in the act of passing through a piece of wood to another part of the line. This line was so drawn that many of the Federals were surrounded, and in going through the wood above mentioned, he was captured by a Federal regiment. The Union men knew the dangerous position they occupied, and expected to be captured as they were entirely surrounded by larger numbers. The despatch bearer when questioned by the colonel, told him of the condition of affairs, and at the same time gave him to understand that escape was impossible.

The Federal commander took from him the despatches, and found that they contained orders to cease firing, as the enemy were surrounded and would soon be captured.

Accepting the situation, as any sensible man would have done, he surrendered his regiment to the courier, and quietly followed his lead into the Confederate lines. This, doubtless, is the only case on record where one man captured a regiment and successfully escorted it to the rear.

OLD REUBEN.

An instance is recorded, at least in the memory of those of the family to whom it has reference, in regard to the devotion of an old negro slave, which will bear repetition here.

A planter living in a convenient and dangerous locality,

fled with his family to a place of refuge in another state, leaving his large plantation, and thousands of dollars worth of property, in the keeping of one of his negroes. This faithful servant had won the implicit confidence of his master, by his earnest zeal in his behalf years before, and nothing could shake the confidence which existed between the two men. All of the slaves of this estate fled to the enemy, excepting this one, leaving him alone on the plantation, "monarch of all he surveyed." He had entire liberty to do as he pleased, which power had been delegated him by his master.

For several months everything went quietly on, until at last the enemy invaded the district, and began to pillage and destroy. Reaching this plantation, the old negro, who was sagacious and shrewd, met them, and notified the leader of the party that everything on the premises belonged to him, and if anything was disturbed, he would make complaint to the commanding general, forthwith. This had the desired effect, and while every other plantation for miles around, was devastated and laid waste, this one escaped untouched, not a single thing being carried off or destroyed. So faithfully did Reuben look after the interest of his master, that when hostilities ceased, and the inhabitants returned to their deserted homes, his master found everything in good order, and his stock much increased in number. This faithful man did not go unrewarded for his devotion. A hundred acres of land, with all necessary appliances for cultivating it, was the price he received at the grateful hand of his ex-owner, and today, there cannot be found a more prosperous, respectable, or happier family among the blacks in the whole community, than that of this negro. Shortly after the return of peace, his old master died, and conspicuous among the mourners who followed him to his last resting-place, was Reuben.

A BIG PRIZE.

Sometimes officers of high rank placed themselves in positions which laid their lives in imminent danger were the fact discovered by the enemy.

One morning in the summer of 1864, on the peninsula, with the enemy's batteries but a short distance away, there were collected in front of the Confederate works, in a group, several general officers, which, had they been captured, would have been the death blow to the Confederacy. These were Generals Lee, Hill, Longstreet, with arm in sling, Bushrod Johnson, Hoke, and Field. Nothing protected them from the enemy's guns, while only a small cavalry picket was in advance of them. Had a descent by the Federals been made upon them it would have been a close escape, as the men behind the works could not have fired for fear of striking them. No doubt, had the enemy known who constituted that party of horsemen, they would have made a desperate effort to either kill or capture them.

COLONEL ROBINS.

It is a well-known fact that the men composing the Army of Northern Virginia, not only had great confidence in General Lee, but fairly idolized him. His appearance at the front, along the line, or even in the camp, was always signalized by a prolonged cheer, and this being continued until it reached the extremity of the line, it mattered not how long that line might be.

One morning a general shout was heard on the left of the Confederate line, resting near the Mechanicsville pike, on the peninsula side of the James river, and was taken up by the various troops along, it only ceasing after having reached the extreme right of the Confederate line, many miles away. The soldiers had begun this cheering as an officer, whom they mistook for General Lee, accompanied by several others, rode by, seemingly inspecting the works. Conceive of their disgust, when it became generally understood a few hours afterward, that it was not General Lee, but only Colonel Robins of the Twenty-fourth Virginia, who bore a striking resemblance to the great commander.

THE SCAVENGER.

THERE were a class of men who enlisted in the armies of the rebellion who were a disgrace to themselves and their commands. As true soldiers they could never be depended on, neither did they enjoy the respect of their more honorable comrades.

In the performance of the duties of camp life they were always reluctant, and when ordered out to battle never could be relied on with any degree of certainty. Their disreputable natures were only contented when indulging in some character of mischief, and in abusing every obligation of right and fairness. Entirely indifferent to consequences, and regardless of the good name of their commands, they would stoop to perform any act, let it be ever so disgraceful or cowardly. This class was known as scavengers.

After the battle of Fair Oaks one of these land pirates was moving about among the dead and wounded, stealing whatever he could find among those who had been killed or wounded. It made no difference with the scavenger whether his victim was friend or foe. A squad of men engaged in burying the dead observed the scavenger, and as he did not notice the fact, watched him closely to see what he would do.

An officer of the enemy had been shot and fell in such a manner that his body was supported by two small trees against which he had fallen, he being partially on his feet.

Upon his person, among other articles of value, was a very nice and long-legged pair of boots. These attracted the attention of the thief, and straightway he approached the supposed dead man. After carefully looking about him to see that no one was a witness to his contemplated villainy, he stooped down and was in the act of drawing off the boots from the feet of the soldier, when he lifted his head and said to the scavenger, "Can't you wait until I die?" The astonished man dropped the booted foot, and sneaked away like a whipped cur, nor was he ever afterward known to rob the dead or dying.

ABSENT WITHOUT LEAVE.

Just before the war closed, no southern officer or man was allowed leave of absence for more than twenty-four hours; all furloughs having been stopped for some time.

An officer of a North Carolina regiment received a letter announcing the severe illness of his wife, and went to the headquarters of his commanding general, and after showing him the summons, asked permission to visit his home, as in all probability his wife was dying. The general, it is said, turned to the officer and remarked: "Major, I am sorry for you, but my orders from General Lee are very imperative; I cannot grant your request; no man is allowed a permit to quit the lines, unless he is killed, and then he is invariably marked absent without leave."

THREE NEGROES.

It was well known how violently the Southern soldiers opposed the enlistment of the negroes, by the Union authorities, and before this class of troops had really appeared in the field, the Confederates swore they would not recognize them as soldiers, or treat them as prisoners of war.

The first negro cavalry regiment which did duty on the south side of the James river, was stationed near City Point, and their pickets were captured by the Confederates. This was, indeed, a novel thing, and the men did not know exactly what to do with them, — three in number.

Being dressed in the Federal uniform, however, discretion suggested that it would not be proper to deal with them too harshly, so they were taken to the headquarters of General Wise, at Petersburg. Upon the irascible old General being made acquainted with the fact, he is said to have exclaimed, "What did you bring these men here for? Couldn't you find a hole big enough to bury three 'niggers,' between City Point and Petersburg?"

In justice to him, however, let it be said, that the negroes were treated with all the honors to which prisoners were entitled.

MARKING TIME.

Once while doing duty near Richmond, in the night time, a soldier while on post was confronted by a man, who, claiming to be the Confederate Secretary of War, asked permission to pass his beat.

"Halt," commanded the sentinel, "you can't play that game here. You are the third rascal that has tried that thing on me in the last two hours. Mark time, sir!" Thus he was kept tramping for full twenty minutes, until the arrival of the corporal, who, upon releasing the man, found that it was indeed, the secretary.

The soldier's name, company, and regiment were taken, and the next day that private had an officer's strap upon his shoulder.

WEIRD BAND OF THE CHICKAHOMINY.

There is no place like the army to harden men's feelings, or make them so careless of death and its melancholy surroundings. That feeling of his dreaded presence which will come over us in civil life, is entirely ignored and his approach is seldom noticed with any feeling of awe. The nursery tales which are imbued into our minds respecting hobgoblins and ghostly phantoms are forgotten. Stories of apparitions are not countenanced by soldiers. There are exceptions to all rules, however, and while one will be given we do not ask our readers to believe it, but simply to ponder on the strange phenomenon and solve it for themselves.

Near Deep Bottom, on the James river peninsula, a cavalry regiment was doing picket duty. What took place there would have been vouched for by every member of the command. The Bottom is on that part of the peninsula over which the armies fought during the campaign of 1862, when thousands fell.

One dreary night in October, the pickets were startled by what they took to be the shrill notes of a bugle, seemingly about a mile in their front, although it was not known that

the enemy were west of the Chickahominy swamp. Soon drums began to beat, and then a full band of music rang out on the chilly night air, apparently much closer than the first notes of the bugle. Believing the enemy were either advancing, or were in closer proximity than was expected, the men fell back, and reported an enemy in their front. The whole regiment was immediately on the alert and placed in line of battle to meet the approaching foe.

Hour after hour passed anxiously away, the music of the band being heard, at intervals, by all, until daylight dawned and all was quiet. No enemy had been seen, nor could any evidences of his approach be ascertained. This rather singular occurrence caused many to doubt the evidences of their own senses. That night the pickets again were posted, and when the hour of midnight came, the same bugle call was heard in the distance, and the drums beat a general alarm, followed by martial music, as on the preceding night.

Again the regiment was aroused, and this time advanced in close column, in the direction from which the harmonious sounds emanated, and as it advanced, the strains seemed to recede. A halt was now ordered, the line having penetrated the gloom over the distance of a mile. Suddenly the sound came from the rear, the notes of the Star Spangled Banner falling distinctly on the ear of all.

The amazement of the men was great, but they about faced and followed the sound, which again ceased, and left them in the deepest perplexity. In this way another night passed away, and the scouts, who came in from below the next morning, reported that there was no enemy west of the Chickahominy river ten miles distant.

Nothing more was heard of this singular occurrence for nearly two weeks; not until the Union army again invaded the haunted precincts, when the same coincidence was repeated, and was distinctly heard by the advance of both armies, at about equal distances from their posts.

We make no effort toward explanation of this singular story, only remarking that it was known, by those who re-

mained at their homes, as the "Weird band of the Chickahominy," which had been heard at intervals for two years.

THE BREAD RIOT.

All who were in Richmond will vividly remember the awful scenes which were witnessed during the bread riot. Main street was filled with women and children in great numbers. Old and young seemed perfectly desperate. All were heedless of consequences, and ran madly about, first in one store, and then in another, seemingly determined to commit as much wanton destruction as possible. Regardless of their especial wants, everything which they could put their hands on, was either stolen or destroyed by the infuriated multitude.

During the morning, while the street was one solid mass of moving humanity, a battery of artillery was planted in the street about Seventh. This position was upon the crest of the hill, the guns bearing directly down the street upon the mob who filled it, to Eighteenth street. They were allowed ten minutes to disperse, during which brief lapse of time, an awful and melancholy spectacle presented itself.

There, before the very jaws of death, were the famishing families of soldiers, little ones crying for bread, while their fathers were with the army, far, far away. The artillerists, leaning on their pieces, only awaited the order to hurl this surging mass into eternity. Five minutes passed away, and not one of the mob had left the street. The order was given to load the guns with cannister. As much as the soldiers deplored this act, they were true to their duty, and reluctantly obeyed the command of their officers.

Before the allotted time had expired, however, better council prevailed, and the mob began to fall back into the side and cross streets. In less than twenty minutes the street was freed from them, and quiet, without bloodshed, once more reigned; but who can tell what might have been the result, had it actually become necessary for that body of artillerists to have opened upon the crowd of women and children.

"BIT OFF MORE'N WE CAN CHAW."

When Pickett's division was making its famous charge at Gettysburg there were many anxious spectators within the Confederate lines, it being well understood that not only the result of the battle rested upon its success, but the destiny of the Confederacy, perhaps, as well.

General Lee was the most interested of all, as he stood in the scattering growth of oak trees on Seminary Ridge and saw them move forth to their desperate undertaking. Upon witnessing their gallant bearing his face flushed with pride, and as the shot and shells from the Federal guns ploughed through their ranks with frightful slaughter, his face would turn pale and anxious; but when those brave and heroically gallant Virginians closed up their ranks and he saw how they were honoring their beloved state, his brow was mantled with a crimson flush of pride, and thus watched, they crossed the Emmittsburg road, and disappeared amid a cloud of smoke which hung over the Federal line of battle.

General Lee was standing alone, while to his left at a short distance, was one of Longstreet's veterans, clad in his ragged butternut suit, with an old slouched hat far down over his face, his hair and beard uncut and uncombed; his face was dirty, and as he leaned over the broken wheel of a gun carriage busily chewing tobacco and strewing the juice in every direction, he seemed to be as much interested in the great charge of Pickett as was General Lee himself, and with that officer saw the brave Virginians disappear in the smoke. Soon they saw them rise above the Federal breastworks and plant their flags upon the Federal guns, but a moment later they were swept back in a terrible defeat.

Just at this moment, when a shade of agony was passing over the features of the great Confederate chieftain, this veteran, as if wishing to sympathize with his beloved commander, looked up into his face and said, "General, we have bit off more'n we can chaw."

“AREN’T THAT YANKEE BATTERY A GODSEND.”

At a point on the famous retreat from Gettysburg, a portion of the baggage train got stuck in the mud. The Federals were close in the rear, and the officer having the train in charge, rode back to General Early and informed him, that as it was impossible to move the wagons, they would be obliged to unhook the teams and abandon them to the enemy.

Early swore that the trains must go, while the officer persisted that it was impossible. General Early turned to the commander of a battery at his right, and ordered him to place his guns in position upon the brow of a hill, and open fire on the baggage train. The officer hastened to obey.

The guns were soon unlimbered and the men began to load them, when, at that moment, a Federal battery, some half a mile in the rear, opened fire and the shells came hurling through the air, and falling in the midst of the wagons which were stuck in the mud. By an almost superhuman exertion the train was extricated from its difficulty and moved on, as General Early exultantly exclaimed, “Aren’t that Yankee battery a Godsend?”

“I WON’T STAND MUCH CROWDING.”

To General Early was assigned the delicate task of covering the retreat of the Confederate army from Gettysburg, and most gallantly he performed his duty. The rain poured down in torrents until every road became a bed of muck, and every rivulet was transformed into a wild, rushing torrent. The Confederates would straggle, much to the displeasure of General Early.

One afternoon it was raining very rapidly, and as he sat upon his horse in a corner of the road, waiting for the last of the line of stragglers to pass by, his staff and body guard being on duty elsewhere, he was alone.

The Federal cavalry were pursuing him savagely, while a few squadrons of Confederate troopers, not over half a mile beyond where he sat, were contending with overwhelming

numbers, in the attempt to hold the Federals in check, until the stragglers had reached a place of safety.

The fellows tramping through the mud, all saw that "old Jube" was mad, and supposed that reliable information concerning the enemy's movements would be of value to him. So one would touch his hat and say, "General, the Yankees are coming!" and he would be followed by many others making reports something like the following: "The Yankees are pressing us!" "They are coming right smart!" "They are almost up to us!" and all the while the rattle of the skirmishers could be very distinctly heard. General Early's anger was increasing, and before long he exploded.

One fellow had just reported, "The Yankees are crowding us, General!" when the wrathful old man bounced up from his saddle and yelled in his loudest tones, "Damn them, let 'em come, I don't propose to stand much crowding in my present humor."

GENERAL LEE TO THE REAR.

In the earliest dawn of a misty morning, that of the memorable twelfth of May, 1864, one of those powerfully massed columns which from time to time during that frightful campaign was hurled against the army of Northern Virginia, dashed against its lines with the force and fury of a tornado, bursting it asunder, and through the breach poured line after line, and column after column, as wave follows wave in ocean storm. In that moment hung suspended the fate of the Army of Northern Virginia.

At that instant, just on that spot, that rushing, solid, ever increasing mass must be met, stopped, hurled back, or all is lost. Nearly in rear of the breach were two brigades lying along the line of their stacked arms. In a few seconds after the order to "Fall in," was given, they were ready for action, and General Lee rode to the front.

The picture he made as the grand old man sat there upon his horse, with his noble head bare, looking from right to left

as if to meet each eye that flashed along the line, can never be forgotten by any man who stood there.

Every soldier knew what that look meant. Knew that it meant, follow your General. Knew that work so desperate was to be done and that interests so tremendous hung upon its successful doing, that everything, even the life of the great chief himself, must be put to the dreadful hazard, if necessary, to secure the result. But those gallant men needed no such example set them. From three thousand lips, at once, burst the cry, "General Lee to the rear!" and not a foot would they stir until he was led back through a gap in their line.

Then the word was given, and the column moved forward without a pause, or waver, or break. Right on, up to the very face of the solid, opposing mass. On till sabres clashed and bayonets crossed, on until the first line of the Federals were driven back upon the second, and the second was hurled back in confusion upon the captured angle, where batteries, on right and left, poured in a storm of shot and shell upon either flank; and still on, until the earth was covered with piles of slain,—blue and gray, piled in one horrible mass, and thus the Confederate army was preserved from its awful danger.

The following poem, by John R. Thompson, splendidly portrays the hour:

Dawn of a pleasant morning in May
Broke through the Wilderness, cool and gray,
While perched in the tallest tree-tops, the birds
Were carolling Mendelssohn's "songs without words."

Far from the haunts of man remote,
The brook brawled on with a liquid note,
And nature, all tranquil and lovely, wore
The smile of spring, as in Eden of yore.

Little by little, as daylight increased,
And deepened the roseate flush in the east;
Little by little did morn reveal
Two long, glittering lines of steel

Where two hundred thousand bayonets gleam,
Tipped with the light of the earliest beam,
And the faces are sullen and grim to see,
In the hostile armies of Grant and Lee.

All of a sudden, ere rose the sun,
Pealed on the silence the opening gun—
A little white puff of smoke there came,
And anon the valley was wreathed in flame.

Down on the left of the Rebel lines,
Where a breast work stands in a copse of pines,
Before the Rebels their ranks can form
The Yankees have carried the place by storm.

Stars and stripes o'er the salient wave,
Where many a hero has found his grave,
And the gallant Confederates strive in vain
The ground they have drenched with their blood to regain!

Yet louder the thunder of battle roared,
Yet a deadlier fire on their columns poured—
Slaughter infernal rode with despair,
Furies twain, through the smoky air.

Not far off, in the saddle there sat
A gray-bearded man, with a black slouched hat,
Not much moved by the fire was he,
Calm and resolute, Robert E. Lee.

Quick and watchful, he kept his eye
On two bold Rebel brigades close by—
Reserves that were standing (and dying) at ease,
Where the tempest of wrath toppled over the trees.

For still with their loud, deep, bull-dog bay,
The Yankee batteries blazed away,
And with every murderous second that sped,
A dozen brave fellows, alas, fell dead.

The grand old gray-beard, rode to the space,
Where death and his victims stood face to face,
And silently waved his old slouched hat—
A world of meaning there was in that.

"Follow me! Steady! We'll save the day!"
This is what he seemed to say;
And to the light of his glorious eye
The bold brigades thus made reply:

"We'll go forward, but you must go back,"
And they moved not an inch in the perilous track.
"Go to the rear, and we'll send them to h—!"
Then the sound of the battle was lost in their yell.

Turning his bridle, Robert Lee
Rode to the rear. Like the waves of the sea,
Bursting the dykes in their overflow,
Madly his veterans dashed on the foe.

And backward in terror the foe was driven,
Their banners rent and their columns riven,
Wherever the tide of battle rolled,
Over the wilderness, wood and wold.

Sunset out of a crimson sky
Streamed o'er a field of a ruddier dye,
And the brook ran on with a purple stain,
From the blood of ten thousand foemen slain.

Seasons have passed since that day and year;
Again o'er its pebbles the brook runs clear,
And the field in a richer green is drest
Where the dead of the terrible conflict rest.

Hushed is the roll of the Rebel drum,
The sabers are sheathed and the cannon are dumb;
And Fate, with pitiless hand has furled
The flag that once challenged the gaze of the world.

But the fame of the Wilderness fight abides,
And down into history grandly rides,
Calm and unmoved as in battle he sat,
The gray-bearded man in the black slouch hat.

CHAPTER XIX.

PEN-PICTURES, MEMOIRS AND ANECDOTES OF FAMOUS GENERALS.

GENERAL STUART.

FROM some memoirs of General Stuart, collected from his staff officers, we extract some incidents indicative of the character of the man, designated as the "Prince Rupert" of the Confederate army.—*Pollard*.

One of the marked traits of this *preux chevalier* was his indifference to danger, which impressed every one. It would be difficult to imagine a coolness more supreme. It was not that he seemed to defy peril—he appeared unconscious of it.

At the battle of Oxhill, in September, 1862, he advanced a piece of artillery down the road to Fairfax Court-house, and suddenly found himself in the presence of a buzzing hornet's nest of Federal sharpshooters, who rose from the tall weeds a few score yards distant, and poured a deadly fire into the cannoneers. Stuart was at the gun directing the firing, and sat on his horse, full front to the fire, with so perfect an air of unconsciousness, that it was hard to believe that he realized his danger.

When a staff officer said, "This fire is rather peculiar, General," Stuart seemed to wake up, as it were, to whistling bullets, and said, indifferently, "It is getting rather warm." He met his death in this way, and the only matter for astonishment is that he was not killed long before.

He was constantly on the most advanced line of skirmishers, cheering them on, a most conspicuous mark to the enemy. He used to laugh when he was warned against such exposure of himself and said that he was not afraid of any ball aimed at him, but I know that he never expected to get through the

war. He deeply deplored its existence, and said, one day, "I would lay down my right hand and have it cut off at the wrist to end it." But he was conscientious in his espousal of the Southern cause, and was ready to die for it.

The habitual temper of his mind toward his adversaries was cool and soldierly. Federal prisoners were treated by him with uniform courtesy, and often left his headquarters, declaring that they would never forget the kindness they had experienced. I remember an appeal once made to him by a prisoner, which amused everybody. One of his escort spoke roughly to the prisoner, when the latter, seeing the General, exclaimed, "General Stuart, I did not come here to be black-guarded," at which Stuart laughed good humoredly, and reprimanded the person who had addressed the prisoner.

At Verdierville, in August, 1862, Stuart stopped at a deserted house on the road side, and lay down with his staff and escort, without videttes, pickets, or other precaution. The consequence was that he was aroused by the tramp of Federal cavalry close on him, and had just time to throw himself, hatless, on his unbridled horse, leap the fence and fly. He left his hat, coat, and gloves, which his adversaries carried off in triumph; but at Catlett's, soon after, he retorted by capturing General Pope's coat and hat, which was a fair offset.

The gay, humorous, and high spirits of the man did not wholly desert him even on the most serious occasions. Nothing was more common than to hear him humming a song during an engagement, and I was reading the other day somewhere a soldier's description of a fight in Culpepper, and what an electric effect was produced upon the infantry by the appearance of Stuart riding in front of them, singing gaily, and cheering them on.

At Chancellorsville when Jackson fell he was called to command the corps, and led the assault in person the next morning. An eye witness says that he could not get rid of the idea that Henry of Navarre had come back, except that Stuart's plume was black. Everywhere, like Navarre, he was

in front, and the men "followed the feather." At the risk, however, of spoiling this romantic picture, and passing the sublime, to what some people may call the ridiculous, an additional fact may be stated, namely: That General Stuart, attacking with General Jackson's veteran corps, and carrying line after line of works, moved at the head of his men, singing "Old Joe Hooker, will you come out of the Wilderness."

There was nothing notable in Stuart's habits except his abstinence from all stimulants, coffee excepted. At his broad, paper covered desk, in the long winter evenings, he busied himself, not with "official" work only. A favorite amusement with him was the composition of parodies in verse, some of them exceedingly good.

He was not a great reader. He was fond of society, of telling stories, jesting, and whiling away time with his staff. No boy could be merrier than Stuart, at such moments, and he dearly loved a practical joke.

No analysis of military movements or discussion of military endowments is here intended, but it is almost impossible to separate Stuart, the man, from Stuart, the soldier. He was ready for a "fight or a frolic," and gifted by nature with an enormous animal physique, which enabled him to defy fatigue, whether produced by marching night or day, or dancing until dawn.

Ambitious, fond of glory and sensitive to blame or praise, he was yet endowed with a bold and independent spirit which enabled him to defy all of his enemies. He was warm-hearted, and never did man love friends more dearly. Stuart always seemed to be a perfect embodiment of the traits generally attributed to the English cavaliers. There was in him a rollicking love of frolic, a gallantry toward ladies, a fondness for bright colors, brilliant spectacles, and gay adventure, which made him resemble strongly the class of men who followed the fortunes of Charles I., and as Naseby died rather than retreat or surrender.

Stuart's nerve was of stern stuff, and under all that laughter there was a soul that no peril could touch. The bright, blue

eye looked into the very face of death without a quiver of the lid, and dared the worst. A man more absolutely indifferent to danger, I believe, never lived; and like some chevalier of olden times, he rode to battle with his lady's glove upon his helm, humming a song, and determined to conquer or fall.

The following account of General Stuart's last moments was published in the Richmond newspapers:

"About noon President Davis visited his bedside and spent some time with the dying chief. In reply to the question put by the President, 'General, how do you feel?' he replied, 'Easy, but willing to die if God and my country think I have fulfilled my destiny, and done my duty.'

"During the day occasional delirium attacked him, and in moments of mental wandering his faculties were busy with the past. His campaigns on the peninsula, his raids into Pennsylvania, his doings on the Rapidan, and his several engagements were subjects that quickly chased themselves through his brain. Fresh orders were given as if still on the battlefield, and injunctions to his couriers to 'make haste.' Then he would wander to his wife and children, one of whom, his eldest son, had died a year previous while fighting on the Rapahannock; and in relation to whom he had said when receiving a telegram that the boy was dying: 'I must leave my child in the hands of God; my country needs me here; I cannot come.' Then his mind would again carry him on to the battlefield, and so it continued throughout the day.

"Occasionally his intellect was clear, and he was then calm and resigned, though at all times suffering the most acute agony. He would even with his own hand apply the ice that was intended to relieve the pain of his wound.

"As evening wore on, mortification set in rapidly. In answer to his inquiry, he was told that death was fast approaching. He then said, 'I am resigned if it be God's will, but I would like to see my wife; but God's will be done.' Several times he roused up and asked if she had come. Unfortunately, she was in the country at the time, and did not arrive until too late.

"As the last moments approached, the dying man, with a mind perfectly clear and possessed, then made a disposition of his effects. To Mrs. General R. E. Lee, he directed that the golden spurs be given as a dying memento of his love and esteem for her husband. To his staff officers he gave his horses; and other mementos he disposed of in a similar manner. To his young son he left his sword. He then turned to the Rev. Dr. Peterkin, of the Episcopal church, of which he was a strict member, and asked him to sing the hymn, commencing:

"Rock of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"In this he joined with all the strength of voice his failing powers permitted. He then prayed with the minister and friends around him, and with the words, 'I am going fast now; I am resigned; God's will be done,' yielded his fleeting spirit to Him who gave it.

"The funeral of this much lamented and brave General took place on the thirteenth, at five o'clock, from St. James' church, corner of Marshall and Fifth streets.

"At the appointed hour the cortege appeared in front of the church, and the metallic coffin, containing the remains of the noble soldier, whose now silent voice had so often startled the enemy with his stirring battle-cry, was carried down the centre aisle, and placed before the altar. Wreaths, and a cross of evergreens, interwoven with delicate lilies of the valley, laurel, and other flowers of purest white, decked the coffin.

"The pall-bearers were General Bragg, Major-General McCown, General Clinton, Brigadier-General Lawton, Commodore Forest, Captain Lee, of the Navy, and General George W. Randolph, formerly secretary of war.

"The scene was sad and impressive. President Davis sat near the front, and with a look of grief upon his care-worn face; his cabinet officers were gathered around, while on either side were the senators and representatives of the Confederate Congress.

"Scattered through the church were a number of generals and other officers of less rank, among the former, General Ransom, commanding the department of Richmond. Hundreds of sad faces witnessed the scene; but the brave Fitz Hugh Lee and other war-wearied and war-worn men, whom the dead Stuart had so often led where the red battle was fiercest, and who would have given their lives for his, were away in the fight, doubtless striking with a double courage as they thought of their fallen general.

"The short service was read by Dr. Peterkin, a funeral anthem sung, and the remains were carried out and placed in the hearse, which proceeded to Hollywood Cemetery, followed by a long train of carriages.

"No military escort accompanied the procession, but the hero was laid in his last resting-place on the hillside, while the earth trembled with the roar of artillery and the noise of the deadly strife of armies,—the one bent upon desecrating and devastating his native land, and the other, proudly and defiantly standing in the path and invoking the blessing of heaven upon their cause, to fight in better cheer for the memory of such as Stonewall Jackson and J. E. B. Stuart."

HIRAM G. BERRY.

This lamented officer was a native of Rockland, Maine. When the first call came for troops to suppress the rebellion, he raised several companies of volunteers and was commissioned colonel of the Fourth Maine regiment.

No officer in the Army of the Potomac more rapidly impressed his superiors in the field and at Washington, with his ability, as a commander, than did General Berry. He rose rapidly in rank, and, when the army, under Hooker, marched to Chancellorsville in 1863, he was in command of a division.

On the afternoon of May sixth, when Jackson made his terrible attack on General Howard, and as the troops of the latter came fleeing down the plank road in defeat, General Hooker ordered General Berry to move down the plank road with his division and, if possible, stay the Confederate ad-

vance. It was a desperate undertaking, but General Berry, with his division, obeyed the order. His men had the fullest confidence in him as a commander and they dashed down the road, through the crowds of demoralized soldiers, and formed a line from which the Confederate advance recoiled.

On the following morning, General Stuart leading the Confederates, Berry's command was formed to the right, with his left resting upon the plank road. That position soon became the scene of some of the most desperate fighting of the war. Berry was out-numbered and overpowered, but he would not yield. He vainly looked in the direction of Chancellorsville, expecting his chief would send him the much needed reinforcements, but, like Sickles, Slocum, Hancock, and others on that day, he looked in vain.

When the blue lines were forced to retire before the great masses hurled upon them, Berry stood firm and true to the motto "Dirigo," inscribed upon the banner of his native state, his sword flashed along the front of his gallant division in the extreme front of the Federal lines. He was shot dead at the head of his troops; sacrificed by the incompetency of his commanding general.

Had he lived, there are those who were then in position to know, who will affirm that, in all probability, Hiram G. Berry would have been placed in command of the Army of the Potomac.

The citizens, around the battlefield of Chancellorsville, still point out to visitors the place where the two great generals, Jackson and Berry, fell, the two points being separated by but a short distance.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

An officer on the staff of Jackson at the time he was ordered to the Shenandoah Valley, writes as follows in a pleasant, private letter of his experiences of the campaign, and of the peculiarities of the commander:

"When we were ordered up the valley with old Jackson, it was considered to be a source of congratulation to all for

going into active service; but, believe me, I would have willingly gone back into winter quarters again, after a week's trial, for Jackson is the greatest marcher in the world. When we first moved up here our orders were for a march to Charlestown; next day we moved back to Winchester; in a few days again back to Charlestown, and thence, from one place to another, until at last I began to imagine that we were commanded by some peripatetic philosophical madman, whose forte was pedestrianism. With little or no baggage, we are a roving, hungry, hardy lot of fellows. 'Stonewall' may be a very fine old gentleman, and an honest, good-tempered, industrious man, but I should admire him much more in a state of rest than continually seeing him moving in front.

"And such a dry old stick, too. As for uniform, he has none; his wardrobe isn't worth a dollar, and his horse is quite in keeping, being a poor, lean animal, of little spirit or activity. And don't he keep his aids moving about? Thirty miles' ride at night through the mud is nothing of a job; and if they don't come up to time, I'd as soon face the devil, for Jackson takes no excuses when duty is on hand.

"He is solemn and thoughtful, speaks but little, and always in a calm, decided tone; and from what he says there is no appeal, for he seems to know every hole and corner of this valley as if he had made it, or at least, as if it had been designed for his own use.

"He knows all the distances, all the roads, even the cow-paths through the woods, and goat-tracks along the hills. I have frequently seen him approach, in the dead of night, and enter into conversation with sentinels and ride off through the darkness.

"In my opinion Jackson will assuredly make his mark in this war, for his untiring industry and eternal watchfulness must tell upon a numerous enemy unacquainted with the country, and incommoded by large baggage trains."

The subjoined poem appropriately refers to General Jackson at the time of his fall at Chancellorsville:

"A night of storms, but not like those
 That sweep the mountain's breast;
 Not like the hurricane that blows
 To break the ocean's rest.
 It lightened, 'twas the sheeted flash
 From serried ranks that flew;
 It thundered, 'twas the cannon's crash,
 That tore the forest through.
 Oh! night of horrors, thou didst see
 With all thy starry eyes,
 The holocaust of victory,
 A nation's sacrifice.

"Lo, prostrate on the field of strife
 The noble warrior fell,
 Enriching with a martyr's life,
 The land he loved so well.
 But round the martyred hero's form
 A living rampart rose,
 To shield him from the hail and storm
 Of his retreating foes.
 And angels from the King of kings,
 On holiest mission sped,
 To weave a canopy of wings
 Around his sainted head."

JAMES S. WADSWORTH

Was a splendid soldier, and one whose form was familiar to the men comprising the Army of the Potomac. He was a tall, dignified man, with prominently well cut features.

At Gettysburg he commanded a division of the first corps, and with his division moved under the direction of General Reynolds. His was the first Federal infantry that became engaged upon that terrible field of blood, and during the struggle he lost twenty-four hundred men of the four thousand of his command engaged.

In the opening of the spring campaign he commanded the Fourth division of the Fifth corps. He was heavily engaged in the first day's fight in the Wilderness, his command being between the plank road and the old Wilderness turnpike. When the battle opened on the sixth of May, his division moved along the plank road in connection with the Second

corps under Hancock, and succeeded in pressing the Confederates back with heavy loss, but in the afternoon, the latter being reinforced by the corps of General Longstreet, drove the Federals back, with some disaster, to the Brock road.

General Wadsworth, with his accustomed daring, was at the head of his division, vainly endeavoring to stay the repulse, when he fell with a rifle ball in his head, and before he could be removed, the Confederates occupied the ground where he fell. He lived for two days, but was unconscious all the time. In his death the country lost a brilliant statesman and gallant officer.

MAJOR JAMES BREATHED.

General Fitz Hugh Lee says of this officer, "He was the most recklessly brave man I ever knew." There is an incident related of this man by his former commander, which is too good to be omitted in this work of so many reminiscences of gallantry on the part of the Northern and Southern soldiers.

Of this incident General Fitz Hugh Lee wrote: "Major James Breathed, commanding my horse artillery, by my order, placed a single gun in position on a little knoll, as we were falling back, disputing the enemy's advance toward Spottsylvania Court-house.

"We knew the enemy's infantry were marching in column through a piece of woods, and the object was to fire upon the head of the column, as it debouched, to give the idea that their further advance would be again contested, and to compel them to develop a line of battle with skirmishers thrown out, etc. The delay which it was hoped to occasion by such demonstration was desirable in order to increase the chances of our infantry, then marching by another and parallel route to the Court-house.

"Under Major Breathed's personal superintendence, shells were thrown, and burst exactly in the head of the column as it debouched. The desired effect was obtained; the head of the enemy's advance was scattered, and it was only with some

difficulty a line of battle with skirmishers in its front was formed, to continue the advance.

"I was sitting on my horse near Breathed, and directed him to withdraw his gun, but he was so much elated with his success that he begged to be allowed to give the enemy some more rounds. He fired until their line got so close that you could hear them calling out, 'Surrender that gun.' Breathed's own horse had just been shot. The cannoneers jumped on their horses, expecting, of course, the gun to be captured, and retreated down the hill. Breathed was left alone. He limbered the gun up, and jumped on the lead horse. It was shot from under him.

"Quick as lightning he drew his knife, cut the leaders out of the harness, and sprang upon a swing horse. It was also shot from under him just as he was turning to get into the road. He then severed the harness of the swing horse, jumped upon one of the wheel horses, and again made the desperate trial for life. The ground was open between the piece and woods; the enemy had a full view of the exploit, and Breathed at last dashed off unharmed, almost miraculously escaping through a shower of bullets."

PHILIP H. KEARNEY,

Whose untimely death on the battlefield of Chantilly, cast a deep gloom over the Army of the Potomac. He was in many respects the beau-ideal of the American soldier. Tall, slight of build, erect, quick, recklessly brave and skillful, he had no rival upon the battlefield during his brief but glorious career. In the Mexican war, he won his fame at the cost of an arm. He had also seen service in the Indian wars on the frontier, and at the outbreak of the civil war was ready for any feat of heroic daring. He was an excellent horseman; with flashing sword, plumed hat, and bridle rein in his teeth, he dashed through the smoke and flame of battle, the personification of all that was brilliant and brave. His soldiers almost worshiped him, even the Confederates admiring the reckless daring of their gallant foe.

Upon the peninsula he won much honor by his coolness and daring, and at the battle of Chantilly, at a time when the Federal army under Pope, was suffering from daily defeat and disaster, this gallant knight dashed along the most advanced Federal line, and suddenly found himself surrounded by the Confederates, who called upon him to surrender, but imitating the manœuver of an Indian warrior, he threw himself upon one side of his steed, and dashed away.

The Confederates sent a volley after him, and this gallant soldier fell dead from his horse. They carried his remains to the Chantilly House, and strange as it may appear, expressed many regrets over his death. General Lee, with that nobility of spirit characteristic of the man, sent his body, under a flag of truce, to the Federal lines, escorted by an officer of equal rank as the dead warrior.

The following beautiful and touching tribute to his memory, is from the pen of E. C. Stedman :

So that soldiery legend is still on its journey—

That story of Kearney who knew not to yield!

'Twas the day when with Jameson, fierce Berry and Birney

Against twenty thousand he rallied the field,

Where the red volleys poured, where the clamor rose highest,

Where the dead lay in clumps through the dwarf oak and pine,

Where the aim from the thicket was surest and nighest,

No charge like Phil Kearney's along the whole line.

When the battle went ill and the bravest were solemn,

Near the dark Seven Pines, where we still held our ground,

He rode down the length of the withering column

And his heart at our war cry leaped up at a bound.

He snuffed, like his charger, the wind of the powder;

His sword waved us on and we answered the sign.

Loud our cheer as we rushed, but his laugh rang the louder—

“There's the devil's own fun, boys, along the whole line!”

How he strode his brown steed! how we saw his blade brighten

In the one hand still left, and the reins in his teeth,

He laughed like a boy when the holidays heighten,

But a soldier's glance shot from his visor beneath.

Up came the reserves to the valley infernal,

Asking where to go in, through the clearing or pine?

“Oh, anywhere! Forward! 'Tis all the same, Colonel;

You'll find lovely fighting along the whole line!”

Oh, coil the black shroud of night at Chantilly
That hid him from sight of his brave men and tried!
Foul, foul sped the bullet that clipped the white lily,
The flower of our knighthood, the whole army's pride.
Yet we dream that he still, in that shadowy region,
Where the dead form their ranks at the wan drummer's sign,
Rides on as of old, down the length of the legion,
And the word still is, "Forward!" along the whole line.

OLIVER O. HOWARD.

This officer, a graduate of West Point, who, by his ability and daring rose to the position of a corps commander, was much respected by all who value the sterling qualities of an honest, manly character. He entered the service as colonel of the Third Maine regiment, losing an arm at the battle of Fair Oaks.

As a division commander he was both popular and successful. By promotion he rose to the command of the Eleventh corps. At Chancellorsville he was surprised by General Jackson with most disastrous results. At Gettysburg he led the same corps during the battle of the first day, and, after the death of General Reynolds, assumed command of the field. His services that day were of great value, and were appreciated to such an extent that Congress passed him a vote of thanks for his loyal gallantry.

He is a quiet, kind-hearted, Christian officer, and still holds an important command in the United States Regular Army. He has been much criticised and abused, yet none have reason to doubt his military career, or that it will shine forth most gloriously upon a page of his country's history when the names of his traducers shall have been forgotten. He has often been termed the "Havelock of the American army." Long may he live and honor the country with his services.

JOHN F. REYNOLDS.

This distinguished and lamented officer was born in Pennsylvania, in 1820, and graduated from West Point in 1841. He served in the Mexican war as lieutenant, under General

Taylor, and was brevetted Captain, and Major, for gallant services. In 1860 he was appointed to the command of West Point. He commanded a brigade of Pennsylvania Reserves during the Peninsula campaign, and was taken prisoner at the battle of Glendale. Being exchanged the following August, he commanded a division at the second battle of Bull Run. In November, 1862, he was placed in command of the First army corps.

At the battle of Gettysburg, he commanded the advance of the Army of the Potomac, and opened that terrible battle on the first of July. The glorious success there won by the Federal army was in a large measure due to his gallantry and the wise disposition of the small force at his command when the battle opened; also to the splendid discipline of his old corps. He was shot dead by a rifleman soon after the conflict began, as he was leading a battalion on horseback to the thickest of the fight. His death caused great sorrow throughout the army, where he was dearly beloved, and was considered a national calamity.

In person he was large and robust, well calculated for the fatigues of active service; large head, broad shoulders, short, thick beard; he appeared a model soldier. He was brave, active and quick to perceive an opportunity, and to seize any advantage that was offered upon the field of strife.

Upon a large pedestal in the National cemetery at Gettysburg, is a splendid statue of General Reynolds. The country will always cherish the memory of this gallant son whose life was given in its defense.

JAMES C. RICE

Was one of the finest officers in the Army of the Potomac. In 1861 he enlisted as a private soldier, but, by his bravery and intelligence, soon won his way to the command of the Forty-fourth New York regiment. He served with that splendid command until Gettysburg was reached. When General Vincent was killed, he assumed command of the brigade. During the following August he was appointed to

the command of a brigadier-general, and was killed at Spottsylvania in 1864.

General Rice was a man of spotless character; one of the few who lived a devoted Christian life in the midst of the temptations of the army. He was brave and daring to a fault. The Forty-fourth New York regiment, under his command, became one of the most efficient in the army. For several months before he was killed, General Rice was impressed with the belief that he should die upon the field of battle. He spoke of the matter with great freedom to his friends, and assured them that he should never live to see the end of the war.

At Spottsylvania, with his usual daring, he led his brigade into the thickest of the fight and fell mortally wounded. His staff officers gathered around him to remove him from the field, while the air was filled with rifle balls and bursting shells. The dying man, understanding their intentions, murmured in his agony, "Turn my face to the enemy and I will die contented."

The thunders of that terrible struggle have been hushed; the prejudices there engendered have been forgotten; fraternal relations bind both sides of our great country in one, but the memorable words of that gallant soldier, when dying, will be cherished through all time to come.

DANIEL E. SICKLES.

But few men have had a more eventful career than this gallant commander of the Third corps.

In June, 1861, he was appointed colonel of the Seventieth New York infantry, and in September of the same year, he was promoted to a brigade command. He made a glorious military record on the peninsula, his command there composing a portion of Hooker's division.

At Chancellorsville his bravery and the reckless daring of his command, went far toward removing from the Army of the Potomac the disgrace attending that terrible defeat.

At Gettysburg his corps composed the left of the Federal

line and fought in the noted peach orchard and wheat field. General Sickles there lost a leg and thus closed his active service upon the field. He was a fine looking officer, thick-set in form, with a large head, full round face, heavy moustache and goatee. He was a skillful, daring commander, and one in whom his men had the greatest confidence. In the autumn of 1863, some two or three months after the battle of Gettysburg, General Sickles appeared at a soldiers' camp near Washington, where there were hundreds of his old comrades who had been wounded at Gettysburg, and were then en route for their regiments. When they saw their old commander their enthusiasm was boundless. They rushed around him, caught him up in their arms, and bore him in triumph around the camp, cheering like madmen.

The name of Sickles and the Third corps are inseparable and will always be associated with each other in the military history of the country.

GENERAL EARLY.

The following sketch is from a graphic pen, and its fund of anecdote is amusing and characteristic.—*Pollard*.

He was a man past middle age, and of vigorous and athletic appearance. His stature approached, if it did not reach, six feet, and he seemed to be capable of undergoing great fatigue. His hair was black and curling, and just touched with gray; his eyes dark and sparkling, his smile ready and expressive, but somewhat sarcastic, as was the bent of his character. His dress was plain gray, with slight decoration; long exposure had made the old coat which he wore quite dingy; a wide-brimmed hat overshadowed his sparkling eyes, his swarthy features and grizzled hair; his face, set upon a short neck joined to stooping shoulders, attracted attention from every one.

In the dark eye you could read the resolute character of the man, as in his satirical smile you saw the evidence of that dry, trenchant, often mordant humor for which he was famous. The keen glance drove home the sarcastic speech,

and almost every one who ventured upon word combats with Lieut.-General Early, sustained a "palpable hit."

The soldiers of his army had a hundred jests and witticisms about him. They called him "Old Jube," sometimes "Old Jubilee." They delighted to relate how, after the defeat of Fisher's Hill, when the troops were in full retreat, their commander had checked his horse, raised his arms aloft and exclaimed, "My God, won't any of my men make a rally around Old Jubal!" To which a philosophic foot soldier, calmly seeking the rear, replied: "Nary rally, General."

A similar anecdote, which may or may not be true, is even yet immensely relished by Early's old soldiers. He is said to have exclaimed, when he heard of Lee's retreat, "Now let Gabriel blow his horn. It is time to die." Everything about the soldier was characteristic and marked. Speaking slowly, and with a species of drawl in his voice, all that he said was pointed, direct, and full of sarcastic force. These hits he evidently enjoyed, and he delivered them with the coolness of a swordsman making a mortal lunge. All the army had laughed at one of them.

While marching at the head of his column, dusty in his dingy gray uniform, and with his faded old hat over his eyes, he had seen leaning over a fence and looking at the column as it passed, a former associate in the Virginia Convention, who had violently advocated secession.

This gentleman was clad in citizen's clothes, black coat and irreproachable shirt bosom, and greeted Early as he passed. The reply of the General was given with his habitual smile and sarcastic drawl: "How are you?" he said. "I think you said the Whigs wouldn't fight." The blow was rude, and made the whole army laugh. Of this peculiar humor a better instance still is given.

After Fisher's Hill, when his whole army was in complete retreat, and the Federal forces were pressing him close, he was riding with General Breckinridge. It might have been supposed that their conversation would relate to the disastrous events of the day, but General Early did not seem to trouble

himself upon that subject. In full retreat as they were, and followed by an enraged enemy, his companion was astonished to hear from Early the cool and nonchalant question: "Well, Breckinridge, what do you think of the decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case, in its bearings upon the rights of the South in the territories?"

The man who could amuse himself with political discussions between Fisher's Hill and Woodstock on the twenty-second of September, 1864, must have been of hard stuff or peculiar humor.

There were many persons in and out of the army, who doubted the soundness of his judgment; there were none who ever called in question the tough fiber of his courage.

CHAPTER XX.

SPRING CAMPAIGN OF '64. FROM THE RAPIDAN TO THE JAMES. RELATIVE COMPARISON OF OPPOSING FORCES. FEDERALS CROSS THE RAPIDAN. GRANT IN COMMAND OF THE ARMY. HIS LINE OF MARCH. RARE GENERALSHIP OF CONFEDERATE CHIEF. CONFEDERATES IN MOTION. FEDERAL PLAN OF ATTACK. BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS. THE SITUATION OF THE ARMIES. DEATH OF GENERAL HAYES. FEARFUL LOSS OF LIFE. BATTLE OF THE SIXTH OF MAY. DEATH OF GENERAL WADSWORTH. GENERAL LONGSTREET WOUNDED. THE FOREST ON FIRE. GENERALS SHALER AND SEYMOUR CAPTURED. AN INDECISIVE BATTLE. FEDERALS LOSE THIRTEEN THOUSAND MEN. THE CONFEDERATES LOSE EIGHT THOUSAND MEN. THE OBJECT OF THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS. A DRAWN BATTLE. GENERAL MEADE'S ORDER. CONFEDERATES ON THE ALERT. FEDERALS SURPRISED. FEDERAL ADVANCE BLOCKED BY LEE. DEATH OF GENERAL SEDGWICK. BATTLE OF SPOTTSYLVANIA. DEATH OF GENERAL RICE. BATTLE OF THE TWELFTH OF MAY. CAPTURE OF GENERAL EDWARD JOHNSON. DREADFUL LOSS OF LIFE. GRANT'S FLANK MOVEMENT. SHERIDAN'S RAID. BATTLE OF YELLOW TAVERN. DEATH OF GENERAL STUART. BATTLE OF THE NORTH ANNA. WITHDRAWAL OF FEDERALS. BATTLE OF HAWES' SHOP. BATTLE OF HANOVER COURT-HOUSE. BATTLE OF COLD HARBOR. TERRIBLE LOSS OF LIFE. FEDERALS DEFEATED. DEATHS OF COLONELS MCMAHON, HASKELL, MORRIS, PORTER AND MCKEEN. GENERAL TYLER WOUNDED. WITHDRAWAL OF FEDERALS. MARCH TO THE JAMES RIVER. CROSSING TO THE SOUTH SIDE. ROSTER.

WHEN General Grant came to Virginia, in the spring of 1864, the Army of the Potomac was powerful in numbers, in a high state of discipline, and in excellent spirits. It had been reorganized into three corps. The Second, commanded by Major-General Winfield S. Hancock, the Fifth by Major-General Gouverneur K. Warren, and the Sixth commanded by Major-General John Sedgwick. General Meade still retained the command of the army. At no time since its organization had this army been so well officered as at this period. The cavalry corps was placed under the command of

that peerless general, Philip H. Sheridan. When the active operations of the campaign began, the Ninth corps, under General Burnside, reinforced the Army of the Potomac, although it constituted an independent command from that of General Meade. The combined strength of these four corps gave General Grant a force of one hundred and forty thousand men.

The rolls of General Lee's army at this time showed a force of fifty-three thousand men, including infantry, cavalry, and artillery. The defensive line which the Confederates had occupied for months, amid the wild fastnesses south of the Rapidan river, were so strong by nature, and made doubly so by skillful art, that a direct attack upon them was out of the question. Lee did not fear such an attack, nor did Grant design it.

FEDERALS CROSS THE RAPIDAN.

After much consideration, it was decided to cross the Rapidan by the lower fords, and turn the left flank of General Lee, and on the third of May the order was given for the great army to move forth on its memorable campaign.

On May fourth the whole army was in motion. It was an imposing and magnificent spectacle as it moved out from its winter quarters and formed its splendidly steel crowned lines of blue. The advance was made in two columns, the right being composed of Warren's and Sedgwick's corps, who were to cross the river at Germania Ford. The left was composed of Hancock's corps, and was to cross at Ely's Ford, six miles below.

Warren's corps led the advance, preceded by Wilson's cavalry, and reached Germania Ford at six o'clock on the morning of May fourth. A pontoon bridge was quickly laid, and by one o'clock in the afternoon the whole of Warren's corps had crossed. During that evening Sedgwick's corps also crossed, and bivouacked near the river. Warren's corps advanced rapidly in a southern direction from the Rapidan, and encamped for the night near the old Wilderness Tavern,

at a point not far from where the Germania Ford road crosses the old Wilderness pike, at a road leading from Fredericksburg to Orange Court-house. Wilson's cavalry was thrown out along this road in the direction of Robertson's Tavern, to guard against any attack being made by the enemy during the night.

Hancock's corps moved from its temporary encampment on the fourth, from Stevensburg, and advanced to Ely's Ford, being preceded by Gregg's division of cavalry. This whole force rapidly crossed the Rapidan, and, at nine o'clock in the morning, reached Chancellorsville, where the infantry encamped, while the cavalry advanced a considerable distance along the roads leading to Todd's Tavern and Fredericksburg.

On the night of May fourth, over one hundred thousand Union soldiers had crossed the river, which, like an impassable barrier, had separated the two armies for so long a time, and were preparing to enter upon that terrible struggle of death, so soon to take place in the gloomy depths of the Wilderness. Up to this time the Federal army had encountered no opposition, but the Confederates were not inactive.

General Lee had decided to offer no opposition to the crossing of the Rapidan by General Grant, but to hold his army well in hand, and to fall upon his opponent at the first favorable opportunity, after he had crossed. At this time, Longstreet's corps was near Gordonsville, Hill at Orange Court-house, and Ewell in the advance near the Rapidan. Grant's enormous baggage train of four thousand wagons also crossed with his army.

THE LINE OF MARCH.

The line of march which the Army of the Potomac was to follow, was through a dense wilderness of pine and oak, extending south from the Rapidan for many miles and west to Mine Run. Upon the margin of this gloomy and desolate region, the bloody battle of Chancellorsville had been fought the year before. It was not the intention of the Federal commander to fight the battle in such a place as the Wilder-

ness, and the two columns were ordered to advance on May fifth, in the following order.

Warren and Sedgwick forming the right column, were to advance along the Wilderness turnpike, while Hancock was to move along the Orange Court-house plank road. These roads ran in parallel lines, and this day's march, if uninterrupted, would place them around Lee's right flank, and upon his line of communications with Richmond.

RARE GENERALSHIP OF THE CONFEDERATE CHIEF.

General Lee saw the danger which thus threatened him, and resolved to avert it by a rapid and daring movement. This movement must be considered one of the most daring and brilliant of any executed by General Lee during the war. It was to block the advance of the Federal army, shut it up, and oblige General Grant to fight a battle in the dense thickets of the Wilderness. This course presented many advantages to General Lee, and it is to be wondered at that the Federal commanders had not anticipated such a movement upon the part of their opponent.

This region, of which the Federals knew nothing, was one with which the Confederates were perfectly familiar. In its thickets artillery could not be used, and as heavy columns of troops could not advance, the Federal army would lose the great advantage of its superiority of numbers, while the Confederate troops, skilled in wood-craft, could lie unseen in their gray uniforms, and pour death upon the Federal lines. It was a desperate undertaking, but also one which held out many prospects of success to General Lee.

He having been informed that the army of General Grant had crossed the Rapidan on the fourth, immediately ordered his troops to be put in motion, so as to meet his antagonist in the Wilderness on the fifth.

CONFEDERATES IN MOTION.

Ewell's men were to advance along the pike, and those under Hill along the plank road. Thus when the Army of

the Potomac bivouacked for the night on the fourth, in the edge of the wilderness bordering upon the Rapidan river, the Confederates camped upon the opposite border of the same wilderness near Orange Court-house. The vans of the two armies were but a few miles apart, and both intending to advance along the same road on the morning of the fifth.

Early on that day the Federals were in motion. Hancock was to advance along the plank road from Chancellorsville to Shady Grove church, and the right column led by Warren's corps was to advance along the turnpike to Parker's store.

The advance of the Confederates was not known to General Warren, as the cavalry in front, after having advanced on the afternoon of the fourth nearly to Robertson's tavern, had been withdrawn to make a scout upon the plank road to Parker's store, and consequently there were no pickets out along the turnpike when Ewell was advancing.

Griffin's division was thrown out on the fifth to an advanced position on the turnpike to guard against any possible surprise being made by the Confederates upon the flanks of Sedgwick's corps, which was moving from Germania Ford to the old Wilderness Tavern. At the same time Crawford's division of the Fifth corps was ordered to move along a wood road running diagonally to the left of Griffin's position, and extending from the turnpike, near the Wilderness Tavern, to Parker's store on the plank road.

Meantime Ewell continued his advance along the turnpike, so that before noon the skirmishers of Griffin, who were well in advance of his line of battle, came suddenly in contact with the Confederate advance, and when Crawford's advance came near to Parker's store the cavalry picket came dashing back with the information that a column of the enemy was rapidly advancing along the plank road, which proved to be the corps of General Hill.

Generals Grant and Meade, who on the morning of the fifth had arrived at, and established their headquarters at the Wilderness Tavern, did not believe the Confederates were there in force, but that it was simply a division thrown forward by

General Lee to cover some movement he was making in the direction of Richmond to protect his line of communications, and it was determined to brush this small force away and continue the advance; but as this decision was based upon such an erroneous understanding of the situation, the force employed was wholly inadequate for the task.

The principal opposition had thus far been developed in Griffin's front. Crawford's advance, however, upon the plank road had been checked. Wadsworth's division of the Fifth corps was ordered to form upon the left of Griffin's division, with that of Robinson in reserve.

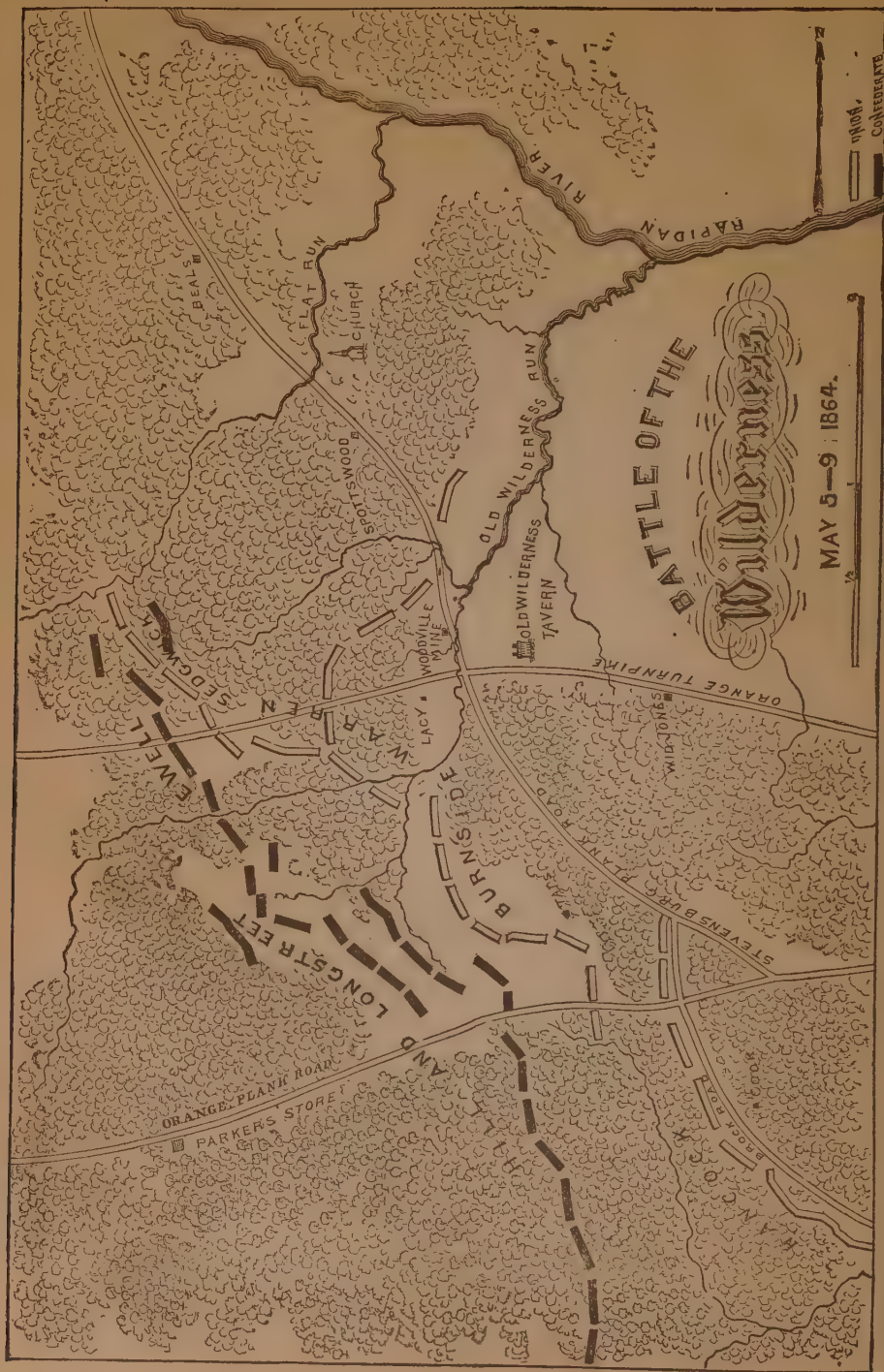
Soon after noon a most vigorous attack was made on the Confederates by Griffin's division as it advanced along the turnpike, with Ayer's division on the right and Bartlett's upon the left of that road. These troops gallantly swept everything before them and drove the van of Ewell's corps back for nearly a mile. If they had been properly supported Ewell's corps would have been defeated in detail, as only a portion of it was then upon the scene of action.

The attack had been made upon what was supposed to be only the rear guard of a retreating army. Recovering from their repulse the Confederates reformed their lines, and being reinforced, were enabled not only to hold their own but to assume the offensive.

FEDERAL PLAN OF ATTACK.

The plan of battle was for a division of the Sixth corps, commanded by General Wright, to form upon the right of General Griffin's command and make a simultaneous advance with the Fifth corps, but owing to the dense growth of woods which covered the ground Wright was unable to connect with Griffin, and thus the right flank of the latter was left uncovered.

Upon this exposed flank the Confederates made a spirited attack, and Ayer's brigade of Reynold's division was forced back. This exposed the flank of Bartlett's brigade, and his line being taken in reverse, was also compelled to yield the



BATTLE OF THE Wilderness

MAY 3-9 1864.

UNION
CONFEDERATE

ground which they had taken. Two brass guns which had been advanced along the turnpike could not be withdrawn, as the horses had been all killed, and fell into the hands of the Confederates. Wadsworth's division was also flanked and obliged to fall back, while that of Crawford was nearly surrounded in the dense forest, and escaped with heavy loss. Thus the whole of the Fifth corps was hurled back by the corps of Ewell and Hill, and all the ground taken by the Federals had been recaptured by the Confederates, but they did not follow up their advantage.

BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.

Warren reformed his line across the turnpike some distance in advance of the Wilderness Tavern. The fighting had been of a most desperate character. Warren lost three thousand. The Confederates had also lost heavily.

These developments had convinced the Federal commanders that General Lee was in their front with his entire army, and preparations were immediately made to give him battle on the morrow. The Sixth corps was ordered to form on Warren's right, and Hancock's corps, which was a long distance to the left, near Todd's Tavern, was ordered to move up the Brock road, until he should reach the point where it crossed the plank road. This point is some four miles east of Parker's store, where Crawford's division of the Fifth corps had encountered the Confederates early on the morning of the fifth.

This movement was of vast importance, for if Hill could seize it first, the Federal army would have been cut in twain. General Meade understood this danger, and early in the day had sent Getty's division of the Sixth corps to seize and hold the position, until Hancock should arrive, and thus form a junction with the rest of the army.

Long before Hancock arrived the Confederates made a determined attack upon Getty's division, but he succeeded in holding them in check until Hancock came up. To make this important position more secure, the latter general immediately

ordered heavy lines of breastworks to be built, the line resting upon and running parallel with the Brock road, but before these works were completed Hancock received orders to advance and drive the Confederates back beyond Parker's store upon the plank road.

The situation of the armies was a most peculiar one. Warren had fought with Ewell upon the turnpike, and the result has already been given. Now Hancock was to attack Hill upon the plank road, but owing to the dense woods there was no connection whatever between these two corps of the Federals, or those of the Confederate army. Each combat was separate and distinct, and had but little bearing upon the other. At four o'clock in the afternoon, May fifth, Hancock's corps, with Getty's division in front on each side of the road, advanced upon the command of Hill, the divisions of Birney and Mott moving in support of that of Getty. They found the Confederate line within three hundred yards of the Brock road, and the battle opened with terrible fury.

Hancock hurled his men forward with great vigor, but the Confederates lying upon the ground and concealed by the forest, poured in such rapid and deadly volleys that each assault of Hancock was repulsed. Mott's division gave way, and General Alexander Hayes, while endeavoring to repair the damage, was killed while gallantly leading his command amid the terrible fire. Generals Grant and Meade, at the old Wilderness Tavern could hear distinctly the heavy firing where Hancock was engaged, and knew that the enemy was there in great force, and to relieve him from a portion of this pressure they ordered General Wadsworth with his division and the brigade of Baxter to move through the forest in a southerly direction toward the plank road, and fall upon the left flank of General Hill.

The thickets were so tangled, however, that night came on before Wadsworth could get into position. His men slept on their arms that night, while his skirmishers were exchanging shots with those of General Hill. Hancock continued to make his desperate assaults upon the enemy until eight o'clock

in the evening, then both forces being utterly exhausted sank upon the ground to sleep. Hundreds of dead soldiers were lying as they fell in the tangled growth of underbrush, while the groans of thousands of wounded were ascending in the evening air.

Burnside's corps made a forced march during the afternoon and night of the fifth, and early on the morning of the sixth it arrived, and took its position on the right of Hancock, between the plank road and the turnpike. The Federal line on the sixth was formed with Sedgwick on the right, then Warren, Burnside and Hancock. This line ran north and south, facing west, and was nearly six miles in length.

On the side of the Confederates, General Longstreet's corps, which at the opening of the campaign was at Gordonsville, forty miles away, did not arrive to take part in the battle of the fifth, but it encamped that night near the battlefield and could be brought up early on the sixth. General Lee's plans were unchanged. Ewell was to fight upon the Confederate left, on the turnpike, Hill upon the plank road, the flanks of both to form a junction, while Longstreet was to form on the right of Hill.

BATTLE OF THE SIXTH OF MAY.

General Grant gave orders to attack at six o'clock on the morning of the sixth along the whole line. General Lee had also decided to make an early attack on the same morning. This he intended to make with an overwhelming force upon the extreme left flank of the Federal army, but it could not be made until Longstreet should arrive. To divert attention from the real point of attack while waiting for Longstreet, Lee resolved to make an attack upon the extreme right of the Federal army, and fifteen minutes before the time General Grant ordered the attack to be made, the sudden roar of battle upon Sedgwick's right informed General Grant that Lee had resolved to give the first blow that morning.

General Sedgwick easily checked this attack, and advanced his line a few hundred yards. Warren and Hancock also

opened the battle along the entire line. The divisions of Getty and Birney, under Hancock, advanced with such vigor that Hill's flank was pressed back. At the same time, Wadsworth's division on Hancock's right advanced, and under this combined attack the Confederate line was overpowered and hurled back a distance of nearly two miles upon the wagon train, artillery and their headquarters.

If this advantage could have been followed up, it undoubtedly would have compelled General Lee's line to fall back, but the Federal line was much shattered and demoralized by advancing so far through the thick woods and the bullets of the enemy. A halt was ordered while the line was being reformed. At this time, in the midst of the confusion in the Confederate lines caused by the defeat of General Hill, General Anderson's brigade came rushing forward to the support of their defeated comrades, and a few moments later the head of General Longstreet's corps marched upon the scene of conflict.

At nine o'clock Hancock again assumed the aggressive, and although he had been reinforced by Stevenson's division of the Ninth corps, he could make no headway. The arrival of Longstreet had restored the Confederate line. When Hancock found he could not advance, there was a lull in the strife which lasted for several hours. Hancock did not dare move with all of his command, upon the foe in his front, for fear Longstreet would make an attack upon his left flank, from the direction of Todd's Tavern, a large portion of his troops being available to make such an attack and not available for the battle in front.

Longstreet massed his troops as rapidly as they arrived upon the field, and soon threw them upon the lines of General Hancock with such vigor that the Federals, after the most desperate resistance, were hurled back. General Hancock bravely endeavored to hold his advanced position.

DEATH OF GENERAL WADSWORTH.

The division of General Wadsworth on Hancock's right was also thrown back, and while endeavoring to rally them, this gallant commander received a bullet through his head, and died a prisoner on the following day.

In the midst of the fury and victory of the Confederate advance they were suddenly checked by an unlooked for event. Longstreet had arranged for a decisive blow, and while advancing a portion of his corps upon Hancock's front, he sent another portion around Hancock's left flank to seize the Brock road and thus get in his rear. When the Federals were falling back and the Confederates following them up, Longstreet and his staff rode out in front of the Confederate line and unexpectedly came upon a portion of their own flanking force.

GENERAL LONGSTREET WOUNDED.

The troops mistook this cavalcade for a party of Federal horsemen and poured a deadly fire upon them, severely wounding General Longstreet, a ball entering his throat and passing out through his shoulder. This event caused a long delay in the Confederate advance, during which General Hancock placed his troops securely upon the plank road.

While Hancock had been thus heavily engaged with Hill and Longstreet upon the Federal left, the battle had also been raging with great fury upon their right. Sedgwick had made determined but unsuccessful efforts to carry the position in his front. Two divisions of the Fifth corps having been sent to the aid of Hancock, the remaining divisions of Griffin and Crawford held only a defensive position, indulging in heavy skirmishing during the day.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, General Lee having well reorganized the Confederate right, made a brilliant assault upon General Hancock. The Confederates advanced boldly to within one hundred yards of his position, where they were checked, and for a long time exchanged terrible volleys of musketry. Their loss was heavy, while the troops of Hancock, being behind breastworks, suffered less.

THE FOREST ON FIRE.

At this critical moment the forest in Hancock's front caught fire, the wind blowing the flame and smoke directly upon his line. The log breastworks were on fire and the men were obliged to fall back, while the Confederates advanced and seized a portion of this line, but were repulsed by Carroll's brigade. The attack at this point was then abandoned by the Confederates.

Just before night General Ewell, with a massed force, made a terrible assault upon the right flank of Sedgwick's corps. Rickett's division was forced back, Brigadier-Generals Shaler and Seymour being captured and with a large number of other prisoners were borne within the Confederate lines. This ended the battle of the sixth of May. During the seventh both commanders, who up to this time had acted upon the offensive, were now well satisfied to act upon the defensive. There was no general movement of either army during that day, but heavy and deadly skirmishing all along the line.

Thus ended the terrible battle of the Wilderness, which for the fierceness of the combatants was perhaps without a parallel in the whole war. The Federals reported their loss at thirteen thousand men killed, wounded and missing, while the Confederates placed theirs at eight thousand men.

THE OBJECT OF THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.

In fighting this terrible battle each commander had a great object in view: General Grant's object was to crush and overwhelm the army of General Lee. The design of the Confederate commander being to frustrate the campaign of the Federal commander, and to drive his army back across the Rapidan river.

It is quite needless to state that both of these generals failed in their designs; and it is safe to remark that, had each one known more of the caliber and mettle of his foe, they would have been less ambitious in their expectations. There was something terrible in this battle, so shrouded by the mysteries of that gloomy forest. The movements of the troops

were all veiled to human sight. An advance or retreat could only be told by the ringing volleys of musketry which would roll and crash through the forest, and when the conflict ended, it was in every respect a drawn battle.

While General Grant was undoubtedly somewhat disappointed at the results of this battle, he was not for a moment discouraged, and during the seventh he decided to make a flank movement by way of Spottsylvania, and by thus turning Lee's right, he would place himself upon Lee's line of communications with the Confederate capital. Spottsylvania Court-house is fifteen miles southeast from the battlefield of the Wilderness. The infantry were not to move until after dark, but during the afternoon the immense trains were conveyed to Chancellorsville, where they were to remain for the night. General Grant's plans were made clear by the following general order of General Meade.

GENERAL MEADE'S ORDER.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, }
May 7th, 3 P.M. }

The following movements are ordered for to-day and to-night:

First. The trains of the Sixth corps authorized to accompany the troops will be moved, at four o'clock P.M., to Chancellorsville, and park on the left of the road, and held ready to follow the Sixth corps during the night march.

Second. The trains of the Fifth corps authorized to accompany the troops will be moved, at five o'clock P.M., to Chancellorsville, following the Sixth corps, and parking with them, and held ready to follow those trains in the movement to-night.

Third. The trains of the Second corps authorized to accompany the troops will be moved, at six o'clock P.M., to Chancellorsville, and park on the right of the road, and held ready to move at the same hour with the other trains, by way of Furnace's, to Todd's Tavern, keeping clear of the Brock road, which will be used by the troops.

Fourth. Corps commanders will send escorts with these trains.

Fifth. The reserve artillery will move at seven o'clock, by way of Chancellorsville, Aldrich's, and Piney Branch church, to the intersection of the road from Piney Branch church to Spottsylvania Court-house, and the road from Alsop's to Block house, and park to the rear of the last named road, so as to give room for the Sixth corps.

Sixth. At half-past eight P.M., Major-General Warren, commanding Fifth corps, will move to Spottsylvania Court-house, by way of Brock road and Todd's Tavern.

Seventh. At eight and one-half o'clock P.M., Major-General Sedgwick, commanding Sixth corps, will move, by the pike and plank road, to Chancellorsville, when he will be joined by the authorized trains of his own corps and those of the Fifth corps; thence, by way of Aldrich's and Piney Branch church, to Spottsylvania Court-house, and the road from Alsop's to Block house. The trains of Fifth corps will then join the corps at Spottsylvania Court-house.

Eighth. Major-General Hancock, commanding the Second corps, will move to Todd's Tavern, by the Brock road, following Fifth corps closely.

Ninth. Headquarters during the movement will be along the route of the Fifth and Sixth corps, and at the close of the movement, near the Sixth.

Tenth. The pickets of the Fifth and Sixth corps will be withdrawn at one o'clock A.M., and those of the second at two A.M., and will follow the routes of their respective corps.

Eleventh. The cavalry, now under the command of Colonel Hammond, will be left by General Sedgwick at the old Wilderness Tavern, and upon being informed by General Hancock of the withdrawal of this corps and pickets, will follow that corps.

Twelfth. Corps commanders will see that the movements are made with punctuality and promptitude.

Thirteenth. Major-General Sheridan, commanding cavalry corps, will have a sufficient force, on the approaches from the right, to keep the corps commanders advised in time of the appearance of the enemy.

Fourteenth. It is understood that General Burnside's command will follow the Sixth corps.

By command of

MAJOR-GENERAL MEADE.

General Lee was on the alert to discover any movement his opponent should make, and was advised of the baggage train of the Federal army being moved to Chancellorsville, but he could not determine whether Grant was designing to move by Fredericksburg or Spottsylvania, yet knowing that some movement was about to be made, he ordered General Anderson, who was now in command of Longstreet's corps, to withdraw his men from the breastworks and be ready to advance upon Spottsylvania in the morning. Fortunately for the Confederates, General Anderson not finding any place to bivouack his troops which was deemed satisfactory to him, actually marched to Spottsylvania that night, and was thus on hand early in the morning to welcome the advance line of General Grant.

General Warren began his advance at nine o'clock in the evening of the seventh. When he reached Todd's Tavern he

was delayed for an hour and a half by the cavalry escort of General Meade, who blocked the road; and as he reached a point two miles beyond that he was again detained by the cavalry division of General Merritt, who during the preceding afternoon and evening had been engaged in a desperate encounter with the Confederate cavalry under General Stuart. Merritt was now endeavoring to clear the way for the advance of General Warren.

After waiting two hours Warren decided to open a way for his own advance. The cavalry were withdrawn; it was now daylight, two brigades of Robinson's division were deployed in line of battle, the remainder of the corps following in column; many obstacles were encountered, and it was not until eight o'clock A.M. that the head of Warren's corps emerged from the woods at Alsop's Farm, two miles north of Spottsylvania Court-house. Beyond this clearing, then occupied by Warren's command, there was another thick belt of woods, and beyond that was the ridge of Spottsylvania.

FEDERALS SURPRISED.

Robinson's division was formed in line of battle and marched up across the field, only expecting to encounter the dismounted cavalymen of General Stuart, but imagine their surprise when they had nearly reached the woods which skirted the upper edge of the field, to receive a terrible fire of musketry from a foe whom they thought was fifteen miles away upon the battlefield of the Wilderness. This line wavered and began to fall back. General Robinson was seriously wounded, and his troops fell back to the woods where the line was reformed by General Warren. Griffin's division, on the right of Robinson's, had also received a terrible fire which checked their advance. The divisions of Crawford and Cutler now came up and by a combined movement pressed the Confederates back for a short distance. The whole Fifth corps was then formed in line, and the men began with great zeal to entrench their positions.

These veterans were the troops of Anderson who had

marched down to Spottsylvania to find a suitable place to encamp. During this day Warren did not deem it wise to advance with his single corps. General Hancock had been detained all day at Todd's Tavern by General Meade, who feared an attack from the enemy at that point. The command of General Sedgwick did not arrive at Spottsylvania until late in the afternoon. He then assumed command of the field, but it was so late that no movement of importance was made upon the Confederate position.

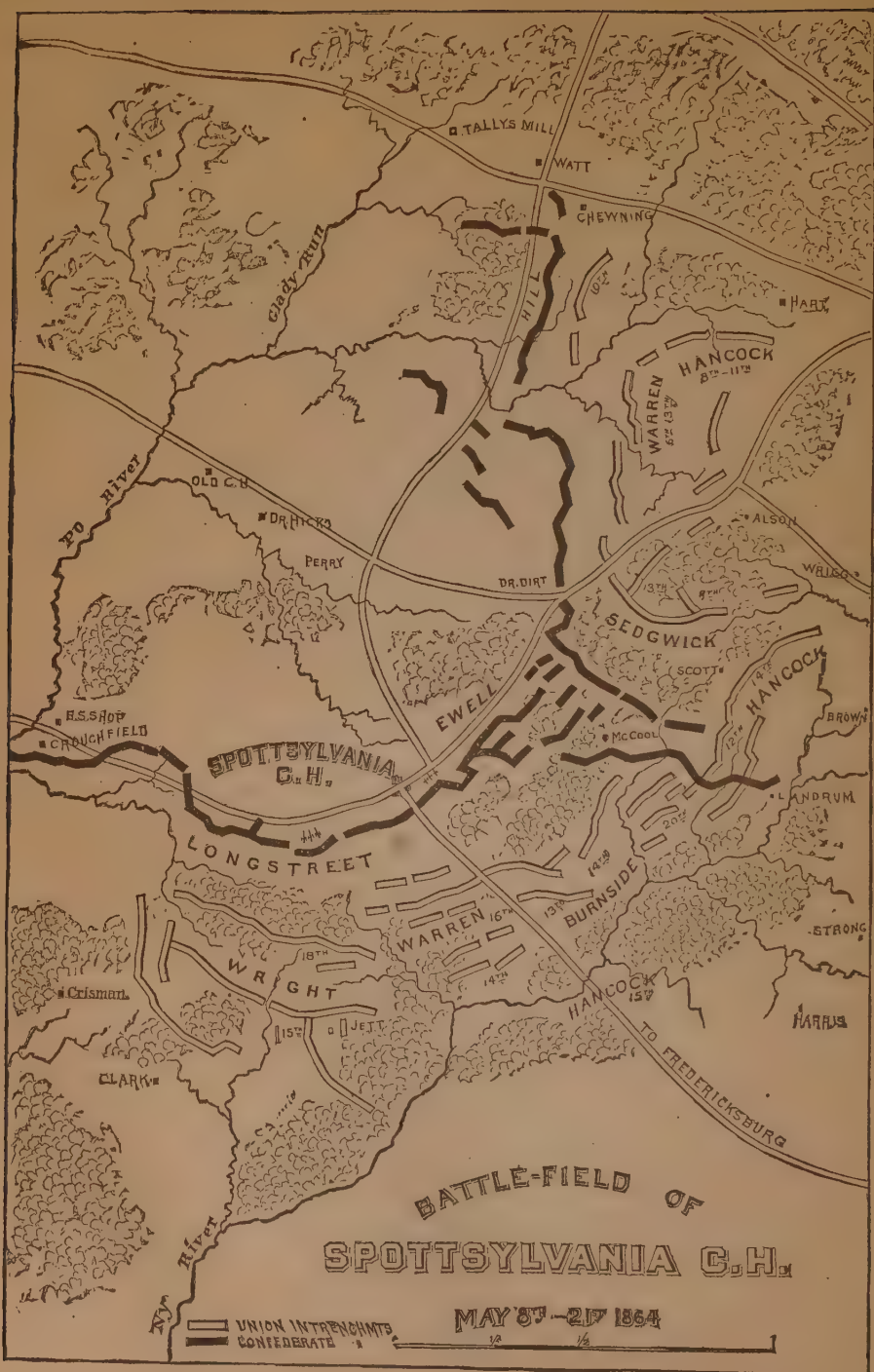
FEDERAL ADVANCE BLOCKED BY LEE.

During this day General Lee succeeded in removing his entire army from the Wilderness, and upon the heights of Spottsylvania planted it directly across the path of General Grant. In this movement General Lee displayed great skill in the rapidity of his movements. His line was formed with Anderson on his right, Ewell in the center, and Hill upon his left. His position was strongly entrenched, and he patiently awaited the coming assault of his enemy.

Meade's army was put in line at first with Hancock on the right, Warren in the center, and Sedgwick on the left of Warren, and Burnside on the left of Sedgwick. The cavalry under General Sheridan were sent on a great raid to cut the railroad communications of General Lee. The day was occupied in getting the troops into position. There was considerable skirmishing.

DEATH OF GENERAL SEDGWICK.

The Confederate sharpshooters were very active, and among the victims of their deadly aim was the gallant commander of the Sixth corps, Major-General John Sedgwick. His death cast a deep gloom over the entire army, as he was much admired by all the soldiers, and his brother officers comprehended that in his death, the army had sustained a great loss. The command of his corps devolved upon Major-General Wright. On the evening of this day, General Hancock made a movement across the Po river, but on the following



day, before he had brought on any serious engagement, he was recalled, as it had been decided to make an attack upon the Confederates in General Warren's front. The Confederates made a savage attack upon one brigade of Barlow's division as it was being withdrawn, but were repulsed with heavy loss.

BATTLE OF SPOTTSYLVANIA.

The attack upon the Confederate line was to be made upon a steep hill, covered with a heavy wood, and was strongly fortified. The assault was made by the troops of both corps, and they were all repulsed with heavy loss. The Federal troops did all that could be expected of men, and actually entered the enemy's lines at several points, but were soon driven back. A second assault was made on the same position an hour later, and met with a most terrible defeat.

These attacks cost the Federal army five thousand men, among the killed being the gallant General Rice of New York, who commanded a brigade in the Fifth corps. Up to this time the Federal attack had been made principally against the left of the Confederate lines, and General Grant now resolved to make a sudden attack upon the left center, where he had discovered, what he considered, a vulnerable point in the enemy's lines. The corps of General Hancock was selected for this special service, and was to be supported by the other corps of the army.

The eleventh of May was passed in making preparations for this assault. After dark the Second corps was moved from the right of the Union lines to the point from which they were to make the attack. The night was very dark and stormy, but Hancock's men with great gallantry moved quietly through the darkness, and formed their line within twelve hundred yards of the line they were to assault. The division of Barlow was formed in two lines, with the brigade of Smythe in the rear. Each regiment was formed in double columns in the center. Birney formed on Barlow's right, Mott's division supported Birney, while the division of Gibbon was held in reserve.

BATTLE OF THE TWELFTH OF MAY.

At half-past four o'clock on Thursday morning, May twelfth, just as the dawn of day became visible through the dense fog, Hancock gave the order to advance. Without firing a single shot the men marched forward at quick time and deliberately walked over the Confederate picket line. When they had passed over one-half the distance to the enemy's breastworks, they gave a loud cheer and dashed on at a double-quick, and, like a remorseless wave of blue, they rolled over the Confederate breastworks. Then was a conflict, brief, yet bloody. The gallant Confederates, although surprised by their foe, contended with valor for the prize they were about to lose; but it was all in vain.

The Federals fought like demons, and, encouraged by their success, hurled the Confederates back with a terrible shock. It was General Edward Johnson's division of Ewell's corps which was being thus roughly handled. General Johnson, with four thousand of his men, twenty pieces of artillery, and thirty banners, was captured, while the remainder of the command fled to the rear. Hancock had struck the Confederate line at a point where it formed a salient, and had thus pushed his corps like a wedge between the two portions of the Confederate army which he had thus sundered.

This point was of great value to each army, and if the Federal forces had then been upon the ground to have pressed on with vigor, Lee's army, thus divided, must have been withdrawn from Spottsylvania. Hancock's men, elated with their victory, dashed on after their flying foe, but in the haste of their movement, and the demoralization of their victory, they hardly presented the appearance of an organized force, and when the fleeing Confederates rallied behind a second line of works some half a mile from the captured line, and poured a deadly fire upon their persons, the Federal advance was checked and turned back upon the line they had captured.

The battle now became one of the most desperate and bloody of the war. Hancock's command formed behind the Confederate works, and the Confederates rushed upon them,

determined to recapture them. The Second corps was sorely pressed by the foe, but the timely arrival of the Sixth relieved this terrible pressure, and enabled the Federals to hold their position. Warren and Burnside also made attacks upon the Confederates in their front, but were unable to gain any ground. Then the divisions of Griffin and Cutler of Warren's corps, were sent to reinforce Hancock, where the conflict was still raging.

General Lee was determined to recapture the lost line, and during the day no less than five heavy assaults were made for that purpose, but each of these was repulsed by the Federal troops. These assaults were without doubt the most desperate of the war. The contending lines often met, the men engaging in a hand to hand struggle. The dead and wounded lay thickly upon the ground made wet and red by the blood of these brave men who had been so fiercely engaged in this mortal combat. The trees were torn and mangled as if by a tornado. Both armies had lost many of their bravest men, nor will the survivors of that terrible scene soon forget that famous angle of death.

Lee's lines were still intact. Generals Grant and Meade seemed determined to carry this position; many movements were made and much fighting done, yet for twelve days Lee had baffled all their attempts, either to turn his flanks, or break his lines, and the only advantage the Federals gained upon the field of Spottsylvania was the victory of Hancock just described.

GRANT'S FLANK MOVEMENT.

General Grant determined to make another flank movement by the left, and thus compel General Lee to fall back. Preparations for this movement were begun on the forenoon of the nineteenth, and on that day Lee sent a portion of Ewell's corps around Grant's right flank, to make a dash upon his baggage train, parked upon the road leading from Spottsylvania to Fredericksburg. The Confederates rapidly crossing the Nye river, made a brilliant dash for the trains.

This movement for a time promised them great results, but General Tyler's division of heavy infantry, which was defending the position, met the Confederates with great bravery, and although they had never before been under fire, repulsed the Confederates and saved the trains until they were reinforced, although they sustained a heavy loss in killed and wounded. Portions of the Second and Fifth corps arriving, the Confederates were driven back across the Nye river, with the loss of several hundred prisoners.

When the Federal army left the battlefield of Spottsylvania on the twentieth of May, it had sustained a loss of forty thousand men, since crossing the Rapidan river on the fourth, and among these some of the best material of which it was composed. During these bloody days at Spottsylvania, Sheridan had been doing heavy work for the Federal cause with the cavalry, while his opponents, under the brilliant Stuart, had been striking terrible blows for the cause of the Confederacy.

SHERIDAN'S RAID.

Sheridan on the tenth of May had captured Beaverdam station on the Central railroad, destroyed ten miles of the track, two trains of cars, three locomotives, and immense quantities of rations; recaptured four hundred Union prisoners who were on their way to Richmond, and encountered the Confederate cavalry. Crossing the South Anna river, he captured Ashland station early on the morning of the eleventh, destroyed the depot, six miles of the road, a train of cars and large quantities of stores; after which he resumed his march for Richmond.

Stuart had concentrated his forces to dispute Sheridan's passage at the Yellow Tavern.

BATTLE OF YELLOW TAVERN.

Here Sheridan immediately made an attack which resulted in the defeat of the Confederates and the death of their brilliant cavalry leader, J. E. B. Stuart, whose loss was a most

disastrous event to the Confederates. Sheridan swept on from Yellow Tavern, passed through the outer defences of Richmond, and then passed down on the peninsula to Haxall's Landing, arriving there on the fourteenth of May. He remained three days at this place, and then passed by the White House and Hanover Court-house, joining the main army on the twenty-fifth of May, upon the Pamunky river.

Hancock's Second corps was the first to take up the line of march from Spottsylvania, moving from the right of the Federal line during the night of the twentieth of May, and marching past the rest of the army, in an easterly direction, to Massaponax church. From this point it passed southward, preceded by the cavalry division of General Torbett. The corps reached Milford station on the Fredericksburg and Richmond railroad on the twenty-first of May, having marched seventeen miles from their starting point. The cavalry had encountered at the Mattapony river, a brigade of infantry under General Kemper, on its way from Richmond to Spottsylvania to reinforce General Lee, but with such skill were the cavalry managed that they repulsed the Confederate infantry and secured the bridge across the river.

The movement of General Grant, although covered as well as it possibly could be, was soon known to General Lee, and that one so delicate and dangerous was permitted to pass by him without an attack being made, with circumstances so favorable, can only be accounted for by the shattered condition of the Confederate army at that time. Lee, however, adopted measures to prevent his antagonist from gaining the advantage of getting upon his line of communications, and accordingly, when Hancock led the advance of the Federal army in its flank movement, on the night of the twentieth, Longstreet's corps led the advance of the Confederate army in its new movement, to keep between the Federals and the Confederate capital. The latter had in this the advantage of good roads and shorter routes of travel.

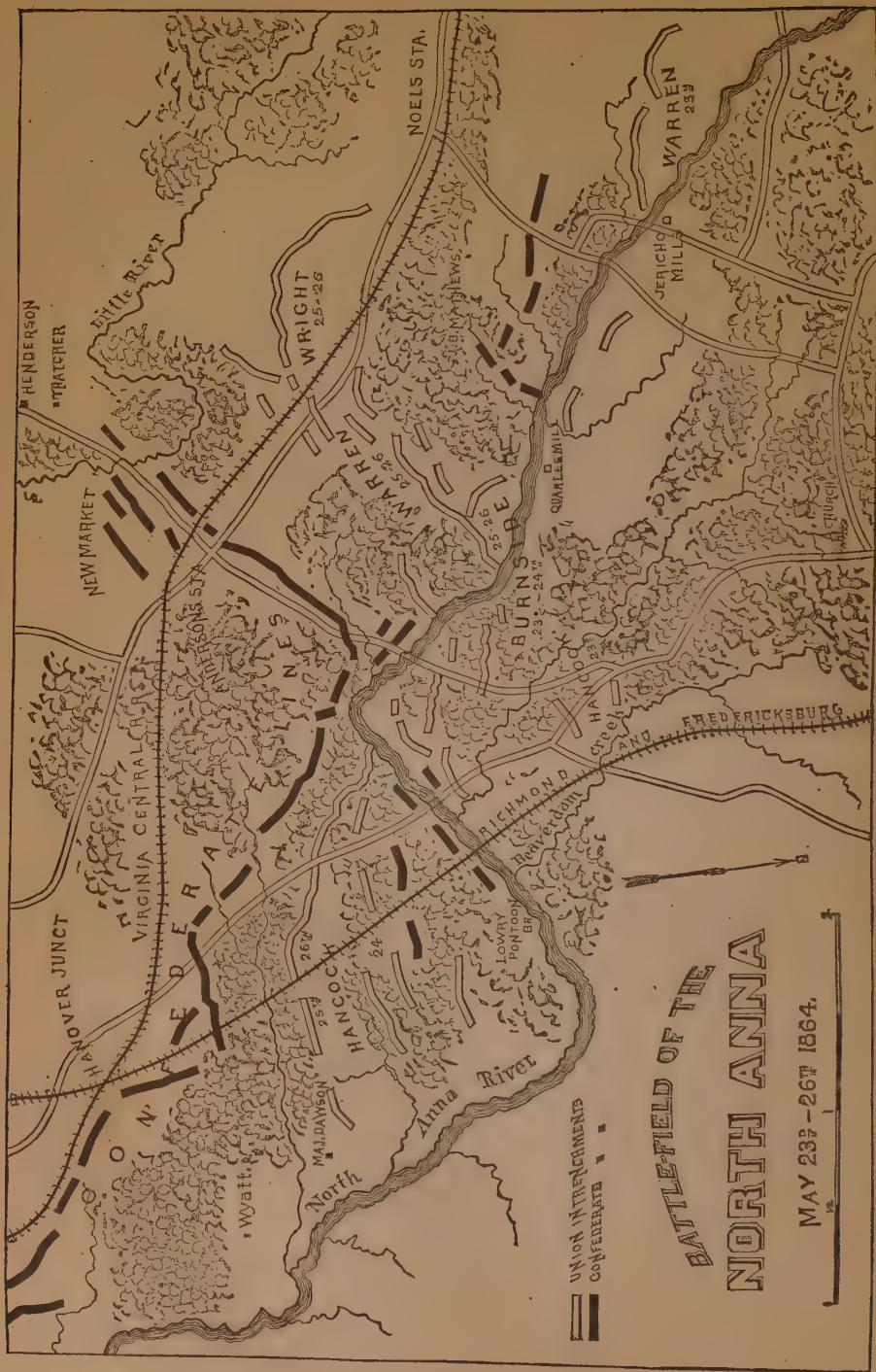
On the morning of the twenty-first, Warren, with the Fifth corps, followed Hancock, and Ewell, with his Confederate

corps, followed that of Longstreet. Burnside, with his corps, left the same afternoon, and Wright, with the Sixth, prepared to follow. Hill now made a fierce assault upon General Wright, in which he succeeded in reaching the Federal line, but after a brief conflict, his troops were thrown back, repulsed. That night Wright withdrew his command from the Federal works, and followed the rest of the army, Hill doing the same with the only remaining force of the Confederates. Thus the heights of Spottsylvania, the prize for which there had been such a bloody struggle, were abandoned by both armies.

Each army marched with its utmost ability for the North Anna river. The section through which they passed, was one of the most beautiful of Virginia, and bore none of the traces of war, which were so visible in many portions of the state. The fields were just becoming green with grass, corn and wheat; all spoke of peace, save those rushing lines of men, horses and cannon, hastening on to fields of strife and carnage.

On the morning of May twenty-third, the Federal cavalry reached the northern bank of the North Anna river, and from this position they could plainly see the heavy columns of their foe on the opposite bank, marching into a strong position to give them a warm reception. The position which General Lee occupied on the southern bank of this river, was of great importance to him, from the fact that it covered the Virginia Central railroad, which was only a short distance to the south, and along which reinforcements and supplies must come from the Shenandoah Valley to Lee's army.

Grant had evidently hoped to seize that position before the arrival of Lee, but the shorter line of the latter had once more enabled him to thwart the designs of the former. The point where the Federal army reached the North Anna was in the vicinity of the Fredericksburg and Richmond railroad; indeed the corps of Hancock, which formed the left column, struck it at the bridge where it crosses the river, and at a point where the telegraph between those cities crosses upon



a wooden bridge. The right column came to the river at Jericho Ford, four miles further up. The Federal army at once prepared to make the crossing.

BATTLE OF THE NORTH ANNA.

Lee fiercely assailed the advance of Hancock when he undertook this movement, but the advance of Warren, composed of Bartlett's brigade, forded the river without any opposition, and formed on the southern bank of the stream, while a pontoon bridge was thrown across it, over which the remainder of the corps marched. It then formed a line of battle with Cutler's division on the right, Griffin's in the center, and that of General Crawford upon the left. This line then advanced several hundred yards, and formed their line in the edge of a piece of woods, between the river and the Virginia Central Railroad, which was distant some two miles. The only force in their front at that time was one brigade of Wilcox's division of General Hill's corps, but the Confederates were soon reinforced by the remainder of the division; consisting of the brigades of Scales, Gordon and Thomas, and also by the division of General Heth.

Warren's line had just begun to intrench itself, when Griffin was furiously assailed by the above named force in double lines of battle. The Federals quickly repulsed their assailants with heavy loss. The Confederates then sent a brigade, under General Brown, to make an attack upon the right flank of General Cutler's division. This movement was entirely unexpected by the Federals, and threw the division of Cutler into great confusion. Griffin's flank was thus uncovered, and was for a time threatened with great disaster, but he quickly repulsed the right of his line, and the brigade of Bartlett dashed forward and re-established the line from which Cutler had been driven.

While making this movement one regiment of Bartlett's brigade, the eighty-third Pennsylvania, ran squarely against the Confederate line under General Brown, which was following up its advantage. By a skillful movement, Lieutenant-

Colonel McCoy, commanding the eighty-third Pennsylvania, succeeded in firing the first volley. General Brown was captured, and the Confederates were driven rapidly back through the woods. The Confederates were now repulsed all along Warren's front, while one thousand prisoners were left in the hands of the Federals. General Warren lost four hundred killed and wounded. Hancock was having a severe fight with the Confederates, where he was endeavoring to force a passage of the river at the bridge, a mile above the point at which the Fredericksburg and Richmond railroad crosses the stream.

The Confederates were strongly intrenched behind earthworks on both sides of it; redoubts, breastworks, and ditches, which had been constructed at some earlier period of the war. These were manned by McLaws' division of Longstreet's corps. Birney's division, of Hancock's corps, was assigned the task of storming them upon the northern bank.

Colonel Tidball, Hancock's chief of artillery, placed in position three sections of artillery, to cover the assaulting party. Just before sunset the assault was made by the brigades of Pierce and Egan. These troops, under a very severe fire, swept across the field upon a double-quick, rushed over the breastworks, and the Confederates, unable longer to hold their position, fled across the bridge, leaving a number of prisoners in the hands of the victors. During the night, they endeavored to burn the bridge, but the vigilance of the Federal pickets prevented it. Next morning, the Confederates having been withdrawn from the works on the southern bank of the river, Hancock's troops immediately crossed upon the bridge, at the same time the Sixth corps having crossed at Jericho Ford, where Warren had crossed the day before. There was now a space of four miles between the two wings of the Federal army.

The Confederate army was now in a most singular position; its left had been thrown back from the river by the force under Warren, its right was also bent back by the passage of the river by Hancock, but its center still clung to the river, and the line was in the form of an "obtuse angled triangle,"

with the point resting upon the North Anna; his right refused, and extending to the Hanover marshes, while his left also refused, with its flank resting upon the Little river.

Hancock faced one side of this angle, Warren and Wright the other, and when Burnside undertook to cross the river at a point between the places where Hancock and Warren crossed, his advanced division, commanded by General Crittenden, sustained a very severe loss from the Confederate center. When Warren undertook to extend his line by sending Crawford's division to form a junction with Crittenden, it met with so much opposition, that it was with much difficulty it made its way back to its original position. Thus, notwithstanding Grant's successful passage of the North Anna, he now found that it was impossible for him to continue his advance, and after waiting two days, during which time many miles of the railroad were destroyed, he determined to withdraw his army, and continue his advance in another direction.

This movement was made after dark on the night of May twenty-sixth. The Second, Fifth and Sixth corps crossed on different bridges to the northern bank. This movement was made as secretly as possible, not a sound being heard save the low rumbling of the artillery, and the tramp of marching soldiers. It was daylight soon after the last of the long lines had made the crossing. The army then moved in a south-eastern direction to cross the Pamunky river. The Sixth corps led the advance, followed by the Fifth and Ninth. The Second was the last to cross the river, and it moved in the rear of the army. In making this movement the Federal army was obliged to make a wide circuit, first to the east and then to the south. The Pamunky river is formed by the junction of the North and South Anna rivers, and the Pamunky then unites its waters with those of the Mattaponi, forming the York, which empties its waters into the Chesapeake bay.

If Grant could cross the Pamunky, he would not only turn Lee's position on the North Anna, but could also change his

base of supplies from Port Royal, on the Rappahannock, to White House on the York, which would be of great advantage to him. The Sixth corps, preceded by two cavalry divisions, leading the advance of the Federal army, on the morning of May twenty-seventh, reached the Pamunky at Hanover town. This force immediately crossed the river and awaited the arrival of the remainder of the army.

On the morning of the twenty-eighth, the Fifth and Ninth corps joined the Sixth on the southern bank of the river, the Second corps crossing the river four miles above, and thus the entire Army of the Potomac had crossed the Pamunky. General Lee had met this new movement of General Grant by a corresponding one of his own, and as the distance his army was obliged to march was less than one-half that marched by his antagonist, it was not a matter of surprise, that the Confederate chieftain with his army was once more squarely across the path of the Federal general.

Lee's position was in advance of the Chickahominy, and covered the Virginia Central and Fredericksburg and Richmond railroads, his front being toward the northeast. This position compelled Grant to undertake to dislodge him before he could cross the Chickahominy river.

BATTLE OF HAWES' SHOP.

General Grant, therefore, immediately threw his cavalry forward on the Hanover road, and at a point known as Hawes' shop, where soon the brigades of Gregg, Custer and Davies became hotly engaged, on the afternoon of the twenty-eighth, with the Confederate cavalry, under Generals Fitzhugh Lee and Wade Hampton. The men were dismounted and fought with great gallantry for several hours, both sides losing heavily, but Sheridan succeeded in holding this important junction of the roads, and this enabled the whole army to advance its lines beyond Hawes' shop, while the Confederate line retired behind the Tolopotomy creek. The armies were now operating upon the ground made historic in 1862, during the peninsula campaign of McClellan, the right of the army then

resting at Hawes' shop, Gains hill and Mechanicsville being but a few miles away. The battlefield of Fair Oaks could be reached by a two hours' ride, while the Confederate capital was only about ten miles distant.

It was difficult for the Federal commander to decide as to what portion of the defences General Lee now occupied, and with the design of developing his position, a forward movement was ordered. The Sixth corps moved to Hanover Court-house, the Second was to advance along the road leading from Hawes' shop to the same place, the Fifth was to move in the direction of Shady Grove church, and the Ninth was held in readiness to support either of the other corps.

BATTLE OF HANOVER COURT-HOUSE.

General Wright, with the Sixth corps, succeeded in passing around the left flank of General Lee, and reached Hanover Court-house, but Generals Hancock and Warren soon came into collision with the Confederates, and their advance was checked. Hancock encountered the enemy on the south bank of the Tolopotomy creek, a small branch of the Pamunky river.

The Confederate position was a very strong one, and the opposition to Hancock's advance was so stubborn that the whole of the Second corps was brought forward, and the Ninth, the next day, was also advanced. The Sixth was placed upon his right, with the design of storming the position. Hancock succeeded in carrying an advance line of the Confederates, but the principal line was found too formidable to carry by assault. General Warren encountered Ewell's corps as he advanced in the direction of Shady Grove church, at a point where the principal branch of the Tolopotomy crosses the road. There was a brief, fierce struggle, which resulted in a drawn battle, and the conflict ended.

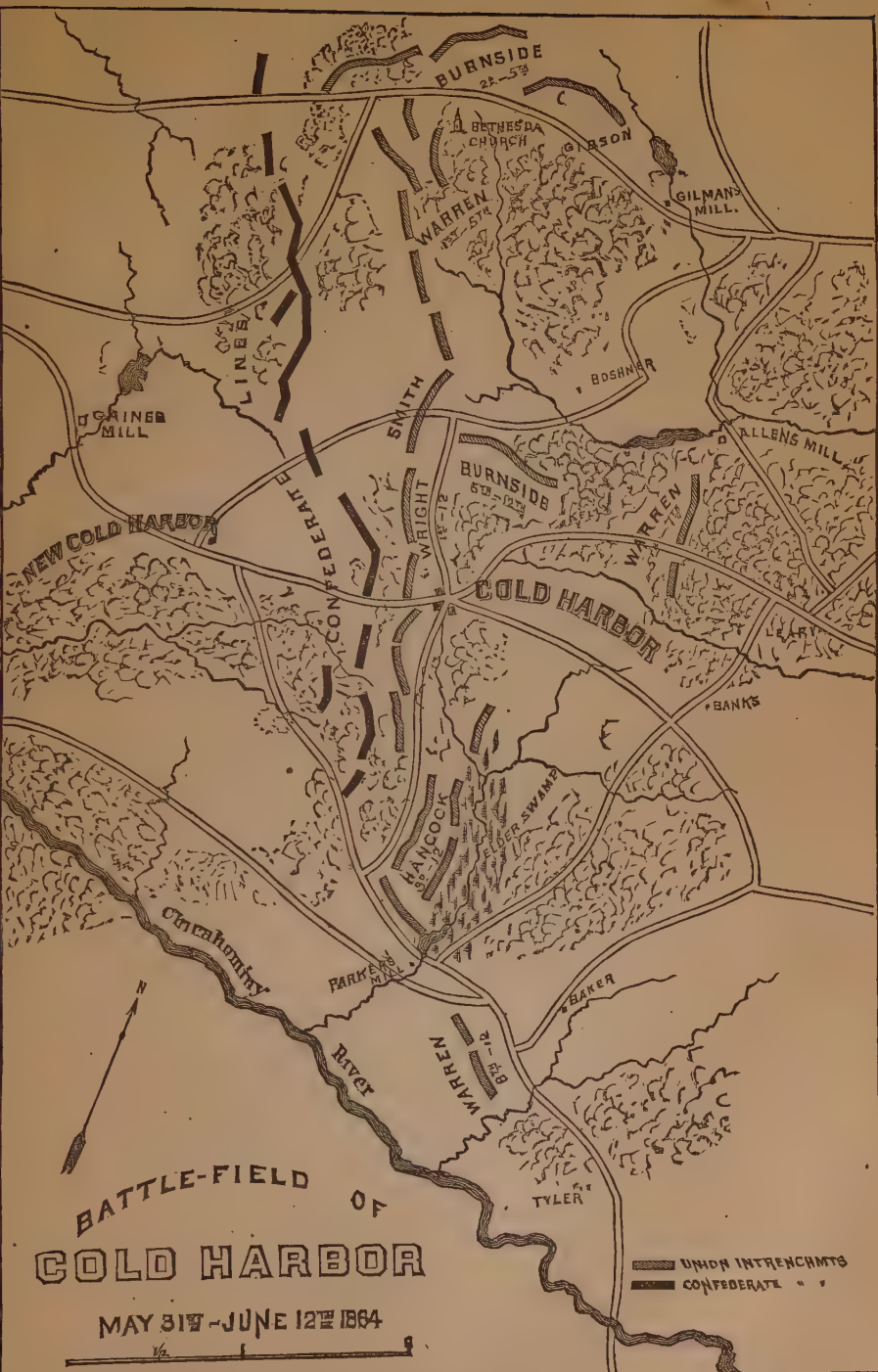
The operations of this day very clearly revealed to General Grant that his adversary's position was one of great strength. The Army of the Potomac had now reached a point where it must cross the Chickahominy river before it could continue

its march toward the South, and it was also evident to the Federal commander that it would be impossible for him to force a crossing at that place, where General Lee was so strongly intrenched. It was therefore determined to make a flank movement to the left, and cross the Chickahominy at Cold Harbor. This place was the center of all the roads leading to Richmond and White House, and was thus made a point of great importance. It was secured by the cavalry under General Sheridan, on the afternoon of May thirty-first, and on that night the Sixth corps was removed from the right of the army and was ordered to move upon Cold Harbor, to co-operate with the corps of General N. F. Smith, of Butler's command, which was to move up from the James river.

As soon as the Sixth corps had been put in motion, the quick eye of General Lee detected the movement, and understanding the plan of his antagonist, at once withdrew Longstreet's corps from its position in the line and directed it to be moved with rapidity to Cold Harbor, and to resist any attempt to force the passage of the Chickahominy. When Wright and Smith arrived with their commands, they found the Confederates in line, awaiting them in force. The Confederates occupied a very strong position behind Cold Harbor, in a very thick wood, and in order to reach them the Federals must charge across an open field many hundred yards in width.

BATTLE OF COLD HARBOR.

At four o'clock the preparations for an assault were completed, and the Federals moved forward with much firmness, under a terrible fire of musketry and artillery. The first line of the Confederate works was captured, and with them five hundred prisoners. The second line was not captured, and that night the Federal troops lay upon their arms, holding the line of works which they had taken. The Federals lost two thousand men in killed and wounded, which was very severe, but it enabled the Federals to hold Cold Harbor which was of great importance, as General Grant was determined to force the passage of the Chickahominy and compel Lee to retire within the fortifications of Richmond.



BATTLE-FIELD OF COLD HARBOR

MAY 31ST - JUNE 12TH 1864

UNION INTRENCHMENTS
CONFEDERATE



On the night of June first, Hancock's corps was ordered from its position to Cold Harbor, and formed upon the left of the Sixth corps; Warren's corps remained at Bethesda church, and although his line was extended for four miles, there was still a gap between his left and Smith's right. To close this space General Meade ordered Warren to extend his left until it touched Smith's right, while Burnside was ordered to retire from his position upon the extreme right of the Federal line and to mass his corps upon the right and rear of Warren.

While Burnside was making this movement on the afternoon of the second, the Confederates detected it, and, following the Federals close up, drove their skirmish line back in much confusion, and also captured many of them. They then made their way between Warren's line of battle and his skirmish line and captured about four hundred of them. Warren at once checked his movement of extension to the left, and Bartlett's brigade attacked the Confederates with much vigor, and drove them back to their own line. The Fifth and Ninth corps were then placed in position for the great battle which was to be fought upon the morrow, Generals Grant and Meade establishing their headquarters at Cold Harbor.

The armies were now upon an old battlefield, it being the same ground upon which Generals Lee and McClellan had fought the battle of Gaines' Mill in 1862, but at that time McClellan held the position now occupied by General Lee, while the Confederate officer occupied the one now held by General Grant. As the two armies now faced each other, General Lee was between Grant and the Chickahominy river, in a position, as he faced Cold Harbor, naturally very strong, and was also fortified by heavy log breastworks to protect the men. The Confederate batteries were so arranged that they could sweep the entire field and front over which the Federals were obliged to pass. In all the positions which General Lee occupied in that terrible campaign from the Rapidan to Petersburg, there was not one more formidable than this one at Cold Harbor.

The Federal line was formed with Hancock's men upon the left, then the Sixth corps upon their right, General Smith's command was to the right of the Sixth, while the corps of Warren and Burnside were upon the right of the entire line. The right rested upon the Tolopotomy creek, and the left extended across the Dispatch station road. The ground in front of the line was much obstructed by dense undergrowth, while deep soft marshes would have to be crossed in order to reach the Confederate line. Sheridan, with two divisions of cavalry, held the lower crossings of the Chickahominy and protected the roads to White House. The plan of battle was to make a general assault upon the Confederate position at half-past four o'clock in the morning of June third, and at that hour, through the gray mists of the morning, the whole Federal line, six miles in length, arose from behind its breastworks and began their terrible advance upon the Confederate lines.

At this time flames of fire shot forth and gleamed out from the darkness which enveloped the Confederate position, and suddenly the air was filled with hurtling lead. It was a noble charge, but an awful sacrifice. In less than twenty minutes the battle was decided in favor of the Confederates, for the whole Federal line was swept back as if by a tidal wave of death.

In Hancock's corps, Bartlett's division succeeded in reaching the Confederate line and capturing three guns and a number of prisoners, but his line was taken in reverse and he was obliged to fall back. Gibbon's division reached a point near the Confederate line, but was unable to proceed. Colonel McMahon, with a portion of one regiment became separated from the rest of his brigade; he reached the enemy's line and planted a color upon it, and then fell, covered with wounds and died in the midst of the Confederates.

In Gibbon's division Colonels Haskell, Morris, Porter and McKeen were all killed, and General Tyler was wounded, but this division, with that of Barlow, succeeded in holding an advanced position very near the Confederate line. In less

than one hour's time Hancock's corps lost over three thousand men. Of the Sixth corps, and also that of General Smith, every assault had been repulsed with great loss, and all that was gained by this terrible sacrifice of life was to obtain a position nearer the Confederate line.

The Fifth corps formed so extended a line that it could do no more than hold its own position. The Ninth corps did not become engaged until a late hour, and while its loss was not so severe as that of the other corps, it did not meet with any success that would throw a gleam of sunshine upon the results of that disastrous day. Thus ended the bloody battle of Cold Harbor. The Federal loss in killed, wounded and missing, was thirteen thousand men, while that of the Confederates was not more than one-fourth of that number.

General Grant had now lost over fifty thousand men upon the battlefields between the Rapidan and the Chickahominy, while General Lee had not lost one-half that number, nor had Grant been able to destroy his line. Although the Confederate army had been terribly shattered by its fearful losses, it was to all appearances as defiant as it was when it threw itself across the path of Grant in the Wilderness. The days which succeeded the battle of Cold Harbor were among the most gloomy of the Civil war.

The North watched with great anxiety to see what movement General Grant would make to extricate his army from its dangerous and sickly position along the Chickahominy, while the South ardently hoped that General Lee would continue to baffle any movements which the Federal commander should make. After the battle of Cold Harbor, General Grant determined to change his base of operations by crossing the James river and moving against Petersburg, upon the Appomattox river, south side of the James, twenty-five miles from Richmond. In making this movement, he hoped to cut off Lee's communications with the South. General Burnside's corps was removed from the right of the army and placed near the Fifth corps and the Eighteenth, commanded by General Smith.

On the sixth of June the Fifth corps was taken from the right and moved in rear of the center of the line. On the seventh, it was placed upon the extreme left of the Federal army, to extend the line of Hancock to Dispatch station on the York River railroad, while two divisions of cavalry were sent under Sheridan to effectually destroy the Virginia Central railroad. By these movements to the left flank, the army was placed in easy marching distance of the lower fords of the Chickahominy, Warren's corps then being only ten miles from Long bridge. General Warren led the advance of the army on the night of the twelfth, in the direction of the James, by crossing the Chickahominy at Long bridge, and took a position to mask the movements of the army. Hancock's corps marched to Wilcox Landing on the James river. The troops of Burnside and Wright crossed the Chickahominy at Jones' bridge, below Long bridge, and marched to Charles City on the James river. Smith's corps marched to White House, and by transports returned to Bermuda Hundred. The trains crossed the Chickahominy on a bridge at Cole's ferry. The march of over fifty miles across the peninsula was made in two days, and with great success.

General Warren very skillfully covered this delicate movement of the army by a threatened advance upon Richmond by way of White Oak swamp, and thus covered all the roads leading from Richmond by which the Confederates could advance to attack the Army of the Potomac. Under this protection the army moved rapidly to the James. Lee discovered the withdrawal of Grant, early on the morning of June thirteenth, and immediately retired in the direction of Richmond. During the afternoon of that day an infantry force of the Confederates moved down the Newmarket road, and came in contact with Warren's line. They did not assault it, but began to entrench in his immediate front. While Warren was thus confronting the Confederates, the Army of the Potomac reached the James river below Harrison's landing, and was ready to cross to the south side of that river. There was a brief delay, as the pontoons had not then arrived. Han-

cock's corps was soon ferried across at Wilcox landing, and disembarked at Windmill point. During the night of the fourteenth the remainder of the army crossed upon pontoons, placed a short distance below the point where Hancock had crossed.

ROSTER A.

ORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, ON MAY 4, 1864.

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE G. MEADE, COMMANDING.

[Compiled from the records of the Adjutant-General's Office.]

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS.

Provost Guard.

Brigadier-General MARSENA R. PATRICK.

1st Massachusetts Cavalry, Companies C
and D.
80th New York Infantry (20th Militia).

3d Pennsylvania Cavalry.
68th Pennsylvania Infantry.
114th Pennsylvania Infantry.

Volunteer Engineer Brigade.

Brigadier-General HENRY W. BENHAM.

15th New York Engineers. 50th New York Engineers.

Battalion United States Engineers.

Captain GEORGE H. MENDELL.

Guards and Orderlies.

Captain DANIEL P. MANN.

Independent Company Oneida (N. Y.) Cavalry.

ARTILLERY.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL HENRY J. HUNT.

ARTILLERY RESERVE.

COLONEL HENRY S. BURTON.

First Brigade.—Colonel J. HOWARD KITCHING; 6th New York Heavy Artillery, 15th New York Heavy Artillery.

Second Brigade.—Major JOHN A. TOMPKINS; Maine Light Artillery, 5th Battery; New York Light Artillery, 5th Battery; New York Light Artillery, 12th Battery; New York Light Artillery, 15th Battery; New Jersey Light Artillery, Battery A; New Jersey Light Artillery, Battery B.

First Brigade Horse Artillery.—Captain JOHN M. ROBERTSON; New York Light Artillery, 6th Battery; 2d U. S. Artillery, Batteries B and L; 2d U. S. Artillery, Battery D; 2d U. S. Artillery, Battery M; 4th U. S. Artillery, Battery A; 4th U. S. Artillery, Batteries C and E.

Second Brigade Horse Artillery.—Captain DUNBAR R. RANSOM; 1st U. S. Artillery, Batteries E and G; 1st U. S. Artillery, Batteries H and I; 1st U. S. Artillery, Battery K; 2d U. S. Artillery, Battery A; 2d U. S. Artillery, Battery G; 3d U. S. Artillery, Batteries C, F, and K.

Third Brigade.—Major ROBERT H. FITZHUGH; Massachusetts Light Artillery, 9th Battery; 1st New York Light Artillery, Battery B; 1st New York Light Artillery, Battery C; New York Light Artillery, 11th Battery; 1st Ohio Light Artillery, Battery H; 5th U. S. Artillery, Battery E.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

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SECOND ARMY CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL W. S. HANCOCK.

Escort.

Captain JOHN H. HAZELTON.
1st Vermont Cavalry, Company M.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL FRANCIS C. BARLOW.

First Brigade.—Colonel NELSON A. MILES; 26th Michigan, 61st New York, 81st Pennsylvania, 140th Pennsylvania, 183d Pennsylvania.

Second Brigade.—Colonel THOMAS A. SMYTH; 23th Massachusetts, 63d New York, 69th New York, 85th New York, 116th Pennsylvania.

Third Brigade.—Colonel PAUL FRANK; 39th New York; 52d New York, 57th New York, 111th New York, 125th New York, 128th New York.

Fourth Brigade.—Colonel JOHN R. BROOKE; 2d Delaware, 64th New York, 66th New York, 53d Pennsylvania, 145th Pennsylvania, 143th Pennsylvania.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN GIBBON.

First Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. ALEX. S. WEBB; 19th Maine, 1st Co. Andrew (Mass.) S. S., 15th Massachusetts, 19th Massachusetts, 20th Massachusetts, 7th Michigan, 42d New York, 59th New York, 82d New York.

Second Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. JOSHUA T. OWEN; 152d New York, 69th Pennsylvania, 71st Pennsylvania, 72d Pennsylvania, 106th Pennsylvania.

Third Brigade.—Colonel SAMUEL S. CARROLL; 14th Connecticut, 10th New York, 108th New York; 12th New Jersey, 1st Delaware, 7th West Virginia; 4th Ohio, 8th Ohio, 14th Indiana.

THIRD DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL DAVID B. BIRNEY.

First Brigade.—Brigadier-Gen. J. H. H. WARD; 3d Maine, 40th New York, 86th New York, 124th New York, 99th Pennsylvania, 110th Pennsylvania, 141st Pennsylvania, 20th Indiana, 2d U. S. Sharpshooters.

Second Brigade.—Brigadier-Gen. ALEXANDER HAYS; 4th Maine, 17th Maine, 93d New York, 57th Pennsylvania, 63d Pennsylvania, 105th Pennsylvania, 3d Michigan, 5th Michigan, 1st U. S. Sharpshooters.

FOURTH DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GERSHAM MOTT.

First Brigade.—Colonel ROBERT MCALLISTER; 1st Massachusetts, 16th Massachusetts, 5th New Jersey, 6th New Jersey, 7th New Jersey, 8th New Jersey, 11th New Jersey, 26th Pennsylvania, 115th Pennsylvania.

Second Brigade.—Colonel WILLIAM R. BREWSTER; 11th Massachusetts, 70th New York, 71st New York, 72d New York, 73d New York, 74th New York, 120th New York, 84th Pennsylvania.

ARTILLERY BRIGADE.

COLONEL JOHN C. TIDBALL.

Maine Light Artillery, 6th Battery, New Hampshire Light Artillery, 1st Battery, Massachusetts Light Artillery, 10th Battery, 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery, Battery A, 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery, Battery B, 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery, Battery G, 4th New York Heavy Artillery, 3d Battalion, 1st Pennsylvania Light Artillery, Battery F, 4th U. S. Artillery, Battery K, 5th U. S. Artillery, Batteries C and I.

FIFTH ARMY CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL G. K. WARREN.

*Provost Guard.*Major HENRY W. RYDER,
12th New York Battalion.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL CHARLES GRIFFIN.

First Brigade.—Brigadier-Gen. ROMEYN B. AYRES; 140th New York, 146th New York, 91st Pennsylvania, 155th Pennsylvania, 2d United States, Companies B, C, F, H, I and K, 11th United States, Companies B, C, D, E, F and G, 1st Battalion, 12th United States, Companies A, B, C, D and G, 1st Battalion. 12th United States, Companies A, C, D, F and H, 2d Battalion; 14th United States, 1st Battalion; 17th United States, Companies A, C, D, G and H, 1st Battalion; 17th United States, Companies A, B and C, 2d Battalion.

Second Brigade.—Colonel JACOB B. SWETZER; 9th Massachusetts, 22d Massachusetts, 32d Massachusetts, 62d Pennsylvania, 4th Michigan.

Third Brigade.—Brigadier-Gen. JOSEPH J. BARTLETT; 20th Maine, 18th Massachusetts, 44th New York, 88d Pennsylvania, 118th Pennsylvania, 1st Michigan, 16th Michigan.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN C. ROBINSON.

First Brigade.—Colonel SAMUEL H. LEONARD; 16th Maine, 13th Massachusetts, 39th Massachusetts, 104th New York.

Second Brigade.—Brigadier-Gen. HENRY BAXTER; 12th Massachusetts, 83d New York, 97th New York, 11th Pennsylvania, 88th Pennsylvania, 90th Pennsylvania.

Third Brigade.—Colonel ANDREW W. DENISON; 1st Maryland, 4th Maryland, 7th Maryland, 8th Maryland.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL SAMUEL W. CRAWFORD.

First Brigade.—Colonel WILLIAM McCANDLESS; 1st Pennsylvania Reserves, 2d Pennsylvania Reserves, 6th Pennsylvania Reserves, 7th Pennsylvania Reserves, 11th Pennsylvania Reserves, 13th Pennsylvania Reserves (1st Rifles).

Third Brigade.—Colonel JOSEPH W. FISHER; 5th Pennsylvania Reserves, 8th Pennsylvania Reserves, 9th Pennsylvania Reserves, 10th Pennsylvania Reserves, 12th Pennsylvania Reserves.

FOURTH DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES S. WADSWORTH.

First Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. LYSANDER CUTLER; 1st New York Battalion Sharpshooters, 7th Indiana, 19th Indiana, 24th Michigan, 2d Wisconsin, 6th Wisconsin, 7th Wisconsin.

Second Brigade.—Brigadier-Gen. JAMES C. RICE; 76th New York, 84th New York, 95th New York, 147th New York, 56th Pennsylvania.

Third Brigade.—Colonel ROY SPONE; 121st Pennsylvania, 142d Pennsylvania, 143d Pennsylvania, 149th Pennsylvania, 150th Pennsylvania.

ARTILLERY BRIGADE.

COLONEL CHARLES S. WAINWRIGHT.

Massachusetts Light Artillery, Battery C; Massachusetts Light Artillery, Battery E; 1st New York Light Artillery, Battery D; 1st New York Light Artillery, Batteries E and L; 1st New York Light Artillery, Battery H; 4th New York Heavy Artillery, 2d Battalion; 4th New York Heavy Artillery, Company E; 1st Pennsylvania Light Artillery, Battery B; 4th United States Artillery, Battery B; 5th United States Artillery, Battery D.

SIXTH ARMY CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN SEDGWICK.

Escort.

8th Pennsylvania Cavalry, Company A.
Captain CHARLES E. FELLOWS.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL HORATIO G. WRIGHT.

First Brigade.—Colonel HENRY W. BROWN; 1st New Jersey, 2d New Jersey, 3d New Jersey, 4th New Jersey, 10th New Jersey, 15th New Jersey.

Second Brigade.—Colonel EMORY UPTON; 5th Maine, 121st New York, 95th Pennsylvania, 96th Pennsylvania.

Third Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. DAVID A. RUSSELL; 6th Maine, 49th Pennsylvania, 119th Pennsylvania, 5th Wisconsin.

Fourth Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. ALEXANDER SHALER; 65th New York, 67th New York, 122d New York, 23d Pennsylvania, 82d Pennsylvania.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE W. GETTY.

First Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. FRANK WHEATON; 62d New York, 93d Pennsylvania, 98th Pennsylvania, 102d Pennsylvania, 139th Pennsylvania.

Second Brigade.—Colonel LEWIS A. GRANT; 2d Vermont, 3d Vermont, 4th Vermont, 5th Vermont, 6th Vermont.

Third Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. THOMAS H. NEILL; 7th Maine, 43d New York, 49th New York, 77th New York, 61st Pennsylvania.

Fourth Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. HENRY L. EUSTIS; 7th Massachusetts, 10th Massachusetts, 37th Massachusetts, 2d Rhode Island.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES B. RICKETTS.

First Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. WILLIAM H. MORRIS; 10th Vermont, 106th New York, 151st New York, 14th New Jersey, 87th Pennsylvania.

Second Brigade.—Colonel BENJAMIN F. SMITH;¹ 67th Pennsylvania, 138th Pennsylvania, 6th Maryland, 110th Ohio, 122d Ohio, 126th Ohio.

ARTILLERY BRIGADE.

COLONEL CHARLES H. TOMPKINS.

Maine Light Artillery, 4th Battery (D), Massachusetts Light Artillery, 1st Battery (A), 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery, Battery C, 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery, Battery E, 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery, Battery G, New York Light Artillery, 1st Battery, New York Light Artillery, 3d Battery, 4th New York Heavy Artillery, 1st Battalion, 5th United States Artillery, Battery M.

CAVALRY CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.

Escort.

Captain IRA W. CLAFLIN.
6th United States.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. T. A. TORBERT.

First Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. GEO. A. CUSTER; 1st Michigan, 5th Michigan, 6th Michigan, 7th Michigan.

¹ Relieved May 5th by Brigadier-General Truman Seymour.

Second Brigade.—Colonel THOS. C. DEVIN; 4th New York, 6th New York, 9th New York, 17th Pennsylvania.

Reserve Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. WESLEY MERRITT; 1st New York (Dragoons), 6th Pennsylvania, 1st United States, 2d United States, 5th United States.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL DAVID McM. GREGG.

First Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. HENRY E. DAVIES, JR.; 1st Massachusetts, 1st New Jersey, 1st Pennsylvania, 6th Ohio.

Second Brigade.—Colonel J. IRVIN GREGG; 1st Maine, 10th New York, 2d Pennsylvania, 4th Pennsylvania, 8th Pennsylvania, 13th Pennsylvania, 16th Pennsylvania.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES H. WILSON.

First Brigade.—Colonel TIMOTHY M. BRYAN JR.; 1st Connecticut, 2d New York, 5th New York, 18th Pennsylvania.

Second Brigade.—Colonel GEORGE H. CHAPMAN; 1st Vermont, 8th New York, 3d Indiana, 8th Illinois.

ORGANIZATION OF THE NINTH ARMY CORPS, ON MAY 4TH, 1864.¹

MAJOR-GENERAL AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE, COMMANDING.

Provost Guard.

Captain MILTON COGSWELL.
8th United States Infantry.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL THOMAS G. STEVENSON.

First Brigade.—Colonel SUMNER CARRUTH; 35th Massachusetts, 56th Massachusetts, 57th Massachusetts, 59th Massachusetts, 4th United States, 10th United States.

Second Brigade.—Colonel DANIEL LEASURE; 21st Massachusetts, 100th Pennsylvania, 3d Maryland.

Artillery.—Maine Light Artillery, 2d Battery (B); Massachusetts Light Art., 14th Battery.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ROBERT B. POTTER.

First Brigade.—Colonel ZENAS R. BLISS; 36th Massachusetts, 58th Massachusetts, 7th Rhode Island, 51st New York, 45th Pennsylvania, 43th Pennsylvania.

Second Brigade.—Colonel SIMON G. GRIFFIN; 31st Maine, 32d Maine, 6th New Hampshire, 9th New Hampshire, 11th New Hampshire, 17th Vermont.

Artillery.—Massachusetts Light Art., 11th Battery; New York Light Art., 19th Battery.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ORLANDO B. WILLCOX.

First Brigade.—Colonel JOHN F. HARTRANFT; 109th New York, 51st Pennsylvania, 2d Michigan, 8th Michigan, 17th Michigan, 27th Michigan.

¹This corps was under the direct orders of Lieut.-General U. S. Grant until May 24th, 1864, when assigned to the Army of the Potomac.

Second Brigade.—Colonel BENJAMIN C. CHRIST; 79th New York, 50th Pennsylvania, 60th Ohio, 1st Michigan Sharpshooters, 20th Michigan.

Artillery.—Maine Light Artillery, 7th Battery; New York Light Artillery, 34th Battery.

FOURTH DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL EDWARD FERRERO.

First Brigade.—Colonel JOSHUA K. SIGFRIED; 27th United States Colored Troops, 30th United States Colored Troops, 39th United States Colored Troops, 43d United States Colored Troops.

Second Brigade.—Colonel HENRY G. THOMAS; 30th Connecticut (colored), 19th United States Colored Troops, 23d United States Colored Troops.

Artillery.—Vermont Light Artillery, 3d Battery; Pennsylvania Light Art., Battery D.

Cavalry.—3d New Jersey, 18th Pennsylvania, 2d Ohio.

Reserve Artillery.—1st R. I. Light Artillery, Battery D; 1st R. I. Light Artillery, Battery H; N. Y. Light Artillery, 27th Battery; 2d United States Artillery, Battery E; 3d United States Artillery, Battery G; 3d United States Artillery, Batteries L and M.

Provisional Brigade.—Colonel ELISHA G. MARSHALL; 24th New York Cavalry (dis-mounted), 14th New York Heavy Artillery, 2d Pennsylvania Provincial Heavy Artillery.

ROSTER B.

ORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, ON JANUARY 31st, 1864.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE, COMMANDING.

SECOND ARMY CORPS.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL R. S. EWELL, COMMANDING.

EARLY'S DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL JUBAL A. EARLY.

Hays' Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. H. T. HAYS; 5th Louisiana, Col. Henry Forno; 6th Louisiana, Col. Wm. Monaghan; 7th Louisiana, Col. D. B. Penn; 8th Louisiana, Lieut.-Col. A. DeBlanc; 9th Louisiana, Col. W. R. Peck.

Pegram's Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. JOHN PEGRAM; 13th Virginia, Col. J. B. Terrill; 31st Virginia, Col. J. S. Hoffman; 49th Virginia, Col. J. C. Gibson; 52d Virginia, Col. James H. Skinner; 58th Virginia, Col. F. H. Board.

Gordon's Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. JOHN B. GORDON; 13th Georgia, Col. James M. Smith; 36th Georgia, Col. J. D. Matthews; 31st [26th] Georgia, Col. E. N. Atkinson; 38th [31st] Georgia, Col. C. A. Evans; 60th Georgia, Col. W. H. Stiles; 61st Georgia, Col. J. H. Lamar.

Hoke's Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. R. F. HOKE; 6th N. Carolina, Col. R. F. Webb; 21st N. Carolina, Lieut.-Col. W. S. Rankin; 54th N. Carolina, Col. K. M. Murchison; 57th N. Carolina, Col. A. C. Godwin; 1st N. C. Battalion, Capt. J. A. Cooper.

JOHNSON'S DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL EDWARD JOHNSON.

Stonewall Brigade.—Brig.-General J. A. WALKER; 2d Virginia, Col. J. Q. A. Nadenbousch; 4th Virginia, Col. William Perry; 5th Virginia, Col. J. H. S. Funk; 27th Virginia, Lt.-Col. [C. L.] Haynes; 33d Virginia, Col. F. W. M. Holliday.

Jones's Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. J. M. JONES; 21st Virginia, Col. W. A. Witcher; 25th Virginia, Col. J. C. Higginbotham; 42d Virginia, Col. R. W. Withers; 44th Virginia, Col. Norvell Cobb; 48th Virginia, Col. R. H. Dungan; 50th Virginia, Col. A. S. Vanderventer.

Stewart's Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. GEORGE H. STEWART; 10th Virginia, Col. E. T. H. Warren; 23d Virginia, Col. A. G. Taliaferro; 37th Virginia, Col. T. V. Williams; 1st N. Carolina, Col. J. A. McDowell; 3d N. Carolina, Col. S. D. Thurston.

Stafford's Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. L. A. STAFFORD; 1st Louisiana, Col. W. R. Shivers; 2d Louisiana, Col. J. M. Williams; 10th Louisiana, Col. E. Waggaman; 14th Louisiana, Col. Z. York; 15th Louisiana, Col. E. Pendleton.

RODES' DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL ROBERT E. RODES.

Daniel's Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. JUNIUS DANIEL; 32d N. Carolina, Col. E. C. Brabble; 43d N. Carolina, Col. Thomas S. Kenan; 45th N. Carolina, Col. Samuel H. Boyd; 53d N. Carolina, Col. Wm. A. Owens; 2d N. C. Battalion, Maj. John M. Hancock.

Ramseur's Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. S. D. RAMSEUR; 2d N. Carolina, Col. W. R. Cox; 4th N. Carolina, Col. Bryan Grimes; 14th N. Carolina, Col. R. T. Bennett; 30th N. Carolina, Col. F. M. Parker.

Doles' Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. GEORGE DOLES; 4th Georgia, Col. Philip Cook; 12th Georgia, Col. Edward Willis; 21st Georgia, Col. John T. Mercer; 44th Georgia, Col. William H. Peebles.

Battle's Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. C. A. BATTLE; 3d Alabama, Col. C. Forsyth; 5th Alabama, Col. J. M. Hall; 6th Alabama, Col. J. N. Lightfoot; 12th Alabama, Col. S. B. Pickens; 26th Alabama, Col. E. A. O'Neal.

Johnston's Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. R. D. JOHNSTON; 5th N. C., Col. Thomas M. Garrett; 12th N. C., Col. H. E. Coleman; 20th N. C., [Lieut.] Col. Thomas F. Toon; 23d N. C., Major C. C. Blacknall.

THIRD ARMY CORPS.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL A. P. HILL, COMMANDING.

ANDERSON'S DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL R. H. ANDERSON.

Wilcox's (late) Brigade.—8th Alabama, Col. Y. L. Royston; 9th Alabama, Col. J. H. King; 10th Alabama, Col. W. H. Forney; 11th Alabama, Col. J. C. C. Sanders; 14th Alabama, Col. L. Pinckard.

Mahone's Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. WILLIAM MAHONE; 6th Virginia, Col. George T. Rogers; 12th Virginia, Col. D. A. Weisiger; 16th Virginia, Col. Joseph [H.] Ham; 41st Virginia, Col. W. A. Farham; 61st Virginia, Col. V. D. Groner.

Posey's (late) Brigade.—12th Mississippi, Col. W. H. Taylor; 16th Mississippi, Col. S. E. Baker; 19th Mississippi, Col. N. H. Harris; 48th Mississippi, Col. J. M. Jayne.

Wright's Brigade.—Brig.-General A. R. WRIGHT; 3d Georgia, Col. E. J. Walker; 22d Georgia, Col. [George H. Jones]; 48th Georgia, Col. William Gibson; 2d Georgia Battalion, Major C. J. Moffitt.

Perry's Brigade.—Brig.-General E. A. PERRY; 2d Florida, Col. L. G. Pyles; 5th Florida, Col. T. B. Lamar; 8th Florida, Col. David Lang.

HETH'S DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY HETH.

Davis' Brigade.—Brig.-General J. R. DAVIS; 2d Mississippi, Col. J. M. Stone; 11th Mississippi, Col. F. M. Green; 42d Mississippi, Col. H. Moseley; 55th North Carolina, Col. J. K. Connally.

Kirkland's Brigade.—Brig.-General W. W. KIRKLAND; 11th North Carolina, Colonel C. Leventhorpe; 26th North Carolina, Col. J. R. Lane; 44th North Carolina, Col. T. C. Singeltary; 47th North Carolina, Col. G. H. Faribault; 52d North Carolina, Col. J. K. Marshall.

Cooke's Brigade.—Brig.-General J. R. COOKE; 15th North Carolina, Col. William McRea; 27th North Carolina, Col. John A. Gilmer [Jr.]; 46th North Carolina, Col. E. D. Hall; 48th North Carolina, Col. [S. H. Walkup].

WILCOX'S DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL C. M. WILCOX.

Lane's Brigade.—Brig.-General J. H. LANE; 7th North Carolina, Col. E. G. Haywood; 18th North Carolina, Col. J. D. Barry; 25th North Carolina, Col. S. D. Lowe; 33d North Carolina, Col. C. M. Avery; 37th North Carolina, Col. W. M. Barbour.

McGowan's Brigade.—Brig.-General S. MCGOWAN; 1st South Carolina, Major C. W. McCreary; 12th South Carolina, Col. J. L. Miller; 13th South Carolina, Col. B. T. Brockman; 14th South Carolina, Col. Jos. N. Brown; Orr's (1st) S. Carolina Rifles, Col. F. E. Harrison.

Scales' Brigade.—Brig.-General A. M. SCALES; 13th North Carolina, Col. J. H. Hyman; 16th North Carolina, Lieut.-Col. W. A. Stowe; 22d North Carolina, Col. T. S. Galloway; 34th North Carolina, Col. W. L. J. Lowrance; 38th North Carolina, Col. W. J. Hoke.

BLUE AND GRAY.

CAVALRY CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL J. E. B. STUART, COMMANDING.

HAMPTON'S DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL WADE HAMPTON, COMMANDING.

Gordon's Brigade.—Brig.-General JAMES B. GORDON; 1st North Carolina Cav., Col. W. H. Cheek; 2d North Carolina Cavalry, Col. [Wm. G.] Robinson; 4th North Carolina Cavalry, Col. D. D. Ferebee; 5th North Carolina Cavalry, Col. [Lt.-Col. S. B. Evans].

Young's Brigade.—Brig.-General P. M. B. YOUNG; 1st South Carolina Cavalry, Col. J. L. Black; 2d South Carolina Cavalry, Col. T. J. Lipscomb; Cobb's Georgia Legion (Cav.), Col. G. J. Wright; Phillips' Georgia Legion (Cav.), Lieut.-Col. W. W. Rich; Jeff. Davis Legion (Cav.), Lieut.-Colonel J. F. Waring.

Rosser's Brigade.—Brig.-General T. L. ROSSER; 7th Virginia Cavalry, Col. R. H. Dulany; 11th Virginia Cavalry, Col. O. R. Funsten; 12th Virginia Cavalry, Col. A. W. Harman; 35th Battalion Virginia Cavalry, Lieut.-Col. E. V. White.

LEE'S DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE.

W. H. F. Lee's Brigade.—Brig.-General J. R. CHAMBLISS, Commanding; 9th Virginia Cavalry, Col. R. L. T. Beale; 10th Virginia Cavalry, Col. J. Lucius Davis; 13th Virginia Cavalry, Col. [J. C. Phillips].

Lomax's Brigade.—Brig.-General L. L. LOMAX; 5th Virginia Cavalry, Lieut.-Col. H. Clay Pate; 6th Virginia Cavalry, Col. Julien Harrison; 15th Virginia Cavalry, Lieut.-Col. John Critcher.

Wickham's Brigade.—Brig.-General W. C. WICKHAM; 1st Virginia Cavalry, Col. R. W. Carter; 2d Virginia Cavalry, Col. T. T. Munford; 3d Virginia Cavalry, Col. T. H. Owen; 4th Virginia Cavalry, Lieut.-Colonel W. H. Payne.

VALLEY DISTRICT.

MAJOR-GENERAL J. A. EARLY, COMMANDING.

UNATTACHED COMMANDS.

Imboden's Brigade.—Brig.-General J. D. IMBODEN; 62d Virginia Infantry (mt'd), Col. George H. Smith; 18th Virginia Cavalry, Col. G. W. Imboden; 41st Virginia Cavalry Battalion, Lieut.-Col. Robert White; Gilmer's Maryland Cavalry Battalion, Major H. W. Gilmer, McClanahan's Battery, Captain — McClanahan.

Thomas's Brigade.—Brig.-General E. L. THOMAS; 14th Georgia, Col. R. W. Folsom; 35th Georgia, Col. B. H. Holt; 45th Georgia, Col. T. J. Simmons; 49th Georgia, Col. S. T. Player.

Walker's Brigade.—Brig.-General H. H. WALKER; 40th Virginia, Col. J. M. Brockenbrough; 47th Virginia, Col. R. M. Mayo; 55th Virginia, Col. [Wm. S.] Christian; 22d Virginia Battalion, Lieut.-Col. E. P. Tayloe.

Archer's Brigade.—Brig.-General J. J. ARCHER; 1st Tennessee, Col. P. Turney; 7th Tennessee, [Col. John A. Fite]; 14th Tennessee, [Col. Wm. McComb]; 13th Alabama, —.

Provost Guard.—1st Virginia Battalion, Major D. B. Bridgford.

Scouts, Guides, and Couriers.—39th Virginia Cavalry Battalion, Major J. H. Richardson.

MARYLAND LINE.

COLONEL BRADLEY T. JOHNSON, COMMANDING.

1st Maryland Cavalry, Lieut.-Col. Ridgely Brown; 2d Maryland Infantry, Lieut.-Colonel James R. Herbert; 2d Maryland Artillery, Capt. H. Griffin; Cooper's Virginia Bat., Capt. [R. L.] Cooper.

ARTILLERY CORPS.

BRIG.-GENERAL W. N. PENDLETON, CHIEF OF ARTILLERY.

ARTILLERY WITH SECOND CORPS.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. L. LONG, CHIEF OF ARTILLERY.

Braxton's Battalion.—Major O. M. BRAXTON, of Virginia; Lee Battery (Va.), Captain C. W. Statham; 1st Maryland Artillery, Captain W. F. Dement; Chesapeake Artillery (Md.), Lieut. W. S. Chew; Alleghany Artillery (Va.), Captain J. C. Carpenter.

Jones' Battalion.—Lieut.-Col. H. P. JONES, of Virginia; Major J. B. BROCKENBROUGH, of Virginia; Charlottesville Artillery (Va.), Captain J. McD. Carrington; Staunton Artillery (Va.), Captain A. W. Garber; Courtney Artillery (Va.), Captain W. A. Tanner.

Carter's Battalion.—Lieut.-Colonel T. H. CARTER, of Virginia; Morris Art. (Va.), Capt. R. C. Page; Orange Art. (Va.), Capt. C. M. Fry; King William Art. (Va.), Capt. W. P. Carter; Jeff. Davis Art. (Ala.), Capt. W. J. Reese.

Nelson's Brigade.—Lieut.-Col. W. NELSON and Major T. J. PAGE, of Virginia; Amherst Art. (Va.), Capt. T. J. Kirkpatrick; Milledge Art. (Ga.), Capt. John Milledge; Fluvanna Art. (Va.), Capt. John L. Massie.

First Regiment Virginia Artillery.—Colonel J. T. BROWN, of Virginia, and Major R. A. HARDAWAY, of Alabama; Powhatan Artillery, Capt. Willis J. Dance; 2d Richmond Howitzers, Captain David Watson; 3d Richmond Howitzers, Capt. B. H. Smith, Jr.; Rockbridge Artillery, Capt. Archie Graham; Salem Flying Artillery, Capt. Charles B. Griffin.

ARTILLERY WITH THIRD CORPS.

COLONEL R. L. WALKER, CHIEF OF ARTILLERY.

Cutt's Battalion.—Lieut.-Col. A. S. CUTTS and Major JOHN LANE, of Georgia; Ross' Battery (Ga.), Capt. H. M. Ross; Patterson's Battery (Ga.), Capt. G. M. Patterson; Irvine Artillery (Ga.), Capt. J. T. Wingfield.

Garnett's Battalion.—Lieut.-Col. J. J. GARNETT and Major C. RICHARDSON, of Virginia; Lewis Artillery (Va.), Capt. N. Penick; Donaldsonville Artillery (La.), Capt. V. Maurin; Norfolk Light Artillery (Va.), Capt. C. R. Grandy; Huger Artillery (Va.), Capt. J. D. Moore.

McIntosh's Battalion.—Major D. G. MCINTOSH, of South Carolina; Johnson's Artillery (Va.), Capt. M. Johnson; Hardaway Artillery (Ala.), Capt. W. B. Hurt; Danville Artillery (Va.), Capt. R. S. Rice; 2d Rockbridge Artillery (Va.), Capt. L. Donald.

Pegram's Battalion.—Major W. J. PEGRAM, of Virginia; Pedee Artillery (S. C.), Capt. E. D. Brunson; Fredericksburg Artillery (Va.), Capt. E. A. Marye; Purcell Battery (Va.), Capt. J. McGraw; Letcher Artillery (Va.), Capt. T. A. Brander; Crenshaw Battery (Va.), Capt. T. Ellett.

Poague's Battalion.—Major W. T. POAGUE, of Missouri; Madison Artillery (Miss.), Capt. George Ward; Albemarle Artillery (Va.), Capt. J. W. Wyatt; Brooke Battery (Va.), Capt. A. W. Utterback; Graham's Battery (Ala.), Capt. J. Graham.

Haskell's Battalion.—Major J. C. HASKELL, of South Carolina; Palmetto Battalion (S. C.), Capt. H. R. Garden; Branch Artillery (N. C.), Capt. J. J. R. Potts; Rowan Artillery (N. C.), Capt. John A. Ramsay; Nelson Artillery (Va.), Capt. J. N. Lanikin.

ARTILLERY WITH CAVALRY CORPS.

Beckham's Battalion.—Major R. F. BECKHAM; Chew's Battery (Virginia), Capt. R. P. Chew; Moorman's Battery (Virginia), Capt. M. N. Moorman; Hart's Battery (South Carolina), Capt. James F. Hart; Breathed's Battery (Maryland), Capt. J. Breathed; McGregor's Battery (Virginia), Capt. W. M. McGregor.

RESERVE ARTILLERY.

Cabell's Battalion.—Colonel H. C. CABELL, of Virginia, and Major S. P. HAMILTON, of Georgia; Company A, 1st Artillery (North Carolina), Capt. B. C. Manly; 1st Richmond Howitzers (Virginia), Capt. E. S. McCarthy; Troup Artillery (Georgia), Capt. H. H. Carlton; Savannah Artillery (Georgia), Lieut. M. Calloway.

ORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, IN AUGUST, 1864.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE, COMMANDING.

FIRST ARMY CORPS.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL R. H. ANDERSON, COMMANDING.

PICKETT'S DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE E. PICKETT.

Barton's Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. SETH M. BARTON; 9th Virginia, Col. J. J. Phillips; 14th Virginia, Col. William White; 38th Virginia, Col. George K. Griggs; 53d Virginia, Col. W. R. Aylett; 57th Virginia, Col. C. R. Fontaine.

Corse's Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. M. D. CORSE; 15th Virginia, Col. T. P. August; 17th Virginia, Col. Arthur Herbert; 29th Virginia, Col. James Giles; 30th Virginia, Col. A. T. Harrison; 32d Virginia, Col. E. B. Montague.

Hutton's Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. EPPA HUNTON; 8th Virginia, Col. N. Berkeley; 18th Virginia, Col. H. A. Carrington; 19th Virginia, Col. Henry Gantt; 23th Virginia, Col. William Watts; 56th Virginia, Col. P. P. Slaughter.

Terry's Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. WILLIAM R. TERRY; 1st Virginia, Col. F. G. Skinner; 3d Virginia, Col. Joseph Mayo, Jr.; 7th Virginia, Col. C. C. Flowerree; 11th Virginia, Col. M. S. Langhorne; 24th Virginia, Lieut.-Col. R. L. Maury.

FIELD'S DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL C. W. FIELD.

Anderson's Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. G. T. ANDERSON; 7th Georgia, Col. G. H. Carmical; 8th Georgia, Col. J. R. Towers; 9th Georgia, Lieut.-Col. E. F. Hoge; 11th Georgia, Col. F. H. Little; 59th Georgia, Col. Jack Brown.

Law's Brigade.—Brig.-General E. M. LAW; 4th Alabama, Col. P. D. Bowles; 15th Alabama, Col. A. A. Lowther; 44th Alabama, Col. W. F. Perry; 47th Alabama, Col. M. J. Bulger; 48th Alabama, Lieut.-Col. W. M. Hardwick.

Bratton's Brigade.—Brig.-General JOHN BRATTON; 1st South Carolina, Col. J. R. Hagood; 2d South Carolina [Rifles], Col. R. E. Bowen; 5th South Carolina, Col. A. Coward; 6th South Carolina, Col. J. M. Steedman; Palmetto Sharpshooters, Col. Joseph Walker.

KERSHAW'S DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL J. B. KERSHAW.

Wofford's Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. W. T. WOFFORD; 16th Georgia, Major James S. Gholston; 18th Georgia, Col. Joseph Armstrong; 24th Georgia, Col. C. C. Sanders; 3d Georgia Battalion (Sharpshooters), Lieut.-Col. N. L. Hutchins; Phillips' Legion, Lieut.-Col. Joseph Hamilton; Cobb's Legion, Lieut.-Col. L. J. Glenn.

Humphreys' Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. B. G. HUMPHREYS; 13th Mississippi, Lieut.-Col. A. G. O'Brien; 17th Mississippi, Capt. J. C. Cochran; 18th Mississippi, Col. T. M. Griffin; 21st Mississippi, Col. D. N. Moody.

Bryan's Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. GOODE BRYAN; 19th Georgia, Col. W. C. Holt; 50th Georgia, Col. P. McGlashan; 51st Georgia, Col. E. Ball; 53d Georgia, Col. James P. Sims.

Kershaw's [old] Brigade.—2d South Carolina, Col. J. D. Kennedy; 3d South Carolina, Col. W. D. Rutherford; 7th South Carolina, Capt. E. J. Goggans; 8th South Carolina, Col. J. W. Henagan; 15th South Carolina, Col. J. B. Davis; 20th South Carolina, Col. S. M. Boykin; 3d South Carolina Battalion, Lieut. [Col.] W. G. Rice.

ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

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SECOND ARMY CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL JUBAL A. EARLY, COMMANDING.

GORDON'S DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN B. GORDON.

Hays' Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. H. T. HAYS; 5th Louisiana, Col. Henry Forno; 6th Louisiana, Col. William Monaghan; 7th Louisiana, Col. D. B. Penn; 8th Louisiana, Col. A. DeBlanc; 9th Louisiana, Col. William R. Peck.

Pegram's Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. JOHN PEGRAM; 13th Virginia, Col. J. B. Terrill; 31st Virginia, Col. J. S. Hoffman; 49th Virginia, Col. J. C. Gibson; 52d Virginia, Col. James H. Skinner; 58th Virginia, Col. F. H. Board.

Gordon's Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. J. B. GORDON; 13th Georgia, Lieut.-Col. J. H. Baker; 26th Georgia, Col. E. N. Atkinson; 31st Georgia, Col. C. A. Evans; 38th Georgia, Col. J. D. Matthews; 60th Georgia, Col. W. H. Stiles; 61st Georgia, Col. J. H. Lamar.

Hoke's Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. R. F. HOKE; 6th North Carolina, Col. R. F. Webb; 21st North Carolina, Lieut.-Col. W. S. Rankin; 54th North Carolina, Col. K. N. Murchison; 57th North Carolina, Col. A. C. Godwin; 1st North Carolina Battalion, Maj. [R. W.] Wharton.

JOHNSON'S DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL EDWARD JOHNSON.

Stonewall Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. J. A. WALKER; 2d Virginia, Col. J. Q. A. Nadenbousch; 4th Virginia, Col. William Terry; 5th Virginia, Col. J. H. S. Funk; 27th Virginia, Lt.-Col. Charles [L.] Haynes; 33d Virginia, Col. F. W. M. Holiday.

Jones' Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. J. M. JONES; 21st Virginia, Col. W. A. Witcher, 25th Virginia, Col. J. C. Higginbotham; 42d Virginia, Col. R. W. Withers; 44th Virginia, Col. Norvell Cobb; 48th Virginia, Col. R. H. Dungan; 50th Virginia, Col. A. S. Vanderverter.

Stewart's Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. GEORGE H. STEWART; 10th Virginia, Col. E. T. H. Warren; 23d Virginia, Col. A. G. Taliaferro; 37th Virginia, Col. T. V. Williams; 1st North Carolina, Col. H. A. Brown; 3d North Carolina, Col. S. D. Thruston.

Stafford's Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. L. A. STAFFORD; 1st Louisiana, Col. W. R. Shivers; 2d Louisiana, Col. J. M. Williams; 10th Louisiana, Col. E. Waggaman; 14th Louisiana, Col. Z. York; 15th Louisiana, Col. E. Pendleton.

RODES' DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL R. E. RODES.

Daniel's Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. J. DANIEL; 32d North Carolina, Col. E. C. Brabble; 43d North Carolina, Col. Thomas S. Kenan; 45th North Carolina, Col. Samuel H. Boyd; 53d North Carolina, Col. Wm. A. Owens; 2d North Carolina Battalion, Maj. John M. Hancock;

Doles' Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. GEORGE DOLES; 4th Georgia, Col. Philip Cook; 12th Georgia, Col. Edward Willis; 21st Georgia, Col. John T. Mercer; 44th Georgia, Col. W. H. Peebles.

Ramseur's Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. S. D. RAMSEUR; 2d North Carolina, Col. W. R. Cox; 4th North Carolina, Col. Bryan Grimes; 14th North Carolina, Col. R. T. Bennett; 30th North Carolina, Col. F. M. Parker.

Battle's Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. C. A. BATTLE; 3d Alabama, Col. Charles Forsyth; 5th Alabama, Col. J. M. Hall; 6th Alabama, Col. J. N. Lightfoot; 12th Alabama, Col. S. B. Pickens; 61st Alabama, Major [Lieut.-Col.] L. H. Hill.

Johnston's Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. R. D. JOHNSTON; 5th North Carolina, Col. T. M. Garrett; 12th North Carolina, Col. H. E. Coleman; 20th North Carolina, Col. T. F. Toon; 23d North Carolina, Major C. C. Blackwell.

THIRD ARMY CORPS.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL A. P. HILL, COMMANDING.

MAHONE'S DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM MAHOHE.

Sanders' Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. J. C. C. SANDERS; 8th Alabama, Col. Y. L. Royston; 9th Alabama, Col. J. H. King; 10th Alabama, Col. W. H. Forney; 11th Alabama, Lieut.-Col. G. E. Tayloe; 14th Alabama; Col. L. Pinckard.

Mahone's Brigade.—8th Virginia, Col. G. T. Rogers, 12th Virginia, Col. D. A. Weisiger; 16th Virginia, Col. Joseph H. Ham; 41st Virginia, Col. W. A. Farham; 61st Virginia, Col. V. D. Groner.

Harris' Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. N. H. HARRIS; 12th Mississippi, Col. M. B. Harris; 16th Mississippi, Col. E. C. Council; 19th Mississippi, Col. R. W. Phipps; 43th Mississippi, Col. J. M. Jayne.

Wright's Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. A. R. WRIGHT; 2d Georgia Battalion, Major C. J. Moffitt; 10th Georgia Battalion, Capt. J. D. Frederick; 3d Georgia, Col. E. J. Walker; 22d Georgia, Col. G. H. Jones; 48th Georgia; Col. William Gibson; 64th Georgia, Major W. H. Weems.

Finegan's Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. JOSEPH FINEGAN; 2d Florida, Major W. [R.] Moore; 5th Florida, Col. T. B. Lamar; 8th Florida, Col. D. Lang; 9th Florida, Col. J. M. Martin; 10th Florida, Col. C. [F.] Hopkins; 11th Florida, Col. T. W. Brevard.

WILCOX'S DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL C. M. WILCOX.

Thomas' Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. E. L. THOMAS; 14th Georgia, Lieut.-Col. R. P. Lester; 35th Georgia, Col. B. H. Holt; 45th Georgia, Col. T. J. Simmons; 49th Georgia, Col. John T. Jordan.

Lane's Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. JAMES H. LANE; 7th North Carolina, Col. E. G. Haywood; 18th North Carolina, Col. J. D. Barry; 28th North Carolina, Major S. N. Stowe; 33d North Carolina, Col. R. V. Cowan; 37th North Carolina, Col. W. M. Barbour.

McGowan's Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. SAMUEL MCGOWAN; 1st South Carolina, Col. C. W. McCreary; 12th South Carolina, Lieut.-Col. E. F. Bookter; 13th South Carolina, Col. Isaac F. Hunt; 14th South Carolina, Col. J. N. Brown; Orr's Rifles, Col. McD. Miller.

Scales' Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. ALFRED M. SCALES; 13th North Carolina, Col. J. H. Hyman; 16th North Carolina, Col. W. A. Stowe; 22d North Carolina, Col. T. S. Galloway [jr.]; 34th North Carolina, Col. W. L. J. Lowrence; 38th North Carolina, Col. John Ashford.

HETH'S DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL H. HETH.

Davis' Brigade.—Brig.-General J. R. DAVIS; 2d Mississippi, Col. J. M. Stone; 11th Mississippi, Lieut.-Colonel W. B. Lowry; 26th Mississippi, Lieut.-Colonel A. E. Reynolds; 42d Mississippi, Lieut.-Colonel A. M. Nelson; 1st Confederate Battalion, ———.

Cooke's Brigade.—Brig.-General JOHN R. COOKE; 15th North Carolina, Lieut.-Colonel W. H. Yarborough; 27th North Carolina, Colonel J. A. Gilmer, Jr.; 46th North Carolina, Colonel W. L. Saunders; 48th North Carolina, Colonel S. H. Walkup.

McRea's Brigade.—Brig.-General D. McREA; 11th North Carolina, Colonel W. J. Martin; 26th North Carolina, Col. J. R. Lane; 44th North Carolina, Col. T. C. Singeltary; 47th North Carolina, Col. G. H. Faribault; 52d North Carolina, Col. M. A. Parks.

Archer's Brigade.—Brig.-General J. J. ARCHER; 1st Tennessee, Lieut.-Colonel N. A. George; 7th Tennessee, Col. J. A. Fite; 14th Tennessee, Col. W. McComb; 13th Alabama, Lieut.-Colonel James Aiken.¹

Walker's Brigade.—Brig.-General H. H. WALKER; 22d Virginia Battalion, Lieut.-Col. E. P. Tayloe; 40th Virginia, Lieut.-Colonel A. S. Cunningham; 47th Virginia, Col. R. M. Mayo; 55th Virginia, Col. W. S. Christian; 2d Maryland Battalion, Lt.-Col. Jas. E. Herbert.

CAVALRY CORPS.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL WADE HAMPTON, COMMANDING.

LEE'S DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE.

Wickham's Brigade.—Brig.-General W. C. WICKHAM; 1st Virginia, Col. R. W. Carter; 2d Virginia, Col. T. T. Munford; 3d Virginia, Col. T. H. Owen; 4th Virginia, Col. W. H. Payne.

Lomax's Brigade.—Brig.-General L. L. LOMAX; 5th Virginia, Col. H. Clay Pate; 6th Virginia, Col. Julien Harrison; 15th Virginia, Col. C. R. Collins.

¹James Aiken was Colonel in October, 1864, according to signature.

BUTLER'S DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL M. C. BUTLER.

Dunovant's Brigade.—Brig.-General JOHN DUNOVANT; 3d South Carolina [Colonel C. J. Colcock]; 4th South Carolina [Col. B. H. Rutledge]; 5th South Carolina, Col. [H. K.] Aiken.

Young's Brigade.—Brig.-General P. M. B. YOUNG; Cobb's Georgia Legion, Col. G. J. Wright; Phillips' Legion, Lieut.-Colonel W. W. Rich; Jeff. Davis Legion, Lieut.-Colonel J. F. Waring; Miller's Legion, ———; Love's Legion, ———; 7th Georgia, Col. [R. H.] Anderson.

Rosser's Brigade.—Brig.-General THOS. L. ROSSER; 7th Virginia, Col. R. H. Dulany; 11th Virginia, Col. O. R. Funsten; 12th Virginia, Col. A. W. Harman; 35th Virginia Batt., Lieut.-Col. E. V. White.

LEE'S DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL W. H. F. LEE.

Barringer's Brigade.—Brig.-General RUFUS BARRINGER; 1st North Carolina, Col. W. H. Cheek; 2d North Carolina, Col. C. M. Andrews [Col. W. P. Roberts]; 4th North Carolina, Lieut.-Colonel D. D. Ferebee; 5th North Carolina, Lieut.-Colonel S. B. Evans.

Chambliss' Brigade.—Brig.-General J. R. CHAMBLISS, Jr.; 9th Virginia, Col. R. L. T. Beale; 10th Virginia, Col. J. Lucius Davis; 13th Virginia, Col. J. C. Phillips.

ARTILLERY RESERVE.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. N. PENDLETON, COMMANDING.

Cabell's Battalion.—Colonel H. C. CABELL; Manly's Battery, Capt. B. C. Manly; 1st Company Richmond Howitzers, Capt. R. M. Anderson; Carlton's Battery, Captain H. H. Carlton; Calloway's Battery, 1st Lieut. M. Calloway.

Huger's Battalion.—Major F. HUGER; Smith's Battery, Capt. [John D.] Smith; Moody Battery, Lieut. [G.] Poindexter; Woolfolk Battery, Lieut. [James] Woolfolk; Parker's Battery, Capt. W. W. Parker; Taylor's Battery, Capt. [O. B.] Taylor; Fickling's Battery, Capt. [W. W.] Fickling; Martin's Battery, Capt. ——— Martin.

Haskell's Battalion.—Major J. C. HASKELL; Branch's Battery, Capt. ——— Flanner; Nelson's Battery, Lieut. [W. B.] Stanfield; Garden's Battery, Capt. [H. R.] Garden; Rowan Battery, Lieut. ——— Myers.

Gibb's Battalion.— ——— GIBBS; Davidson's Bat., Lieut. [J. H.] Chamberlayne; Dickenson's Battery, Capt. [C.] Dickenson; Otey's Battery, Capt. [D. N.] Walker.

LONG'S DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. L. LONG.

Braxton's Battalion.—Major CARTER M. BRAXTON; Lee Battery, Lieut. W. W. Hardwick; 1st Maryland Artillery, Capt. W. F. Dement; Stafford Artillery, Capt. W. T. Cooper; Alleghany Artillery, Capt. J. C. Carpenter.

Cutshaw's Battalion.—Major [W. E.] CUTSHAW; Charlottesville Artillery, Capt. J. McD. Carrington; Staunton Artillery, Capt. A. W. Garber; Courtney Art., Capt. W. A. Tanner.

Carter's Battalion.—Lieut.-Colonel THOS. H. CARTER; Morris Artillery, Captain S. H. Pendleton; Orange Artillery, Capt. C. W. Fry; King William Artillery, Capt. William P. Carter; Jeff. Davis Artillery, Capt. W. J. Reese.

Nelson's Battalion.—Lieut.-Colonel [WILLIAM] NELSON; Amherst Artillery, Captain T. J. Kirkpatrick; Milledge Artillery, Capt. John Milledge; Fluvanna Artillery, Capt. J. L. Massie.

Brown's Battalion.—Colonel J. T. BROWN; Powhatan Artillery, Capt. W. J. Dance; 2d Richmond Howitzers, Capt. L. F. Jones; 3d Richmond Howitzers, Capt. B. H. Smith, Jr.; bridge Artillery, Capt. A. Graham; Salem Flying Artillery, Capt. C. B. Griffin.

BLUE AND GRAY.

WALKER'S DIVISION.

COLONEL R. L. WALKER.

Cutts' Battalion.—Lieut.-Col. A. S. CUTTS; Ross' Battery, Capt. H. M. Ross; Patterson's Battery, Capt. G. M. Patterson; Irwin Artillery, Capt. J. T. Wingfield.

Richardson's Battalion.—Lieut.-Col. C. RICHARDSON; Lewis Artillery, Capt. N. Penick; Donaldsonville Artillery, Capt. V. Maurin; Norfolk Light Artillery, Capt. C. R. Grandy; Huger Artillery, Capt. J. D. Moore.

McIntosh's Battalion.—Lieut.-Col. D. G. MCINTOSH; Johnson's Battery, Capt. [V. J. Clutter]; Hardaway Artillery, Capt. W. B. Hurt; Danville Artillery, Capt. R. S. Rice; 2d Rockbridge Artillery, Capt. L. Donald.

Pegram's Battalion.—Lieut.-Col. W. J. PEGRAM; Pedee Artillery [Capt. E. B. Brunson]; Fredericksburg Artillery, Capt. E. A. Marye; Letcher Artillery, Capt. T. A. Brander; Purcell Battery [Capt. George M. Cayce]; Crenshaw's Battery, Capt. T. Ellett.

Poague's Battalion.—Lieut.-Col. W. T. POAGUE; Madison Artillery [Capt. T. J. Richards]; Albermarle Artillery, Capt. J. W. Wyatt; Brooke Artillery, Capt. A. W. Utterback; Charlotte Artillery, Capt. ——— Williams.

CHAPTER XXI.

REMINISCENCES, ANECDOTES AND POEMS.

FATHER AND SON.

DURING the Valley campaign of 1863, a desperate charge was made upon the line of some Virginia troops, who were so posted as to cut off the retreat of the Federals, in the event an effort was made to escape by that route.

A large force of the enemy was concentrated to dislodge them from their stronghold. Among the troops engaged were several regiments of cavalry, and, strange to relate, two regiments among the number were Virginians,—one in the Union, the other in the Confederate service.

While the battle was being fiercely contested, these regiments dashed into each other, and a terrible hand to hand encounter was the result. About this time two soldiers, in the very act of striking, recognized each other as father and son. Each paused, dropped his saber, turned his horse, and rode away.

COD-FISH.

A salt cod-fish was a species of food with which the soldiers of the South, as a general thing, were entirely unacquainted. Not one in ten thousand knew how to prepare them, or had any idea what thirst they would produce.

During the latter part of the war, the Confederate cruiser, Alabama, captured a vessel laden with dried cod-fish, and these were distributed among the members of the army as rations. However distasteful the food, the men had to eat it or go hungry, and many a fellow cursed the captain of the Alabama for taking such a prize.

A body of cavalymen occupied the advance rifle-pits, fac-

ing the Union lines near the York River railroad; their only ration was salt cod-fish. It was in the hottest part of the summer season, and they were exposed to the weltering rays of a July sun. Being seized by hunger, they began to eat salt cod-fish, and to drink water. The more they ate, the greater would be their thirst, and their canteens were becoming empty. About this time the enemy began to open a cross fire on the line of pickets opposing them. It was worth one's life to show a head above the pit, while there stood these men famishing from thirst, unable to escape either the fire within or the fire without. All day long they bore this misfortune, hoping that night would bring them relief. The enemy well knew that darkness would be taken advantage of to relieve the pickets, and just before nightfall got a complete range of the line with a battery, and kept up an incessant fire through the tedious hours which followed. Morning found the Confederates suffering the tortures of the damned. Oh, horror of horrors! Can man undergo greater torture than the want of water? Death from bullets would be far preferable to that of thirst, and yet these brave men dare not leave their post.

About ten o'clock the welcome sound of musketry was heard on the right, and soon a long line of troops was seen emerging from the woods and marching rapidly toward the enemy's lines. With a shout they pressed on, as the guns that had been playing on the rifle-pits all night were turned upon them, and the imprisoned line of water-famished men were relieved from their wretched confinement.

The thought of cod-fish is revolting to the mind of those pickets to this day, nor can any one of them ever be again induced to eat it.

THE FIRST MAN WHO ASKS ME.

Before the close of the war, and after the male population had been greatly diminished in the South, it became a very serious question with unmarried ladies as to their chances of ever being able to prefix MRS. before their christian names. A good story is told relative to this, and vouched for by a soldier who overheard the conversation.

A feed sergeant, gathering tithes from the farmers of King William county, Virginia, for the use of the artillery battalion to which he belonged, was overtaken by night, in that section which had been overrun by both armies. He was many miles from camp, and both weary and hungry, after a hard day's ride. There was scarcely a place in the neighborhood inhabited, the people having fled, and he was debating in his mind what to do, when, from a distance, he beheld a light and rode straight for it.

As he approached he found that an inhabited abode was nigh, and, dismounting, he walked to the door unperceived, and was about to knock for admittance, when he heard voices inside and concluded he would listen to what was being said. Three young ladies were in the house, its sole occupants, and this is the strain of their conversation, all being seated about the fire of pine knots, seemingly contented :

Said the elder to the next in age, "Who are you going to marry, Annie?" "Nobody less than a major," she replied. "Who are you going to have?" said Annie to the first speaker. "No one below a captain, anyhow," was the response.

All this time the old sergeant was highly amused, knowing these girls were ignorant of his near presence. During this time a girl about sixteen had been a passive listener, and one of the others inquired of her who she was going to marry. "I don't know," she said, "who I shall marry. But I know I shall have the first man who asks me, for chances are going to be very scarce when this cruel war is over!"

The sergeant could restrain himself no longer, and, after smoothing his face as best he could, knocked for admittance and was most kindly cared for by these delicate girls, who were thus unprotected and alone, in the midst of an isolated district.

PREACHING FOR RATIONS.

When the city of Suffolk was being besieged by General Longstreet, many of the people left the country infested by

the army, and removed to the interior of North Carolina as refugees. None but the very old, and those pecuniarily unable to go, remained.

A cavalry regiment was encamped near a country meeting-house, and one day several of the old citizens called and expressed the wish that some one would hold services in the church the following Sunday. There were no resident ministers left in the neighborhood, nor had there been services there for six months. The chaplain of this regiment was off on furlough at the time, but Major M., especially noted for fun, very gravely informed the citizens that there was a young officer in the regiment who had been studying for the ministry, and that he would see if he could not prevail on him to fill the pulpit for them. The delegation thanked the Major for his interest, and promised that in the event the request was granted, he should have a good audience and hinted that he and his friends should be hospitably entertained after the service. The Major went to the quarters of this brother officer, who was as fond of a joke as himself, and prevailed upon him to supply the pulpit the following Sunday, and so notified the citizens. The orator was fresh from college, beside having been reared in the ways of the narrow path, and therefore was no stranger to biblical teachings, and could and did handle his subject satisfactorily to his audience, composed of the lame, the halt and the blind, from miles around.

That day Major M. and the "minister" dined with the chief deacon of the neighborhood, and right royally were they feasted. Of course the officer was not a fit subject to be in the pulpit, but up to that time "ignorance was bliss" with the country folk, and they had had the pleasure of coming together as of yore, and all went back to their homes contented.

All would have passed off smoothly, had it not been for an accident. Three days after the above incident, the major and the "preacher" were having a nice little game of poker, when who should come unexpectedly upon them but the deacon, at whose house they had regaled themselves the Sunday before. His astonishment was immense, nor can his appearance ever be forgotten, as he openly exclaimed, "Sold, by thunder!"

THE SEVENTY-FIRST VIRGINIA MILITIA.

Before the war, every able-bodied male citizen, between eighteen and forty-five, was enrolled as a militiaman, and each county generally had a sufficient number of inhabitants to form a regiment of many hundred men, who met once a year to train.

The Seventy-first Virginia militia was commanded by Colonel C., a planter whose good qualities were many, but who was a little vain of his commission, nor was he especially noted for his mental culture.

At the commencement of hostilities, many volunteers from Virginia were soon enrolled and were virtually in the service. At this time a convention of leading citizens of the state was being held at Richmond, and, among others present, were Colonel C. and the since famous Roger A. Pryor. The latter at that time commanded the Third Virginia volunteers. Up to this time he had been unacquainted with Colonel C.

Stopping at the same hotel, they met one day, and the following conversation ensued: "Colonel, where is your regiment stationed?" inquired Pryor. "I am colonel of the Seventy-first Virginia militia, sir!" replied Colonel C. "Thunder!" emphatically cried Pryor, "I thought you were a soldier!" and turning in disgust, he left the room.

CONSCRIPTING HIS STAFF.

A good story is told of a certain general commanding Virginia troops, during the late war. It was upon one occasion necessary for a member of his staff to perform the duty of a courier, in the absence of that important personage.

The general requested several members to bear a dispatch to a part of the line, under a galling fire. None seemed willing to do as requested, and all finally declined. This so enraged the little general that he bore the dispatch. Upon his return, he asked every member of his staff to resign, intimating that the next morning at nine o'clock would be the hour he would accept their resignations. Knowing the peculiarities of their general, and unsuspecting of anything serious

being in view, the staff promptly handed in their commissions at the appointed hour.

In the meantime a conscript officer had been ordered to be on hand at headquarters, and so soon as he received the commissions of his staff, he commanded this official to arrest all of them, which he promptly did, and to carry them to the camp of enrollment. These gentlemen soldiers served out their terms as privates in a regiment of infantry, and this general never afterward had a full staff.

THE WRESTLING MATCH.

Two soldiers in front of Petersburg, caused much merriment one morning. Friendly relations at that time existed between the two lines, and the soldiers would exchange papers, tobacco for sugar, coffee, hard bread, etc., etc. The lines of works where this occurred were about forty rods apart, and their respective regiments were in full view.

A young rebel indicated a desire to exchange papers with the other side. This was reciprocated, a soldier immediately mounting the works. These men met half-way between the lines, each unarmed, and carrying in his hand a newspaper. Perhaps to try their own prowess, or amuse their comrades, who were silent witnesses to their interview, they arranged a mutual attempt to take each other prisoner; it being understood, that in the event either succeeded, the prisoner was to be released, and allowed to return to his line. A more amusing spectacle seldom happened in the army, and from the good feeling evinced on the part of both lines, proved beyond a doubt, that the bitterness which has so often been ascribed to the soldiery, had no foundation in fact.

These fellows hugged and wrestled, pushed and tugged at each other, for nearly an hour, to the infinite delight of their comrades. One moment the Yank would push the reb almost to his line, and then shout after shout of laughter would rise from the Union line. In another instant, the reb would regain his lost ground, and have the Yank in the same predicament; then cheer after cheer would come from the Confed-

erate line. In this way the friendly tussle continued between men who perhaps the next day were marshaled in battle, to fight each other to the death; continued until both were equally exhausted and thoroughly convinced that neither could capture the other, and was finally given up, the boys returning to their lines amid the shouts of their comrades. Soldier readers, many of those who scan this page will vividly remember this incident; and it is for you to say today, if it is not strictly true; and if the story of bitter hatred, so often told the present generation, is not false.

THE DUTCH CAVALRY.

Between Yorktown and Williamsburg, in the earlier days of the war, the cavalry often disputed the right to possession respecting picket posts, and, though it was very seldom that any very serious injury was inflicted upon either side, yet an occasional incident, worthy of notice, did take place.

A Pennsylvania regiment of Germans was drawn up on the opposite side of a small field, not more than a fourth of a mile in width, and facing a Confederate regiment on the other side. This field contained a full growth of what is known in Virginia as broom straw, and was skirted by a dense forest of small pines. Doubtless the Germans were new recruits, without practice as riders.

So clear was the air that the Confederates could distinctly hear every command given on the other side, and waited to receive the enemy, who, in two columns, were moving across the field.

Now one of the most ludicrous, and doubtless mortifying, mishaps befell the burly Dutchmen. In the center of this little field, had been cut, its full length, a drain about two feet wide and one foot deep, which was entirely obscured by the broom straw. The heavy horses of the Pennsylvanians came on at a brisk trot, while their awkward riders were sometimes over the pommels of their saddles, and then upon the horses' hips.

This manner of riding had greatly amused the Confeder-

ates, who were closely observing the scene. The front line now came to the sunken drain, which the horses naturally rose to clear, while their riders, taken entirely by surprise, as the horses cleared the ditch, pitched simultaneously over their heads and landed in the broom straw. This drew from the Confederate line a prolonged roar of laughter, and as the riderless horses came into their lines, the riders scampered back to the Union line.

Not a shot was fired by the amused Confederates, all being too full of the ludicrous merriment over what had just transpired, to think of anything else. So ashamed of this proceeding was the regiment, that never could a United States cavalryman be found on the peninsula, who would acknowledge that he belonged to the — Pennsylvania.

DIDN'T WANT TO SEE HIM.

An amusing story is told at the expense of a late prominent Federal officer, who was a native of Virginia, and, while he was serving in the army of the North, his mother, an aged widow lady, still resided on her homestead. She was a very wealthy woman, and the owner of many slaves. She thought a great deal of her son, but, being old and infirm, her reason was somewhat obscure, which caused her to harbor the belief that he was the sole cause of the war.

During the long years of hostilities she stuck to her belief, and attributed the loss of her negroes to him. This caused her to alienate her maternal affections to such an extent as to disinherit him. Time sped on and peace came once more. The son, who had not seen his mother for years, visited her at her home, and offered any assistance she might need.

The old lady met him at the threshold and exclaimed, "George! don't cross here, you caused me to lose my negroes; go, I don't want to see you." George didn't go, however, but like a good boy, looked after the comforts of his old mother.

STONEWALL'S BODY-SERVANT.

There was one man who followed the immortal Stonewall Jackson, who, while his name was never heard at roll-call, was among the most conspicuous and highly respected members of that chieftain's adherents. This man had access to the great leader at any and all times, moments when no other would be permitted to trespass upon his presence. He was never denied an audience. The mutual friendship existing between Jackson and his servant was wonderful. This man, who had been his faithful friend for years, served him with a fidelity scarcely ever excelled, and only forsook him when death released the mighty man from the cares of life, and the grave claimed him as its own.

In the camp, on the march, or amid the fiercest hours of battle, this comforter was ever nigh, ready to do the bidding of his master. His words never passed unheeded, and it is reported that Jackson often conferred with him on matters of personal interest, and followed his suggestions, which were always sound.

Many anecdotes are told in this connection. Every soldier in Jackson's corps knew the man, and many a one has envied him the confidence which he enjoyed. This negro knew all the important plans which his master contemplated, and was a sure prophet among the men. Often he would pass through the camp, and would sometimes warn the soldiers of a contemplated movement.

One day he was passing by the headquarters of a colonel, and, being a privileged character, he walked in. Several officers were enjoying themselves over a game of cards as he entered. The old man shook his head and exclaimed, upon seeing this, "You may laugh to-day, but I reckon some of you will cry to-morrow!" "How do you know that?" asked one of the officers. "Mars Jackson has been praying all night and won't see anybody but me," replied the negro. Before midnight the whole of his forces were on the move, and at daylight he was hammering away, in the rear of the Army of the Potomac.

It is related of this man's influence over Stonewall, that once, when no furloughs were being granted, a soldier, whose home was near that of Jackson, asked for leave to visit a sick, possibly dying, mother, whom he had not seen for many months. His request was refused, and the young man was much disappointed. The old negro learned of the circumstance, and, being personally acquainted with the applicant and his worthy mother, prevailed on General Jackson to grant this leave, although other influence had failed.

Ten years after the close of the struggle, a statue of Stonewall was unveiled on the Capitol square of his native state. On the platform, where stood General, then Governor, Kemper, together with the widow of the dead hero, was this old negro, holding in his arms the little daughter of his lamented master. At that solemn hour, when the powerful words of rhetoric, from the lips of the executive, did such deserved justice to the memory of the departed hero, a fair proportion of praise was bestowed upon his servant, the friend of his little orphan. May his fidelity and name ever live in the memory of Stonewall's band, and that of all others who admire true merit.

SHOT IN THE BACK.

No one for a moment will question the bravery of General Robert E. Lee. It is told of him, that after his army had desperately faced that of General Meade for two days at Gettysburg, and as the awful crisis of the last day of that fearful battle was about to be consummated, that he gave notice that he would lead the men in person, to the attack upon the Union line. When the soldiers heard this fact, they positively refused to allow it, and gave their officers to understand, that unless General Lee remained out of danger, they would not advance. This unselfish determination on the part of his soldiers checked him, and it has been told that he shed tears of grateful admiration upon learning the fact, and exclaimed, "Was there ever such devotion known before?"

A rather amusing anecdote is told of this famous officer,

however: one day, while reviewing his works around Petersburg, a mortar duel was being indulged in close by. In company with one of his aids, he was seated on his horse, calmly witnessing the effects of his guns, when a piece of spent shell from the enemy's line, struck him between the shoulders; whereupon he remarked to his adjutant: "Taylor, I am shot at last, and in the back!"

KELLOGG, THE SPY.

Every one who is acquainted with military law, knows that the penalty of death is always inflicted on any who are detected in the hazardous employment of spying. Many a noble man, in his zeal to serve his country, has paid this terrible penalty, an ignominious death by hanging. For instances we do not have to go back to the days of the revolution. The fate of Major Andre, which created such a sensation in both the British and Continental armies, pales before many similar instances of more modern date.

During the year 1863, a Federal spy was tried and sentenced to be hanged, by the Confederate authorities. His execution took place near Camp Lee, at Richmond, in the presence of thousands of soldiers and citizens. A braver man than Kellogg never died for the cause which he had espoused, while the firmness which he displayed on the gallows, drew expressions of admiration from the soldiers who surrounded the scaffold.

Addressing the great crowd, he said, "When I consented to assume the dangerous task which I undertook, I knew well its penalty in the event of capture. I do not deny the charge of being a spy, and I am proud of the service I have rendered my country. I expect nothing else from your hands but death, and I meet that fate with the consciousness of having faithfully performed my duty to the best of my ability; while I thank God that I have been successful in doing more harm to the Confederacy than any other man thus far. I am satisfied with my lot. Go ahead with your hanging." This speech had a marked effect upon the soldiers, and personally, every

heart throbbed in sympathy with the brave man whose life the cruel mandate of war decreed should be forfeited.

EXAGGERATED REPORTS.

It has been often claimed that the ministers of the gospel, likewise the public press, had a great deal to do with bringing about the war, and then adding fuel to the enkindled flame of discord. Doubtless there was much truth in the assertion that partisan prejudice and misrepresentation did do a great injury.

It is safe to say, if every sensational report which was published concerning the various battles fought, and the number of men purported to have been slain, had been true, that from an actual count, not a single man who enlisted on either side would have lived to see the rebellion crushed.

Take up a leading journal of either the North or South, and read an account of some great battle; and the reputed number of the "enemy" slain or maimed, would astonish the most skeptical. Scarcely more than three millions of men ever enlisted in both armies, and yet before October, 1864, according to prominent newspaper figures, of different fights, from the beginning of hostilities, more than that number had become *hors de combat*.

A telling instance of this character of sensational exaggeration comes to mind which will act as a fair exponent of the whole. A skirmish took place between a Federal and Confederate regiment of cavalry near the York River railroad, at a place called Tunstall's station. These regiments dashed into each other, and, in the rush, actually exchanged positions. The whole time occupied was less than twenty minutes, and no more than a thousand men were engaged in the fracas, including both commands. Not a man was killed outright, only ten or twelve being wounded, and one horse so maimed that he was afterward shot by his rider. A few prisoners were captured, both regiments losing perhaps fifty men.

The following morning the Richmond dailies were teeming with a flaming account of this brilliant victory, claiming that

the Federals had been badly beaten, many being killed, and hundreds wounded and captured. The southern people believed every word of this bosh. Then came an exchange of papers, and a flaming account of this battle as witnessed by a correspondent of a prominent New York paper was given. He put the enemy's loss at one thousand killed, wounded and prisoners. The people of the North swallowed this yarn as pure gospel, but the brave Pennsylvanians and Virginians knew better, and chuckled over their reputed valor.

THE HUMANE GUARD.

Perhaps many a decrepit man, who lost an arm or a leg in the late war, might have had both sound and well, had the proper care been used by the surgeons who had them in charge. Young physicians, without experience, were too frequently allowed to cut and saw off the wounded limbs of soldiers without proper care or restraint. An instance to the point is at hand.

At the battle of Spottsylvania Court-house, a Federal corporal, who had been wounded in the thigh, just above the knee, was captured by the Confederates and taken to the field hospital. Two young doctors had charge of his case, and decided to amputate his limb forthwith. The corporal protested, begging that his limb might be spared him, saying he had rather die than lose it. The surgeons told him he certainly would die if it was not amputated, and paying no further attention to his entreaties, proceeded to place him in position to cut it off.

One of the guard, who chanced to overhear the conversation, then came forward and added his protest, claiming, that as the young man objected, and further, as the wound was only of the flesh, he did not believe it should be amputated. He was indignantly ordered off by the surgeons, but knowing that a Confederate brigadier lay wounded in the tent, he went to him, explained the circumstance, and asked him to interfere. This the general did, and ordered the young M.D.'s to defer the operation until the arrival of their chief. He came in a

short time, and immediately decided that the leg should not be disturbed. This settled it, and the happy fellow thanked the guard for interfering in his behalf. Three months after that time the corporal was exchanged and went to his northern home a well man, carrying with him both of his legs.

THE DUTCH FARMER OF PENNSYLVANIA.

In the course of life, socially speaking, we often come in contact with many varieties of disposition, and to some we ascribe one degree, and to another a lower degree of refinement and culture, and so on until we get down to what is known as a "hog in a parlor." This is not what we propose to show here, however, but would inquire if any ever heard of a horse being in a parlor? If not, we will tell of an instance, and hope all will bear with us as the story is rather lengthy.

When General Lee invaded Pennsylvania it was very warm weather, during the summer of 1863. The forced marches of his cavalry caused many of his best horses to become so jaded that they were temporarily unfitted for service, and to replace them squadrons of men were detailed, on the march, to press into service all of the available horses which could be seized throughout the districts through which the army passed. The writer with a squadron of men being detailed for this purpose, rode up to the farmhouse of a well-to-do Dutchman, halting in front of the house, which was surrounded by a picket-fence, as is customary in that section of the state.

Adjacent to the low stone dwelling-house stood a very large and spacious barn with stables annexed. Two of the soldiers dismounted, as they were ordered, and went to the stable; up to which time not a living soul had made an appearance. Soon the men returned and reported the stable as being empty, yet indicating its recent occupancy. There was no place near by where the animals could have been concealed, and we were about to leave the farm when one of the men asked permission to go into the yard for water. His request was granted and he, taking several canteens, went in; coming back soon he

reported, as his suspicions, that the objects of our search were concealed in the dwelling-house, as an unusual noise came from that quarter.

Up to this time the German gentleman of the manor had from some convenient quarter been watching the proceedings, and as orders were given to enter the house, he made his appearance. With a long stemmed pipe in his mouth he came leisurely forward, and on reaching the gate before which the men were drawn up in line, he thus addressed them: "If any of you dampt repels goes in mine 'ouse I vill shoots you, by dampt." The ludicrousness of this remark from the plucky Dutchman, who, entirely unarmed, would dare face fifteen soldiers, drew forth a long and hearty laugh from the men, and, as the Dutchman grew red in the face, the louder was the uproar of mirth.

Several of the men, on being sent into the house, began to lead out horses, while their owner was furious. Soon twelve fine horses and a small riding pony were in our possession, and the whole Dutch family were in the front yard. The old man had very ingeniously placed his horses in the parlor, after having covered the floors with straw, and had thus hoped to save them from seizure. It has been stated that among the horses there was a pony, the private property of a pretty young lady, who had in her much of the same material of which her father was composed, and which is familiarly known as grit.

The officer in charge of the squad was a man of but twenty summers, and was naturally very modest in the presence of young ladies. Conceive of his embarrassment when, with tear stained eyes, and disheveled hair, she opened on the young lieutenant a torrent of abuse, the like of which is seldom heard from the lips of woman. The girl cried and raved; the old man cursed and swore, while the soldiers, cheered by such an awkward position as the commander was in, filled the air with laughter. When nature exhausted itself, and from sheer want of breath the lady ceased raving, the lieutenant, who all of this time had sat on his horse in

vacant amazement, sufficiently recovered his senses as to ask the lady if there was anything he could do for her.

"I want my pony!" she exclaimed, "but I know you miserable thieves won't give it to me! The idea of men, calling themselves gentlemen, robbing a helpless girl of her riding horse! Young man, you are not a gentleman. You are only fit to be in the penitentiary, and if our soldiers don't catch and kill you, I hope some of your own people will hang you!"

In this strain she entertained the men until the order to mount was given, the contraband horses having all been secured. "Young lady," said the officer, "you may keep your pony, it is too small to be of any service to the Confederacy. Good morning!"

That lieutenant had rather face a six gun battery any day, than pass another ten minutes under the fire of the tongue of a woman like the Dutchman's daughter, and he hopes, if she has ever married, that her husband has never had to undergo such a scathing tirade of abuse as he did.

THE BRAVE LITTLE BUGLER.

It was in the autumn of 1862. The rebel chieftain Lee, had repulsed our badly maneuvered armies in front of Richmond, forced them to take shelter under the guns of our gunboats on the James river, and was now marshaling his hosts for a rapid movement upon Washington, before our armies could be collected for its defence. The advance was given to the impetuous Jackson, who hastily collected his forces on the Rapidan, and crossing that river with rapidity, sprang, with the ferocity of a tiger, upon the gallant little army under General Banks, who was guarding the fords. It was a short struggle; for sixteen thousand of the bravest of the rebel army were hurled, in dense masses, upon the determined little band of patriots, only seven thousand strong. But the heroic resistance, and the fearful losses of men in the rebel ranks, caused Jackson to pause; and the rapid concentration of the Federal armies, under McDowell and Sigel, for the support of Banks, compelled the rebels to retreat hastily across the Rapidan.

After waiting until Lee had arrived with his hosts, Jackson again started on his march. Making a wide detour to the right of the Federal army, now drawn up in line of battle on the broad plains around Culpepper Court-house, he passed along under cover of the shadows of the Blue Ridge mountains, until he had arrived north of Warrenton, when he burst through the gap in the mountains, and made a bold, desperate push for the capture of Washington.

At this time we were attached to the Army of Virginia, which was under the command of General Sigel, and had then fallen back to the banks of the Rappahannock river, whither we had been followed by the dense columns of Lee's army. We were holding him at bay, and preventing him from crossing the fords and bridges, when we heard the deep and rapid booming of cannon directly in our rear, and on the road to the capital. The sounds emanated from those of Jackson on his way to Washington, while scattering like chaff the few Federal troops he met on the road.

We were now in a position of extreme danger; the terrible Jackson in our rear, and the stern Lee in front, with his fierce columns, who were excited and furious at hearing the distant guns of their comrades. But our brave boys repulsed every attempt of the rebels to cross the river and hasten to the aid of Jackson, who likewise was in danger if Lee did not succeed in getting his army over the river, and breaking through our lines.

When night came we destroyed the bridges, posted riflemen along the fords, left our camp fires burning and hurried along toward Washington.

It was not long before we came to the outposts of Jackson's men, who were drawn up to dispute the passage through Gainesville. It was evident that a desperate fight was before us, and that we must break through the rebel lines before Lee could cross the river and hurl his columns on our rear, or be taken prisoners. Our men lay with their rifles in hand, and our gunners stood with their fuses ready lighted for the onset which we were to make or receive at daylight. But, fortu-

nately, at early dawn Jackson's men withdrew from their position and retreated into the woods, leaving the road free for us to march to Manassas and join the rest of the army.

We were now ordered to cross the plains of Bull Run and attack Jackson, and occupy his attention until the rest of the columns could come up and crush the rebels by overwhelming numbers. Night overtook us as we halted in line of battle on the old field of the first battle of the Republic. All sounds of conflict had ceased, but we could hear the distant sounds of men engaged in entrenching themselves and preparing for a desperate struggle. Our men slept upon their arms, and lay down in regular order of battle in case of a midnight attack. At early dawn our skirmishers were pushed forward and found the rebels entrenched in an old railway cut, which stretched across the plain, with one wing of their army resting on the Bull Run stream, and the other protected by the dense forests to the east of Gainesville. "It is a splendid position," said a French engineer, who had fought at Magenta, in Italy, and with Garibaldi in Sicily, "and it cannot be taken by any movement in front, except at an appalling sacrifice of human life." Alas! the subsequent events proved the prediction too true. Jackson had not yet got his men into position, and we could see his solid masses of graybacks marching here and there, and taking their places for the coming struggle. One of the sterling qualities of this commander was his faculty of concealing and protecting his troops from useless exposure; and in this he set an admirable example to our own officers, who were very slow to comprehend this essential principle in successful warfare.

By the time our skirmishers had fairly advanced their lines, Jackson's men had disappeared. Nothing could be seen but the glittering muzzle of a cannon here and there peering over the ridge of the distant hill, and a few splendidly mounted horsemen galloping to and fro along its crest. Nevertheless, beyond those ridges, in the little valleys and among the dense groves of oak, nearly thirty thousand of the *élite* of the rebel army lay concealed, and ready to leap upon the advancing and

unsuspecting foe with the fury of the whirlwind. Sigel pushed forward his men with the greatest caution, for his own forces were far inferior in numbers, and the different corps of the Army of the Potomac had not arrived within supporting distance. The sleepy McDowell had lost his way, and instead of joining his columns with those of Sigel at this important moment, he was miles away. Nevertheless, Sigel effected a lodgment in the woods close to the railway cut on Jackson's left, and held his position, when the darkness of night put an end to the bloody conflict.

The next morning disclosed the arrival of a part of the glorious Army of the Potomac, and the assaulting columns were again formed for a decisive attack. Hooker's men were sent into the woods to relieve Sigel; but Jackson massed his men, who attacked Hooker with the fury of demons, and drove him out into the open fields. Keeping a movable column of his most trusty troops marching to and fro in the rear of his line of defence, he repulsed every attack, though made by superior forces. So, when night came again, we were no nearer capturing Jackson's army than we were the day before. Time was now precious. If Jackson was to be crushed, it must be done quickly, for Longstreet was breaking through the gap, and Lee was hurrying his columns over the Rappahannock to the rescue of his bravest lieutenant, whose danger was now very great, as he would be on the morrow attacked by fifty thousand men.

Morning came. Not a gun was fired; hardly a sound disturbed the serenity of that beautiful August day. Had the hostile armies fled? No, they were all there face to face, but resting on their guns. We were waiting for the Fifth corps to arrive, to lead in the attack, and they were miles in the rear, slowly coming up. Marked jealousy retarded the progress of those brave and tried soldiers; and in fact the whole battle and the entire campaign were characterized by the meanest bickerings and jealousies, and the grossest incompetence; and no participant in that campaign, from the Rapidan to the Potomac, will deny that many hundred noble lives were thrown

away in useless slaughter. When its history is correctly written, the exclamation of the gallant Broadhead will be found to be too true: "I die the victim of incompetency."

At length the Fifth corps arrived and was ordered to the assault, but it was too late, for Longstreet had broken through the mountains and some of his regiments had reinforced Jackson's men, whose defying cheers now made the earth tremble like the roar of their cannon.

As the gallant Fifth formed into line of battle, I rode down along some of the regiments I had been connected with on the peninsula in the spring, and grasped the honest hand of many a brave soldier whom I never saw on earth again. On they marched up the slopes with the steadiness of veterans, while the Connecticut heavy artillery sent their great shells hissing and shrieking over their heads into the midst of the foe who were lying down behind the ridges and in the railway cut and dense woods, like tigers thirsting for their prey. But not a gun replied from the rebel lines until our soldiers had approached within short range; then came the hissing shot and shell, and the silent bullet. Our brave boys staggered and halted under that pitiless storm of deadly hail. Just then a little boy sprang to the front of a regiment which had halted half-way up the steepest hill, and lifting his bugle to his lips sounded a charge so loudly and cheerfully that the regiment rallied and again moved up the steep ascent with the little child leading the way and sounding his bugle, whose inspiring notes could be heard at intervals among the harsh sounds of the cannon, clear and thrilling, like the echoes of the Alpine horn when reverberating among the distant cliffs of the mountains of Switzerland.

I looked on in amazement, unmindful of the passing shot which was striking down Kearney's men around me, for my eyes were riveted on that regiment led by the little boy. They had reached the summit, and were pressing forward to the railway cut, which was filled with Jackson's men, when a terrific sheet of flame burst from the living crater, and concealed batteries in the woods in the rear swept the hill with

their deadly storm of shot. The ranks of men went down before that infernal blast as the blades of grass fall when struck with autumnal hail. Clouds of smoke enveloped the scene, out of which glanced, ever and anon, like serpents' tongues, the living flashes of fire. My eyes grew misty and my heart faint, for the thought of injury to that child gave me a terrible and sickening sensation. "Major, you are wanted below," said an aid, galloping up to me. "Look there," said he, stretching out his arm to the west, and pointing to dense columns of rebels, under Lee and Longstreet, moving in a majestic manner to overwhelm our left.

We will say no more of our misfortunes on this unhappy day, which was characterized by incompetence and useless slaughter; but only state, that the next morning found the remainder of the army at Centreville, awaiting Lee's attack. But the crafty chieftain passed on, and rapidly marched to the North.

Obtaining permission to visit the battlefield in search of missing comrades, I mounted my faithful steed and crossed Bull Run by the secret ford above the Stone bridge. On climbing the bank, I found myself in the woods, where the left of Jackson's army had entrenched itself.

What a terrible scene presented itself here where the two hostile armies had fought! The earth was furrowed by the cannon-shot, like the farmer's field when turned with the plow. The forest flowers had been trampled down and broken by the feet of the contending hosts, and the trees were pierced, cut down, or shivered into withes by the fearful storm of iron sleet that had swept over the surface of the earth like a destroying element.

I passed on to the deep cut in the little hill where the most terrible conflict had taken place. I tied my horse to a tree near by, and climbed up the embankment until I stood upon the crest of the hill. Ah, what a mournful scene was before me! All over that little hill the graves were as thick as the leaves upon the earth in autumn. But what is this handful of earth, close to the edge of the ditch where the rebel tigers

lay hidden? Yes, it was the grave of the little bugler boy; and from the fresh mound of earth which was scarcely larger than your two hands, peered a little foot, still covered by its tiny shoe, in mockery of its half-christian burial. Beside the clump of sods a stick had been thrust down into the earth, and from its top some kind-hearted rebel had suspended the battered bugle, which had been pierced by a dozen bullets. My limbs became weary, my heart faint. An indescribable feeling of anguish arose in my throat. I staggered to a rock near by, sat down, and buried my face in my hands. It was a lovely day in September. How bitterly I cursed the brutal ambition and avarice which desolate the earth, and destroy mankind in the flower of its youth and manhood.

A year afterward I was passing again over the fatal battle-field, and sought the grave of the young hero; but it was blended with the surrounding soil. The fierce blasts of winter had swept away the earth, and left the bones of the child bleaching in the sun; these I carefully gathered together, covered anew with earth, and planted violets which I found in the vale below. They alone mark the spot where the brave little bugler of the Fifth corps led the advance, and sacrificed his life for his country.

THE BOY BUGLER OF BULL RUN.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

Behind us, in his iron hand,
Held Lee his thunderbolts of war;
Down from the hills the tiger band
Of Longstreet bounded, and the grand,
Grim "Stonewall" coiled his strength before.

Our brave New England boys were there,
Hemmed 'round by rebel fire and steel;
There Sigel, stronger than despair,
Clung to the serpent in his lair,
That made the strength of Hooker yield.

In splendor rose the August sun,
Purpling the far Virginian peaks,
And dyeing that disastrous Run,
Dyed redder, ere the day was done,
With loyal blood that lives and speaks.

Full on the rebel line we march,
 While cannon-shot and screaming shell
 Our steady climbing overarch,
 And hew our path through pines and larch,
 Where silent glows the rebel's hell.

But, close before its volleyed fire,
 At once it roars like Ætna's throat,
 When all the central flames conspire
 To hurl the mountain's quivering spire
 In fragments over vales remote.

Down through our ranks the sheeted flame
 Poured, rending shell and stinging cone,—
 Infernal hail!—with deadly aim,
 That tore our columns where it came,
 As over corn the wild cyclone!

O God! our gallants reel before
 That storm of fire! They pause, they break!
 "Charge for your starry flag once more!
 A nation shudders in the roar;
 To death, or victory, for her sake!"

So sang a bugle's charging note,
 Pressed to the red lips of a child.
 Out where the thickest death rain smote,
 He climbed, and led us down the throat
 Of the red hell that round us boiled!

Ah, dauntless boy! to-morrow's sun
 Shall gild thy battered bugle, hung
 Above a nameless grave; and one
 Who saw thy gallant action done
 Shall stain it with a tear; for none
 Fell worthier! O, so brave and young!

THE SONG OF THE SWORD.

ANONYMOUS.

Weary and wounded and worn, wounded and ready to die,
 A soldier they left, all alone and forlorn, on the field of battle to lie.
 The dead and the dying alone could their presence and pity afford,
 Whilst, with a sad and terrible tone, he sang . . . the Song of the Sword.
 "Fight—fight—fight! though a thousand fathers die;
 Fight—fight—fight! though a thousand children cry!
 Fight—fight—fight! while mothers and wives lament;
 And fight—fight—fight! while millions of money are spent.

Fight—fight—fight! should the cause be foul or fair,
 Though all that's gained is an empty name, and a tax too great to bear;
 An empty name and a paltry fame, and thousands lying dead;
 Whilst every glorious victory must raise the price of bread.
 War—war—war! fire, and famine, and sword;
 Desolate field and desolate towns, and thousands scattered abroad,
 With never a home and never a shed, whilst kingdoms perish and fall;

“And hundreds of thousands are lying dead . . . and all for nothing at all!
 War—war—war! musket, and powder, and ball—
 Ah! what do we fight so for? ah! why have we battles at all?”

“’Tis Justice must be done, they say, the nation’s honor to keep;
 Alas! that Justice should be so dear, and human life so cheap!
 War—war—war! misery, murder and crime
 Are all the blessing I’ve seen in thee, from my youth to the present time.
 Misery, murder and crime—crime, misery, murder and woe;
 Ah! would I had known in my younger days half the horrors which now
 I know!”

Weary and wounded and worn, wounded and ready to die,
 A soldier they left, all alone and forlorn, on the field of the battle to lie.
 The dead and the dying alone could their presence and pity afford,
 And thus with a sad and terrible tone (oh, would that these truths were
 more perfectly known!) he sang the Song of the Sword.

ANSWER TO ANONYMOUS.

BY CHARLES E. WILLIAMS.

The Song of the Sword is ended, the strains of peace we hear;
 The “Blue and Gray” are blended, again more firmly and clear.
 No more will the weary soldier be left alone to die,
 No more will brothers madly to the field of battle hie.
 O’er comrades calmly sleeping the nation drops a tear,
 And crowns their graves so gently with garlands year by year.
 War’s path of desolation has all vanished from our sight,
 And the sword has been sheathed by the heroes of the fight.
 Marble marks the sacred spot where crimson blood was shed,
 And stately granite monuments do honor to the dead.
 Justice—that blind decider—has conquered in the fray,
 And crowned this happy nation with laurels fresh and gay.
 No more will war-worn veterans hear the battle cry,
 Nor on the bloody field of strife do dead and wounded lie.
 Hallalujahs now are heard, at home, and far abroad,
 While blotted from our memory is the legend of the Sword.

CHAPTER XXII.

BUTLER'S CAMPAIGN AGAINST RICHMOND. HIS INSTRUCTIONS. LANDING HIS ARMY AT FORT POWHATTAN, CITY POINT AND BERMUDA HUNDRED. ACTIVITY OF THE CONFEDERATES. BUTLER'S FATAL MISTAKE. CONFEDERATE DARING. ARRIVAL OF BEAUREGARD. CONFEDERATES REINFORCED. BATTLE OF PORT WALTHALL JUNCTION. FEDERALS CHECKED. BATTLE OF SWIFT CREEK. BUTLER TURNS TOWARD RICHMOND. BATTLE OF FORT STEVENS. FEDERALS REPULSED. FALL BACK. BUTLER'S ARMY "BOTTLED UP AND HERMETICALLY SEALED."

DURING the month of April, 1864, a force of thirty thousand men, consisting of the Tenth army corps, commanded by General Gilmore, and the Eighteenth, commanded by General M. H. Smith, together with a division of cavalry, under General Kautz, had assembled at Yorktown, and was placed under the command of General Butler. The mission this large force was designed to fill, is shown by the following order from Lieut.-General Grant.

FORT MUNROE, VA., April 2d, 1864.

GENERAL:—In the spring campaign, which it is desirable shall commence at as early a day as practicable, it is proposed to have co-operative action of all the armies in the field, as far as this object can be accomplished.

It will not be possible to unite our armies into two or three large ones to act as so many units, owing to the absolute necessity of holding on to the territory already taken from the enemy. But, generally speaking, concentration can be practically effected by armies moving to the interior of the enemy's country from the territory they have to guard. By such movements they interpose themselves between the enemy and the country to be guarded, thereby reducing the number necessary to guard important points, or at least occupy the attention of a part of the enemy's force, if no greater object is gained. Lee's army and Richmond being the greater objects toward which our attention must be directed in the next campaign, it is desirable to unite all the forces we can against them. The necessity of covering Washington with the Army of the Potomac, and of covering your department with your army makes it impossible to unite these forces at the beginning of any move. I propose, therefore, what comes nearest this of anything that seems practicable.

The Army of the Potomac will act from its present base, Lee's army being the objective point. You will collect all the forces from your command that can be spared from garrison duty, I should say not less than twenty thousand effective men—to operate on the south side of the James river, Richmond being your objective point. To the force you already have will be added about ten thousand men from South Carolina, under Major-General Gilmore, who will command them in person.

Major-General W. F. Smith is ordered to report to you, to command the troops sent into the field from your own Department. General Gilmore will be ordered to report to you at Fortress Munroe, with all the troops on transports, by the eighteenth inst., or as soon thereafter as practicable. Should you not receive notice by that time to move, you will make such disposition of them and your other forces as you may deem best calculated to deceive the enemy as to the real move to be made.

When you are notified to move, take City Point with as much force as possible. Fortify or rather entrench at once, and concentrate all your troops for the field there as rapidly as you can. From City Point directions cannot be given at this time for your further movements. The fact that has already been stated—that is, that Richmond is to be your objective point, and that there is to be co-operation between your forces and the Army of the Potomac—must be your guide. This indicates the necessity of your holding close to the south bank of the James river as you advance. Then, should the enemy be forced into his entrenchments in Richmond, the Army of the Potomac would follow, and by means of transports the two armies would become a unit.

All the minor details of your advance are left entirely to your direction. If, however, you think it practicable to use your cavalry south of you so as to cut the railroad about Hick's Ford, about the time of the general advance, it would be of immense advantage.

You will please forward for my information at the earliest practicable day, all orders, details and instructions you may give for the execution of this order.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant-General.*

Major-General B. F. BUTLER.

His destination was unknown to all, save those who were high in authority, within the Federal councils of war, and to conceal his real movements, General Butler, during the first day of May, moved small portions of his command up the York river, as if intending to follow the course pursued by McClellan two years before. There were three routes open before him. One by the way of the York river and White House; another by the James river, directly against Richmond; and the third, to advance up the south bank of the James and seize Petersburg, and thus cut the communications between Richmond and the South.

On the night of May fourth, while the Army of the Potomac was crossing the Rapidan, and entering the dense thickets of the Wilderness, General Butler's command embarked on transports, and dropped down the York river around Fortress Munroe, and with a small fleet of gunboats, began to ascend the James river, thus heading directly for Richmond. At the same time Kautz, with his division of cavalry, who had been at Norfolk and Portsmouth, was instructed to advance across the country to City Point.

LANDS HIS ARMY.

On the fifth of May, Butler landed a small force at Fort Powhattan, and another at City Point, both places being a few miles below the mouth of the Appomattox, on the south side of the James river, and, with the main portion, landed at Bermuda Hundred, a point of land extending between the two rivers where their waters unite. This movement was evidently unexpected by the Confederates, as he encountered no opposition. Bermuda Hundred is between the cities of Petersburg and Richmond, ten miles north of the former, and fifteen south of the latter.

General Butler's army was all landed by the sixth of May, and he immediately began to intrench his position, near the junction of the two rivers, and on the branch road leading from Port Walthall to the Petersburg and Richmond railroad. While he was thus gaining a position upon the south side of the James river, as above narrated, the Confederate troops, constituting the Richmond defences, were not idle. As soon as it was learned that the capital was really threatened from that source, as well as Petersburg, these troops were put in motion, and prepared to give General Butler a warm reception, and, if possible, hold him in check until assistance should arrive from other localities, either from the Army of Northern Virginia, then about Spottsylvania, or from the defences of Charleston.

Lightfoot's battalion of light artillery, comprising the three batteries of Thornton, Reeves and Hankins, were withdrawn

from the north side of the James, and hurried through Richmond on the night of the fifth, and arrived at Port Walthall junction on the following morning. Haygood's brigade of infantry, South Carolinians, had already arrived and deployed in the immediate front of the enemy. This force of twelve hundred men, together with the battalion before mentioned, were all of the available troops at that hour, between General Butler and the Petersburg and Richmond railroad.

Distant from Petersburg, this junction is but eight miles, and there was nothing to prevent Butler from crushing this little force, and immediately occupying the city which was destined to become so famous in the annals of war, at such an awful sacrifice of human life.

Instead of immediately advancing, General Butler moved forward a short distance and began to intrench himself, only making a few feints, which were easily repulsed by the gallant South Carolinians and the Virginia battalion of artillery. Thus the golden opportunity slipped away, and when that commander had consummated his plans for a general advance upon the two cities on the next morning, he found it contested by a force sufficient to thwart his undertaking.

ARRIVAL OF GENERAL BEAUREGARD.

Sufficient time had been gained for the arrival of General Beauregard, who, with the divisions of Generals Hoke and Bushrod Johnston, effectually stayed the advance of the Federal army of the James.

Nothing more was done until the morning of the seventh, at which time Butler threw forward five brigades under the command of General Brooks, to destroy the Petersburg and Richmond railroad, but to the surprise of the Federal commander, he found the Confederates strong in numbers, and well posted upon the line of that road. The advance of Beauregard's reinforcements from South Carolina, had arrived and reinforced the small band of Confederates, who had met the Federals the day before. The Federals were still superior in point of numbers, however, and if they had pressed on

with vigor, could have crushed their opponents before the main portion of Beauregard's army arrived.

BATTLE OF PORT WALTHALL JUNCTION.

When Brooks developed the Confederate position on the morning of the seventh, he found that their line extended from Port Walthall Junction on the Confederate right, to Chester station on their left. The Federals made an attack and drove the Confederates back in some disorder. The railroad track, and the bridge seven miles from Petersburg were destroyed. The Confederates rallied, made a vigorous attack, and succeeded in driving back the Federal right. Soon after this, both of the contestants withdrew. Butler remained quiet during the eighth, which day was improved by the Confederates in bringing up reinforcements from the South. Confederate veterans were placed in position to dispute his advance, and from that hour his chances of success, in capturing either Petersburg or Richmond, were indeed small.

BATTLE OF SWIFT CREEK.

On the ninth the Federals again advanced, and pressed the Confederates back to within three miles of Petersburg, where they took up a position on Swift Creek. If General Butler had then thrown his whole force upon the enemy, he would have undoubtedly defeated them, and entered Petersburg. The advance was not so pressed, and two days later Butler changed his direction and made a general advance upon Richmond. The Confederates whom he encountered were gradually pressed back, until, on the night of the twelfth, their line rested on Proctor's Creek. On the morning of the thirteenth, they abandoned this position, and fell back to an inner line of fortifications. This position was a very strong one; its left resting upon what was known as Fort Stevens, in the rear of Drury's Bluff; its center was strongly fortified, and the right of the position extended so far, that it was quite safe from any flanking movement the Federals could undertake.

General Beauregard was in command of the Confederates

at the head of a force strong enough to give a sense of security to the Confederate government at Richmond.

After making himself as familiar as possible with the strength of the Confederate position, General Butler determined to make an assault upon the morning of the sixteenth. His design was to crush the command of Beauregard, move upon Richmond, and assist General Grant in besieging the capital of the Confederacy. The night of the fifteenth was a very dark one, and within the Federal lines was presented a scene of busy activity in making preparations for the assault of the morrow. A dense fog came down and completely enveloped both armies. After all the preparations for the attack had been made the Federal troops sank upon the ground to rest, and were soon wrapped in sleep. It had also been a busy night within the lines of Beauregard. He determined to anticipate the movements of his foe and assault the Federals. In the darkness of the night he skillfully made his preparations for this offensive movement.

BATTLE OF FORT STEVENS.

The Federals were suddenly aroused from their sleep by a savage burst of musketry and artillery along their whole line. Beauregard's plans had been perfected and he had thus taken the Federals by surprise. So complete was this surprise that for a time it seemed as if the Confederate movement would be a complete success.

In taking up his position, General Butler had been obliged to extend his line a very great distance, in order to cover the Confederate front, and then an open space of more than one mile remained between his right flank and the James river. This space was covered by only a few colored cavalymen. Beauregard had discovered this, on the right flank of his antagonist, and immediately determined to take advantage of it. His plans were made with great skill. An attack was to be made upon the Federal front, while a force was sent at the same time through the open space along the bank of the James river, to turn the Federal right flank.

The division commanded by General Whiting, upon the line of the Petersburg and Richmond railroad, a considerable distance in the rear of Butler's left flank, was to make a simultaneous movement upon the Federal rear, to cut off their line of retreat. These plans, so carefully prepared, did not result in all that Beauregard had hoped. The Confederate blow fell first upon the right of Smith's line, composed of Heckman's brigade, which was overthrown. The Confederates poured in around the Federal right flank and upon their rear. Fortunately for the latter, three regiments of Ames' division of Gilmore's corps, had, on the night of the fifteenth, been brought around as a reserve to this portion of Smith's line, and two of these, the One Hundred and Twelfth New York, and the Ninth Maine, here met the victorious Confederates, and resisted their advance with such vigor, that they halted, evidently supposing that the Federals had received a heavy reinforcement, or misunderstood their position, and, in the confusion caused partially by the dense darkness, withdrew.

In the meantime a vigorous assault had been made upon the Federal front, commanded by Generals Brooks and Weitzel, but the Confederates found many unexpected obstacles in their way; darkness, fog, strong breastworks, and a sharp fire from the Federal lines, made their task a hard one to accomplish. General Smith had taken the precaution to drive rows of stakes in front of his line, and along these he stretched a large amount of telegraph wire which he found in the locality. The Confederates advancing in the darkness tripped and fell over this wire, the confusion becoming so great that an advance was impossible.

Finding that he could not dislodge the Federals by an attack in front, Beauregard sent another force to turn their right flank. General Smith discovering this, ordered his right to fall back. General Whiting failed to obey General Beauregard's orders, and made no movement on the Federal rear. Gilmore's corps was almost entirely unengaged, and if Butler had thrown forward this force upon his left, he would have

been able to have taken Beauregard's line in reverse. When Smith's line fell back, Gilmore's performed the same movement, and the whole force was soon withdrawn by General Butler, to the lines already established at Bermuda Hundred. Beauregard advanced and skillfully managed, with a small force, to completely hold the powerful command of General Butler in check. This was very unfortunate for the Federals, as this expedition, from which it had been hoped that large results would have been gathered, had ended, to use General Grant's own language, in Butler's command being completely "bottled up and hermetically sealed."

General Butler now decided to cross the Appomattox river and seize Petersburg from the south side, but before that movement could be carried out, he received orders from General Grant to send the Eighteenth corps, under General Smith, to reinforce the Army of the Potomac at the Chickahominy, and thus ended this inglorious campaign. General Butler's command remained distinct, and was known as the Army of the James, but its future movements will be given in connection with those of the Army of the Potomac in the future pages of this work.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ANECDOTES, REMINISCENCES, AND POEM.

LIGHTNING DON'T STRIKE TWICE IN THE SAME PLACE.

DURING a furious cannonade a solid shot struck near by and tore a tremendous hole in the ground. One of the men, noted both for his wit and gallantry, immediately sprang into the hole, saying as he did so, "I'm told that lightning never strikes twice in the same place." Scarcely had the words escaped his lips before another shot struck the ground a few feet in advance of him and literally covered him with dirt. He struggled to his feet, and added in the same tone of voice, "But it comes devilish near it."

LET'S BUY THE BATTERY.

A good story is told of a brave sergeant in the cavalry regiment who was affected with a stoppage in his speech. His command was dismounted and acting as infantry.

A battery well posted was doing fearful execution along the line, and the officer in command sent an order to the colonel to "charge that battery and silence it." The colonel made a brief address to his men and informed them of the order. The sergeant stammered out, "S-s-say, C-c-colonel, w-wouldn't it b-be a g-g-good p-p-plan to t-take up a c-c-c-collection and b-b-buy the infernal thing, I'll p-p-pay my share." A smile played around the colonel's lips as he swung his saber around his head and gave the order to charge.

THE STAFF OF LIFE AT THE POINT OF DEATH.

However weary and hungry the Confederate soldier might be, he was always ready with his joke, and many were the witticisms fired off under the most serious circumstances.

During Early's Maryland campaign some soldiers having been halted scattered to the houses in the neighborhood to buy or beg some food. An advance of the enemy was reported and the long roll was sounded.

One fortunate fellow had come into the possession of a loaf of bread. It was too large to put into his haversack, and for convenience he thrust his bayonet through it and carried it in that way. One of his comrades remarked dryly, "This is the first time I ever saw the staff of life at the point of death."

WAIT UNTIL I GET THAT BATTERY OVER.

Captain —— of the Third Maine regiment, was a gallant soldier, but especially fond of the ardent. On one of the marches in Virginia, his regiment was fording a stream near a point where a battery of artillery was also crossing.

The captain had indulged in frequent potations from a canteen of whiskey. When near the middle of the stream he assumed a sitting posture. The water came up above his shoulders, and he, with difficulty, could only keep his mouth above the current.

His orderly sergeant saw his predicament, and hastened to his rescue. Grasping him by the shoulder, he cried, "Come, come, Cap'n, get up out of this!" The cap'n waved his hand in a mysterious manner and replied, "Hic, hold on, Sergeant, hic—not until I get that—hic—battery over."

MASSA ROBERT.

The above was the familiar title by which General Lee was known among his soldiers, and as an evidence of the confidence they placed in him, and the love they had for him, the following anecdote will portray.

Two of his men were one day sitting under some bushes by the road-side, looking for "graybacks," as General Lee rode by. One of them said, "Bill, I'd give five dollars to know what Massa Robert is thinking about, now." To which the other replied, "Why, you blamed fool, it would burst your head wide open."

General Lee once offered to lead a charge in person, but a couple of old veterans rushed from the ranks, and, seizing his bridle, turned his horse's head to the rear, as they remarked, "You just go back; we'll tend to this little matter ourselves." The General did retire, and the charge was made in grand style.

THE CHAPLAIN'S THEFT.

The following amusing story is told of a chaplain of the Confederate army. The Tenth Virginia regiment had just boarded a train and was slowly leaving the depot, as one of the command espied a very fine oven for baking biscuit, belonging to another regiment, lying near the side of the track. A very pleasant-faced chaplain, with his hands crossed behind his back, was slowly walking back and forth as if in deep meditation.

"O, parson," cried the soldier, "please hand me that oven, I haven't time to leave the car to get it, and wouldn't leave it behind for anything." "Certainly, sir," said the obliging chaplain, who seized the oven and swung it up to the delighted soldier. Just at that moment an old negro cook saw what was going on, and rushing to the spot, cried out, "Dat's my oben, what you steal my oben for?" The last we saw as we steamed away, was the old negro gesticulating wildly, as the chaplain, with open palms, was trying to exculpate himself from complicity in the theft. Some one cried, "Three cheers for the chaplain," and they were given with a will.

A PRESENTIMENT.

Many remarkable stories are told of soldiers predicting their own deaths. A case of this kind came strictly to pass. A few days before the battle of the Wilderness, General Lee placed a strong guard at the various fords of the Rapidan. A detail of picked men was made from the regiments of a certain brigade, and put under the command of Lieutenant Forrest, of the Thirty-seventh Virginia. He proceeded to Germania Ford, posted his men, and lay down to rest. The

Lieutenant said he had had a presentiment that he should be killed in the next fight in which he should be engaged; that if the enemy attempted to cross the ford, he would be killed at the first fire. He instructed one of the men, in the event of his death, to take command of the post, and hold it as long as possible. The enemy did not appear, however, and the next day he was relieved and returned to camp. In a few days the battle of the Wilderness was fought, and strangely enough, he fell mortally wounded, at the first fire, on the day of May fifth.

THE COLONEL WAS NOT ON HAND.

The commander of a Federal brigade, who, at the present time is one of the leading bankers in this country, and who is well known in all the works of christian benevolence, when appointed to the command of his first regiment at the outbreak of the war, drew his regiment up in line and spoke to them kindly; told them what he should expect of them, and that if they obeyed his commands they would always find in him a true friend. Among other things he informed them that, as their commander, he should insist upon doing all the swearing; that when anything went wrong to send for him, and if he considered it actually necessary he would do the swearing for the whole regiment.

The boys all liked his address, and as it was well known that the colonel was a christian, they concluded there would be but little swearing done. Things went smoothly for a time, but one day the gallant colonel came upon one of his teamsters whose mules would not pull, and the fellow was slashing them with his green-hide and swearing until the very air was blue around him.

"Look here, my man!" shouted the colonel, "did I not give orders that I would do the swearing for the whole regiment; what do you mean by swearing in this manner?"

The fellow dismounted from his mule, took off his hat, ejected a huge quid of tobacco from his mouth, and said, "Kernel, I know what your orders are, and I intended to obey

'em, but here was an important period in the history of these mules; some swearing had to be done immediately, and as you were not on hand to do it, I volunteered to fill your place until you should arrive."

The colonel rode on and the teamster was not rebuked.

UNYOKE THE STEER.

After the great battle of Gettysburg had been fought, the boys who had been slightly wounded and left in the field-hospitals, experienced many very pleasant episodes in connection with the old farmers of that section, a large portion of whom were of German descent, and not able to successfully guard against the tricks and jokes of the Yankee soldiers.

One day in August, a squad of these fellows, boiling over with mischief, visited a large farm owned by a German, and located some dozen miles from the battlefield. The old gentleman, who was about fifty years old, and a genuine Dutchman both physically and intellectually, was jubilant over the situation, rejoicing because as he remarked, "De dampst repels have been drobe away, and mine proberthy vas all save."

He was very proud of his farm stock, and especially so of a young steer, which was large, sleek and wild. The old man was endeavoring to tame him, and for that purpose had placed the steer's neck in a yoke, and, not having a mate, was carrying the other end of the yoke in his hands. In this way he was driving him around the yard. The boys watched matters for a few moments, and then suggested, that if he wished to make the animal accustomed to the yoke, he had better get down on his hands and knees and yoke himself in with the steer, and thus accustom him to work with a mate.

The Dutchman caught at this brilliant idea in a moment, and getting down in the position already named, with the assistance of his friends, soon found himself yoked securely by the side of his steer. The animal chanced to turn its eyes toward the other end of the yoke, and to his horror saw the full, red face of his owner peering forth from beneath it. With a wild snort and roar of fright he started at a three-min-

ute rate down the road. Not having time for deliberation, the old gentleman followed suit, being carried along by the superior strength of his yoke-fellow.

Every effort to escape from his predicament was in vain, and down the road he went, touching the ground only once in several rods. It was a ludicrous scene; the steer furnishing the motive power for himself and companion and roaring with fright, the old Dutchman flying through the air, firmly secured to the yoke, yelling to the steer to stop.

The boys, anxious to assist, ran yelling, and after a thirty minutes' chase, which seemed to have been hours, they succeeded in surrounding the runaways in a corner of a fence, and, by a bold dash, captured the twain.

They instantly proceeded to free the old Dutchman from his perilous position, when they were stopped by the latter, who, true to the instincts of a Dutchman's discernment, yelled out: "You damp't phools, vat ish you about? Doan you know dot I vill sthand?" The steer was unyoked.

FREMONT'S SCOUTS.

I joined General Fremont's army at Franklin, in the northern part of Virginia, where I found my forces in line of battle, awaiting the onset of the foe under Jackson. The polite Colonel Tracy, then Adjutant-General of the Army of Virginia, after introducing me to the different members of the staff, all at once exclaimed:

"You must make the acquaintance of Carpenter. Orderly, call Captain Carpenter." In a few moments the orderly returned, escorting a medium-sized man, but one who did not impress me at the moment as being a person of marked character or celebrity.

"Carpenter," said the Colonel, "this is my friend, Major ——. Look out for him in times of danger. Major, this is Captain Carpenter, the leader of the scouts, and it will be well for you to know him and his men."

Carpenter was a young man of about twenty-five years of age, of quiet demeanor, and slight frame; but his dark eye

and the lines of his mouth indicated great firmness and courage.

"All right," responded the scout; and turning to me with a smile, he said, "Come, Major, come with me, and see the boys. They are at dinner."

We went out into an adjoining field, and found Carpenter's men taking their noonday meal under an oak tree. And such a crowd I had never put my eyes upon before in any country. In fact, I believe that such a motley set of rascals never were seen together since the days of the forty thieves. The crowd consisted of about twenty persons of all descriptions of form, features, color and dress. There was the tin peddler, the demure village parson, the country gawk, a lame, sleepy darky, and a number of the half-wild scouts who had followed Fremont from the prairies of the far West.

"Hello, boys," exclaimed Carpenter, "this is my friend; look out for him if he gets into trouble."

"All right," responded half a dozen at once, "we'll help him."

"I'll hook him a horse," said a half-breed horse thief.

"I'll lift a hen roost or a beehive for him," whispered the darky cripple.

"Yea," bellowed the bogus Quaker; "mine eyes will be lifted upon thee in compassion in the dark hour of need."

I instinctively placed my hand upon my watch, while I indulged in a hearty laugh at the odd and picturesque looking fellows, as they clustered around me, proffering their friendship and aid.

But really there were some fine faces among this heterogeneous crew, which told of superior birth and education. These young men loved to play the part of the spy and the scout for the intense excitement it afforded, and the various adventures incident to it, and they fairly carried their lives in their hands; for death was the penalty if caught, and the rebels dealt summarily with them whenever they pounced upon them.

A few days after this laughable interview, the signal corps

announced that Jackson, by a flank march, had passed us and driven Banks and his little band of men back to the Potomac. In consequence of this move of the rebels, the Army of Virginia under Fremont were ordered to cross the intervening mountains swiftly, and attack the invaders in the rear.

With my usual luck, I was ordered to join the advance guard, who were to clear the roads of all obstructions, put to flight the lurking guerrillas, and ascertain the position of the enemy. We were not allowed time to sleep, and hardly to eat, but ordered to get possession of mountain defiles and certain bridges before the rebels could fortify or burn them.

One dark night we were moving swiftly to seize an important bridge, some twenty miles away from the position of our main army, when our skirmishers announced that they had surprised three rebel soldiers, asleep in a brick house near by. I followed the general to get a glimpse of the rascals, and was astounded, on entering the room, to hear the soldiers greet me, and call me by name.

"All right, Major; you will help us out of this scrape. Pete, come down."

At this signal, the lame negro came sliding down the chimney, exclaiming:

"Whew! You don't catch dis nigger in bed when dar is danger ob de rebs about."

These, it seems, were some of Carpenter's scouts, who were out on a "tout," and, being much fatigued, had gone to sleep without posting a sentinel; and so our boys had caught them napping, with the exception of the darky.

After a hearty laugh all around, we restored them their arms, and continued on our dreary march, in the rain, for the distant bridge, which we were fortunate to capture at early morn, without much of a fight.

At length we arrived within a few miles of Strasburg, and espied a small band of rebels patrolling the forks of the road. Carpenter collected a few of his scouts, and boldly charged the rebels, without giving them time to estimate the number of assailants.

The surprised rebels, astonished by the horrible yelling of the scouts, thought the whole army was charging, and threw down their arms and took to their heels, some on foot and some on horseback. The scouts by their sudden and rash attack, not only routed the rebels, but captured ten of them beside quite a number of arms and horses.

As the scouts had promised to secure me a horse I rode forward and examined those just captured, but found none really worth taking, and preferred to keep for the present the horse Captain Conger of the cavalry had lent me, until the quartermaster could furnish me according to requisition.

That night, a few miles beyond the scene of conflict, we struck Jackson's men as they were retreating south through Strasburg. The firm resistance indicated that we had encountered something heavier than a picket guard, and our men withdrew back a few paces and awaited the advance of the main army.

We encamped without fires in a dense thicket and supperless lay down to rest. How fearfully it rained during the long night, and in fact it had been raining more or less every day since we started on our march; a steady torrent of water poured down from the clouds, and it seemed as though the flood-gates of heaven were open.

We anticipated a midnight attack from the enemy, and so our troops lay down in line of battle, waiting for the attack. As for myself, I sat down at the root of a large tree and, reclining against its trunk, soon fell asleep; but I had taken the precaution to tie the bridle of my horse to my arm for fear that he might break away or be stolen during the darkness of night. About daybreak the sensation of absorbing a little too much water awoke me, and to my disgust I found that I was all afloat in a large pool of water. Crawling out of the vasty deep into which I had been quite immersed, I was somewhat gratified to perceive that my horse was safe and still tied to my arm. But in the dim obscurity of the early morn I thought that a slight change had taken place during the night, for he seemed bow-legged, whereas the horse I rode the day before

and symmetrical limbs. I approached and felt of the beast, and good gracious! his forelegs were as bent and crooked as a beanstalk! What a severe attack of rheumatism he must have had during the night, thought I, as a feeling of compassion arose in my breast. But what is this white streak on his forehead? who painted that? he never had one before. Dropping the bridle I stepped back a pace and surveyed my horse in amazement. Good heavens! he had become blind, too! My eyes wandered to the saddle and blanket; they were both safe; but just then I caught a glimpse of the tail; it was short and stubby, whereas the evening before it was long and flowing! The truth now flashed before me: my horse had been slipped out of the bridle, and this sickly, blind, old crab left in his place!

"Who did this?" I shouted to the startled soldiers around me.

One after another they rubbed their eyes, and roared with laughter as they got a fair view of my quadruped.

"It must have been the scouts who did this," whispered a consoling friend; "they could steal the tail off a sleeping fox."

"Where are the rascals?" I shouted, with virtuous indignation.

But the crowd were too convulsed with laughter to answer me; so I strode off up the road in search of Carpenter. In about half an hour I found him, and requested him to follow me for a few moments.

"There, what do you call that?" said I, leading him up to the beast. "Some of your sentimental, hen-roost-robbing pupils have stolen my good horse, and left me this decrepit, toothless old hack."

"Never!" shouted Carpenter, his eyes fairly flashing with disgust. "My boys never would touch such a beast as that, and they wouldn't play such a trick on you. They think too much of you for that, Major."

"Well, then," I responded, "who did it? Somebody stole him."

"I'll tell you," said the scout, leaning over confidently, "it was some of Blenker's Dutchmen; they are awful thieves."

The crowd fairly bellowed with laughter at this suggestion of Carpenter, which was so palpably false; and, in spite of my anger, I laughed heartily, too.

"Say no more, Major," said the scout; "I have a nice horse for you, and will bring him around soon."

In a short time I found myself mounted on a splendid animal, and was much gratified at the final result of my night adventure, when one of Fremont's staff rode up to me, and demanded the animal, which polite invitation I very promptly declined. But, to my horror, the aid produced an order proving the animal to have been stolen from the village preacher; and so I dismounted. That night I was ordered to join a column who were to attack Jackson's rear at midnight, and attempt to cut off some of the rebels, and capture their trains.

We made our way into the town of Strasburg, into the very midst of the rebel squadrons, but were driven out again; and, in the *mélée*, I was capsized from my rickety old steed, and thrown headlong into a quagmire, where I sank so deeply that for a moment it was a matter of serious doubt in my mind whether I should attempt to dig through the earth downward to China or strive to scratch back again to Virginia's sacred soil. My good fortune prevailed, however, and, after a few desperate kicks and backward plunges, I managed to emerge again upon the surface. While scrambling about to find my late friends, I stumbled upon a riderless horse, and mounting him, rode safely back to camp.

During the rest of the campaign, my prize was not recognized nor claimed by any one of our army; but my gift from the scouts was never seen afterward, and, in fact, I think that he wisely remained in the quagmire. If such was the fact, I can only say, "After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well."

During this and other campaigns in Virginia, I had frequent opportunities of witnessing the courage and skill of these scouts, and was often befriended by them. But one

after another they disappeared from the army, either from capture or the enemy's bullets, and in a few months the whole company was broken up.

Three years after this campaign I was accosted in the streets of Nashville, by a keen eyed young man, who addressed me familiarly, saying, "Colonel, what about that blind old hoss? I was one of Fremont's scouts, but 'pon honor, we never stole your beast." I had seen this man captured in a fight near Strasburg, and rebel prisoners told us afterward that he had been shot. Fortunately, however, he had managed to escape, and lived to meet and remind me of my ridiculous adventure.

THE DUNKER BEE-HIVE.

When General McClellan commenced his march upon Richmond, in 1862, by way of the peninsula, General Fremont was ordered to collect his forces in western and northern Virginia and descend into central Virginia, at the same time, and seize the supplies which the hungry rebels were drawing from those fertile regions. Whilst McClellan was besieging Yorktown, Fremont was collecting his men in northern Virginia, near the town of Cumberland, and preparing to make a bold push for Staunton. At this time I was connected with the Army of the Potomac, but as soon as Yorktown was evacuated I was ordered to join Fremont.

On arriving at Fremont's base of supplies on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, a few miles west of Cumberland, I found to my dismay that the army had been gone many days, and was at this time confronting Jackson near the town of Franklin, about sixty miles south. Applying to the quartermaster for horses, he informed me that he had none, and that I must wait several days for a conveyance and escort. I found several other officers at the station waiting for transportation to the front, and uneasy, like myself, at the delay. But fortunately General Rosecrans appeared with an ambulance and horses, and turning them over to the quartermaster, he promptly sent us off rejoicing to the front.

The road lay through a wild and unsettled part of the country, and we were cautioned to keep a sharp lookout for guerrillas, who were known to be lurking in the mountain glens and recesses. We kept our loaded rifles constantly in our hands in readiness to reply to their first shot. But we were not molested during our journey, and after two long days of slow and tedious riding, we arrived in sight of Fremont's army. It was posted along the heights which overlooked the little town of Franklin, and commanded the narrow defile beyond. Far down the valley we could see in the thickening haze of evening the red camp fires of the rebels; but Fremont believed that Jackson had retreated, leaving only a brigade to keep up the appearance of a large army. It was thought by many of our officers that Jackson had gone back to Staunton, and would march quietly up the Shenandoah Valley, attack Banks, and threaten our flank. The next week Jackson appeared at Winchester, forced the gallant Banks and his brave little army back to the Potomac, and threatened to cut off our communications.

There came orders from Washington for Fremont to change his objective point; to march across the mountains, intercept Jackson on his retreat, and fight him. All these despatches came in rapid succession, and the excitement in our camp became intense. The troops were to march at once, and to the advance guard, which was composed of three regiments, I was then assigned. As we led the way down the valley the scouts pointed out the black flag flying from a mountain peak as a warning to all stragglers. Night overtook us on our weary march, but we did not halt to camp, for we were ordered to seize, at all hazards, an important pass in the mountains, then many miles away.

It was almost morning before we arrived at the rugged defile, and found, to our joy, that the rebels were not there. We then went into camp, and waited for the main army, which was a day's journey behind. We had left all our baggage, and traveled with great rapidity.

One of the regiments of the advance guard was the Eighth

Virginia, composed of loyal mountaineers of West Virginia, men accustomed to hunt game in the great forests, and climb the steep mountains. They were nearly all men of great courage, strength and agility, and furnished the army with some of its best scouts.

As soon as the main army came up, we were ordered to move and seize a bridge a few miles away, and hold it until the remainder of the troops came up. Marching stealthily, and with quick pace, we came upon the rebels posted at the bridge so suddenly that they had not time to collect their scattered and surprised forces soon enough to oppose our sudden rush. Once across the river, we soon put them to flight, and sent the brave boys of the Eighth Virginia to scatter them in the mountains.

In a few hours the rest of the army came up, and we were ordered to rest while other regiments took the lead. But I thought I would ride ahead to the foot of the first mountain, and ascertain what our brave scouts were about, as I heard several sharp reports of rifle shots. I had not gone more than a mile before I came to a large mansion, before which a squad of the Eighth Virginia boys were lounging about, some leaning on their long rifles, others pacing up and down the road, and all looking very cross.

"Hello, Major!" called out to me a tall, strong soldier. "We are hungry, and have had nothing to eat since yesterday; and this stingy old Dunker won't give or sell us anything to eat. What shall we do? We can't fight decently on an empty stomach."

I rode up to the veranda of the house, and said kindly to the proprietor, who appeared to be a morose, sour-faced man, "My friend, will you be so kind as to sell me a few loaves of bread for these brave boys? for they have had nothing to eat since yesterday."

"No," snappishly replied the man; "I have no bread to sell."

"Will you let me have some flour or meal, then?" I politely inquired.

"No," sharply returned the fellow, "I have nothing to sell or give away."

"The mean old Dunker!" shouted the soldiers. "Say the word, Major, and we'll go through that house like a streak of lightning through a gooseberry bush!"

The proprietor, it seems, was a member of that religious society which had its origin in Germany, and resembled somewhat that called the Shakers. The Dunkers were very peaceable, and it was a part of their creed never to resist violence, never fight, and never even go to law to redress an injury. Generally they were very kind and generous; but this fellow was the meanest looking specimen I had ever seen, and I felt half inclined to let the boys enter the house and help themselves, for everything about the premises indicated prosperity and a well-stocked larder.

"I say, Major," sang out one of the soldiers, "do you see them bee-hives in the yard? The fat straw hive is hefty, for I hefted it myself. Say the word, Major, and we'll lift it right smart."

"Go!" I exclaimed, involuntarily, without being aware of what I said. And instantly half a dozen lithe men dropped their rifles, leaped the fence, seized the great straw hive, and brought it out quickly into the middle of the road, and commenced to rip off the top.

The first grab of the boys tore off the top of the hive, and all clustered around to snatch a part of the honey-comb, when there issued forth a perfect cloud of enraged bees, who put to flight in a moment the hungry scouts. The soldiers were dispersed and disappointed, and I was astounded; for never did the insect world attack man so fiercely, since the bugs assaulted the ancient Egyptians.

Here was a sweet fix. Military law violated and no honey. I began to feel a little nervous. The soldiers were walking around, at a safe distance from the hive, grumbling, and picking out the stings from their swollen chops. Just then the heavy tramp of men caused me to turn my head to the rear, and I saw a German regiment marching up the road in fine

style. It was evident that the officers thought that they were about approaching a village, for they were closing up the ranks of the regiment, and the band were getting their instruments ready to play. As they were wheeling around the turn which the road made, as it passed the Dunker's mansion, the drum-major turned toward his musicians, and waved on high, most majestically, his great baton, as a signal to commence.

The drum-major was a tall, stout German, and was dressed most fantastically, according to military custom. Medals and ornaments covered his brightly-colored clothes, and an immense bear skin shako added to the proportions of his tall form. Marching backward until the band caught the measure of his exact motions, he turned to march up the road, just as the next backward step would have placed him astride the broken bee-hive, which was surrounded by an immense swarm of infuriated bees.

"Dunder and Blitzen! vat is dis?" yelled the drum-major, as he leaped frantically in the air, flinging his baton far away, and making his two great hands revolve about his ears like the sails of a windmill. A few more grotesque hops, skips and antics, and the musical man broke for the woods, as though chain lightning was after him. Approaching the fence, he made a mighty bound, cleared the five bars, but catching his toe in an upturned knot of the upper rail, he revolved at least three times before he landed, with all his finery, most melodiously in the great compost heap of the cow-yard.

In the meantime, the front rank of the musicians marched along, tooting all the while, but sadly out of tune and time, for they kept their wandering eyes on the strange and unaccustomed movements of their leader. But all at once they too, were seized with convulsive movements, which reminded the spectator of the worst form of the St. Vitus dance, accompanied by a touch of the Jackson itch.

The second rank pressing close on the heels of the first was affected likewise, and the air was filled with sax-horns, trom-

bones, clarionets, bugles, and reed instruments, as they were flung aside by the startled and frantic musicians; but the sublimest spectacle of all was reserved for the big Dutchman who presided over the great bass drum. Ah, he was a huge fellow, and reminded me much of Van Amburgh's hippopotamus. His head was big, too, and his nose, which was as large as a quart bottle, was peppered with red spots which faintly indicated a fondness for the national beverage—lager beer. At this moment he was evidently bewildered, for his great goggle-eyes were rolling right and left whilst he held the drumstick with his right hand high up in the air in the attitude of striking; but suddenly he ducked his head as quickly as a terrapin does when touched on the nose with a red-hot iron by some mischievous urchin. The drumsticks dropped from his hands; again he ducked his head and convulsively attempted to slip under the great strap which passed over his shoulders and confined him to the heavy drum; but it was "no go," for the stout leather was strongly buckled. Then he started to run, but at the very first step his toe struck a stone and he rolled on his back in the dust. There he lay kicking, blowing, puffing, swearing, and vainly attempting to free himself from the big drum, and at the same time protect his vulnerable point, his nose; from the savage assaults of the enraged insects; but it was all in vain, and making a desperate effort he rose to his feet again and started to run, but before twenty steps were taken he stubbed his toe again and turned a series of somersaults in the dust. Luckily, however, as he fell a projecting root tore a wide slit in the head of the drum, and "Dutchy," with the quickness of despair, got upon his knees, thrust his head into the slit of the drum-head and his hands into his capacious pockets. The position was somewhat ridiculous, but it afforded security against the attacks of the pursuing foe.

Meanwhile the gallant Teutons—"the sanguinary men of war,"—marched along with muskets on the shoulder and heads erect. "Right veel, dere!" shouted the pompous, pot-bellied little captain, as he turned around to his men, at the corner of the road. "Right veel! Steady on de right, dere! Stea—"

The word of command was not finished, for the little Dutchman hopped up and down in the most ridiculous manner, and finally, throwing down his sword, took to his heels as though the "Old Scratch" was after him.

Then the valiant soldiers, as soon as they had fairly passed the corner, were seemingly bewitched in like manner. Down went the line of muskets like a flash of lightning, and up went a host of hands, waving and brushing about a host of short noses, long noses, and all sorts of noses.

At this time my strength forsook me, and I fell from my horse in a perfect paroxysm of laughter; and before I could muster strength enough to stand upon my feet, half of that great regiment of strong men had been put to flight in a manner which was incomprehensible to the rear ranks.

In fact the bees fought so long as there was a single bee left to sting; and if I had been called upon at that moment to declare how many there were in the hive, I should have stated, unhesitatingly, that there was a million, or two hundred insects to each of the five hundred dispersed Dutchmen.

What a scene now presented itself! Hogarth would have gone crazy with laughter had he been there; Joe Miller would have died in five minutes; and I venture to say that the "man who never smiled," would have burst a button or two.

Hundreds of muskets lay scattered around, promiscuously mixed with hats, knapsacks, dilapidated boots, broken meer-schaum pipes, paper dickies, disjoined coat tails, trombones, and other brass instruments; whilst their late owners were roosting on the distant fences, engaged in picking out the stings from their red noses, and in cursing each other in Dutch and forty other languages.

The selfish Dunker lay flat upon his veranda, having laughed himself into a state of unconsciousness. The fat drummer still stuck tenaciously to his safe position, with his head in the drum and his flippers in his pockets. The drum-major had extricated himself from his fragrant position, and sat on the top rail of the fence, like a hen-pecked rooster, sur-

veying the scene of the disaster with a fearfully woe-begone look of disgust.

I wiped my eyes again, and surveyed the field anew, not believing my senses. Good gracious, what a tableau! Mix up the Comedy of Errors with Barnum's Baby Show, the Fat Woman, the Woolly Horse, and Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and you would not come within a thousand miles of an equal result. "Alas!" I said to myself, as I was fumbling in my pocket for paper and pencil to sketch the inspiring scene, "how uncertain are the joys of human life, and especially how varied are the vicissitudes of military glory!" Just then sharp, angry voices aroused me from my philosophic musing. On looking up, I perceived some of General Blenker's staff reconnoitering the field of the attack and discomfiture, and at the same time casting stern glances toward me. Realizing at once my danger, and the liability of being arrested as the author of the mischief, I leaped into the saddle and dashed off at full speed up the road, in the direction which the Eighth Virginia scouts had taken, with the honey which they had seized after the last surviving bee had sacrificed himself on the Dutchman's nose.

"THE WILDERNESS."

This was a most gloomy place for men to meet in deadly conflict, and while upon other pages of this book will be given an account of the movements of the troops during those eventful days, here will be sketched the opening scene of that terrible conflict on the afternoon of May fifth, 1864.

Warren's corps crossed the Rapidan river at Germania Ford on May fourth, and followed the road leading from that ford until it reached the point where it crossed at right angles the old Wilderness pike near the tavern. The division under General Griffin had advanced, on the night of May fourth, about two miles on this old turnpike, and bivouacked for the night. One regiment was in the pine woods a little off to the left of the turnpike as we advanced. It was a beautiful May evening, much like one in June or July in the north. As the

blankets were spread upon the ground the sun passed from view and soft clouds, fringed with crimson and purple, came floating up from the northwest and suspended themselves like a canopy above the dark green curtains of pine. There were no indications of the fearful strife which was to follow on the morrow. The troops slept as only tired soldiers can sleep. It is remarkable how usage and weariness would transform those hard beds of earth into couches of more than downy softness.

Early on the morning of May fifth, we were awakened by the reveille. Small fires were kindled, coffee was boiled, and beneath the pine trees all partook of their morning meal; it was the last of which many ever ate. Cavalrymen soon came riding back with the important intelligence that the Confederates were advancing in great force. The veterans of Ewell were hastening on to hurl, if possible, the Union troops back across the Rapidan, while they began to build breastworks of defence. The pine timber for several rods in front was felled, the logs placed in a line and covered with earth, and before noon the line was quite strongly intrenched.

At one o'clock orders were given to advance and develop the position of the enemy. Bartlett's brigade was to advance on the left of the turnpike, with Ayer's brigade of regulars on the right of that road, and Barnes' brigade on the left. The ground over which the line proceeded was nearly level, and covered with a growth of scrub pine, the dried tough limbs reaching nearly to the ground, and presenting so thick a barrier that it was with considerable difficulty that the advance could be made. Three-fourths of a mile in front of the breastworks, the skirmish line of the Confederates was encountered, advancing as rapidly. One brigade was so formed that the Twentieth Maine regiment was in the second line of battle. The front line pressed the Confederates back quite rapidly, while the second line followed up quite near. Reaching a field, surrounded by dense forest, the line halted in the edge of the woods, and from that point, obtained a good view of the conflict in its front. The Confederates had retreated across this field, and the Federal line was just mak-

ing a charge over it, to attack them in the woods beyond. The bullets were falling like drops of rain. Manfully the troops dashed forward to perform the task assigned them. All evidently forgot death, and thought only of victory. A cloud of blue, sulphurous smoke, encircled the edge of the woods, beyond the field, from which the Confederates were firing. At a brisk double-quick, the Federals advanced and many soon fell either dead or wounded. They had scarcely reached the forest, when the dark pine woods seemed to vomit a sheet of flame and death upon them. The line looked as if it was consumed by that fire. A scattering few remained, and they dashed desperately upon the enemy's guns, and disappeared in the forest from view.

"Forward, double-quick, march!" came the command, and the second line dashed across the field. The bullets came thick and fast. General Bartlett, on horseback, gallantly led the charge. Many fell out of the ranks, killed, wounded, or unable to keep up, so that when this line entered the woods it was much broken. Company organizations had disappeared, and it was a free fight, every man for himself. The brave survivors of the first line of battle were engaged at close quarters, almost in a hand to hand encounter. The second line rushed in with a yell, and pressed back the foe. Men fell like leaves. One fellow in zouave uniform, several rods in advance, almost surrounded by his enemies, was loading and firing with a terrible rapidity. Bare-headed, firm and defiant, he stood, the very impersonation of manly valor. The Confederates were falling back. Soon the thud of a bullet was heard, and then it was found that a ball had struck him fairly in the forehead, literally tearing his manly brow into fragments. He had been shot dead.

Rifle bullets never flew thicker than that day in the Wilderness. A thousand of them were humming on every hand. What a medley of sounds! Groans of wounded and dying, yells and curses from those who were fighting, cheers of exultation where portions of a line would press back its oppo-

nents, yells of defiance from those who were hard pressed, yet determined not to yield, shouts and commands of the officers, whose voices were shrill and hoarse, and the thousands of rifle bullets, snapping, singing and shrieking through the dense pine brush. The air was filled with splinters and fragments of flying wood. There were two pieces of artillery in the road upon the Federal right, and frequently these would add their deep-mouthed thunder to the scene.

Ewell's men fought desperately, but for nearly two hours the advantage was with the Federals, and if their movements had been made in sufficient numbers it would have resulted in the defeat of Ewell's corps. Ayer's brigade on the right was pressed back, and a flanking fire came in on the right of Wadsworth's division. Griffin's men were pressing the Confederates hard in their immediate front, when they received a terrible volley from their flank and rear. The turnpike was in the possession of the Confederates. There was only one way to escape the Confederates, who had been heavily reinforced by other portions of Ewell's corps. Word came, "By the left flank! Double-quick! March!" and out we went as fast as possible. A portion of the Federal wounded escaped, a few of the slain had been carried from the field, but a larger proportion of the wounded and killed was left in the hands of the Confederates. It seemed too bad to leave them, especially as the pine woods were then on fire, and black spiral columns of flame and smoke were rising far up toward the skies, while many were perishing in the flames.

Eighteen years after the battle was fought, the breastworks all remained; the trees were scarred with bullets; in the dense forest where the Federals were flanked and driven back, there were hundreds of little mounds, beneath which hundreds of soldiers had been buried, yet afterward, their remains were disinterred, and conveyed to the city of Fredericksburg, for burial, in the national cemetery at that place. It seemed to be almost impossible, upon looking over the field, that the red hand of war had rolled and tossed through these pine thickets.

ALL.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

There hangs a saber, and there a rein,
With rusty buckle and green curb-chain;
A pair of spurs on the old gray wall,
And a moldy saddle,—well, that is all.

Come out to the stable; it is not far,
The moss-grown door is hanging ajar,
Look within! There's an empty stall,
Where once stood a charger,—and that is all.

The good black steed came riderless home,
Flecked with blood-drops as well as foam.
Do you see that mound, where the dead leaves fall?
The good black horse pined to death,—that's all.

All? O God! it is all I can speak,
Question me not,—I am old and weak,
His saddle and saber hang on the wall,
And his horse pined to death—I have told you all.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SIEGE OF PETERSBURG. LANDING OF THE EIGHTEENTH CORPS. ADVANCE OF THE COLORED TROOPS. GENERAL SMITH'S FATAL DELAY. ATTACK ON HARE'S HILL. CONFEDERATES REPULSED. FEDERALS CHECKED WITH HEAVY LOSS. SIEGE BEGUN IN EARNEST. JERUSALEM PLANK ROAD SEIZED. GENERAL A. P. HILL'S BRILLIANT VICTORY. FEDERAL CAVALRY RAID. BATTLE OF REAM'S STATION. FEDERALS DEFEATED. THROWING UP INTRENCHMENTS. HANCOCK CROSSES THE JAMES. HIS PLANS FOILED BY LEE. THE MINE EXPLOSION, DESCRIPTION OF. FEDERALS DEFEATED WITH TERRIBLE LOSS. MCCABE'S ACCOUNT OF. EARLY'S MOVEMENT ON WASHINGTON. DEPARTURE OF FEDERAL TROOPS. CONFEDERATES DESTROY BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD. FATAL DELAY OF GENERAL EARLY. FEDERAL AUTHORITIES FRIGHTENED. HANCOCK ON THE PENINSULA. CAPTURE OF THE WELDON RAILROAD. DESPERATE FIGHTING; HEAVY LOSS OF LIFE. CONFEDERATES DEFEATED. SECOND BATTLE OF REAM'S STATION. FEDERALS DEFEATED. CAPTURE OF FORT HARRISON. DEATH OF GENERAL BURNHAM. GENERAL ORD WOUNDED. ARRIVAL OF GENERAL GRANT. ATTACK ON FORT GILMER. FEDERALS DEFEATED. TERRIBLE LOSS OF COLORED TROOPS. CONFEDERATES REINFORCED. ATTACK FORT HARRISON. GENERAL STANNARD WOUNDED. BATTLE OF PEEBLE'S FARM. DEATH OF COLONEL WELCH. TERRIBLE LOSS OF LIFE. CONFEDERATES REPULSED. BATTLE OF WHITE OAK SWAMP. DEATH OF GENERAL GREGG. FEDERALS DEFEATED. GRANT'S LETTER TO MEADE. MEADE'S PLAN. BATTLE OF HATCHER'S RUN. FEDERALS WITHDRAWN. BUTLER ON THE NORTH BANK OF THE JAMES. TROOPS OF BOTH ARMIES IN WINTER QUARTERS. SURGEON MCPARLIN'S REPORT.

WHILE the army, under the immediate command of Generals Grant and Meade, was making this very important movement, the Eighteenth corps landed from the transports at Bermuda Hundred, and made a movement of great importance, from which it was expected marked results would follow. General Butler, on the night of the fourteenth, put Smith's command in motion to seize Petersburg. Smith was reinforced by a division of colored troops, under General Hincks, and a cavalry division, under General Kautz.

During the night of the fourteenth, Smith crossed upon a pontoon bridge, to the south bank of the Appomattox river, and immediately began his march toward the city of Petersburg, which was only seven miles distant. This advance was made in three columns; Kautz upon the left, with Hincks division in his rear; Brooks' division on the right of Hincks, and Martindale's division on the extreme right. Kautz advanced near the line of the Norfolk and Petersburg railroad, while Martindale advanced along the river road, with the design of striking the City Point railroad.

After an advance of two miles, Kautz came to a line of rifle-pits, defended by a line of infantry and one battery of light artillery. The cavalry were withdrawn to the left. Hincks' colored troops then assaulted this line, and drove back the Confederates, capturing one gun. This caused some delay, and it was not until noon that all the troops of General Smith reached the fortifications which enveloped the city of Petersburg.

The afternoon was spent by General Smith in reconnoitering the Confederate line, which proved to be one of considerable strength. It was finally decided, that, to assault the position with solid columns would be attended with too great a loss, and a heavy skirmish line was sent forward at seven P.M., from the division of Hincks on the left, Banks in the center, and Martindale upon the right. The whole line was immediately carried, several hundred prisoners were captured, together with many pieces of artillery, and a way was thus opened to Petersburg. General Smith now halted his command.

General Hancock arrived early in the evening with his corps and proffered his services to General Smith, but the latter decided to halt until daylight. Had the movement been pressed with vigor, the city of Petersburg and the whole line of the Appomattox would have been in the possession of the Federal army that night. General Smith may have acted wisely considering the information he then possessed, but subsequent events clearly demonstrated the fact that this delay was en-

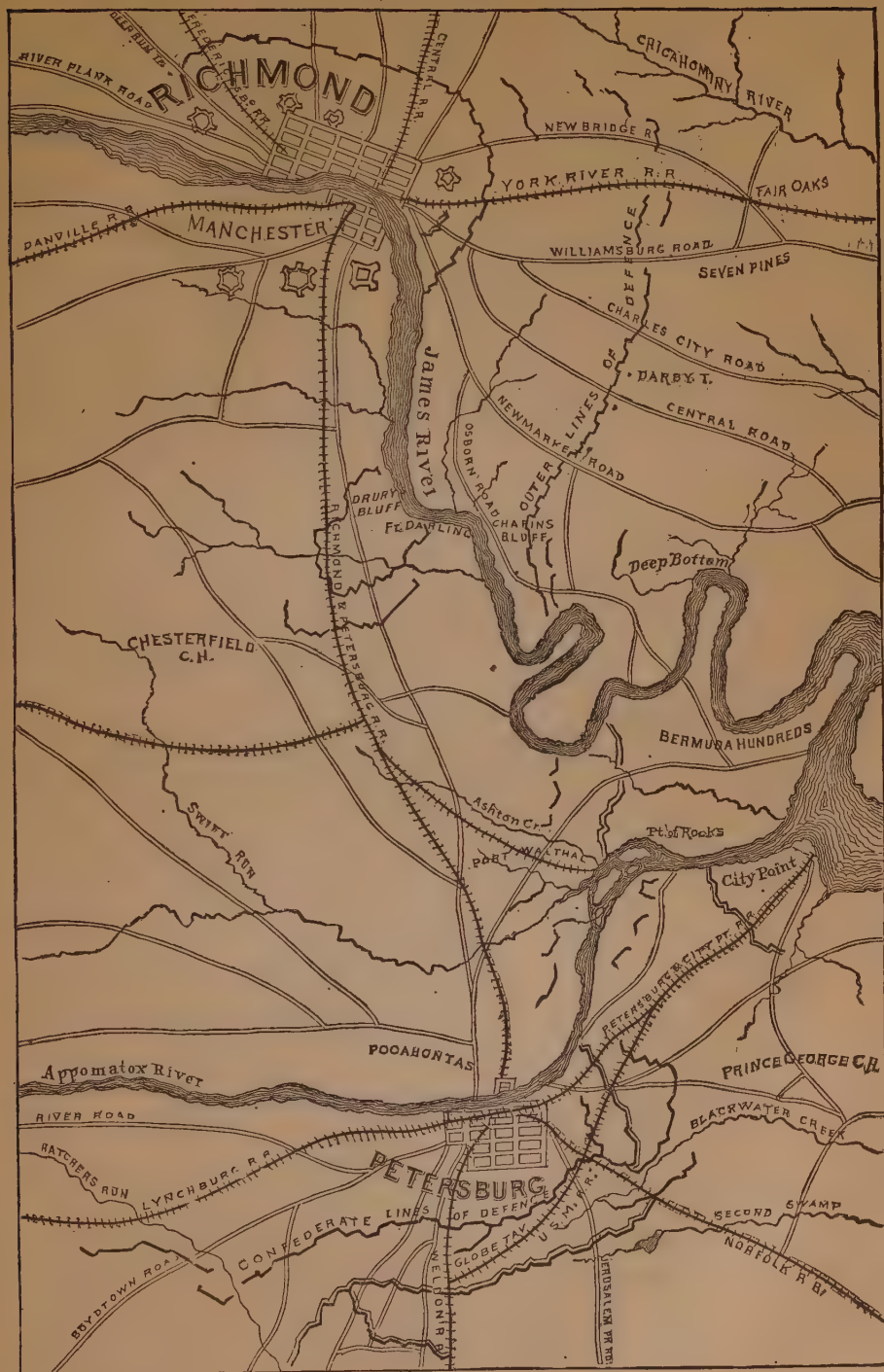
tirely unnecessary, and was fatal to the plans of the commander-in-chief.

FEDERALS CROSSING THE JAMES.

While these events were transpiring around Richmond the remainder of the Army of the Potomac, as has been already stated, were crossing the James river, and the army of General Lee was being withdrawn from the defences about Richmond and were hastening in the direction of Petersburg, to meet the new and unexpected danger that threatened it from that quarter. The van of the Confederates reached Petersburg on the night of the fifteenth, and immediately took up a position. When General Smith prepared to advance and enter the city on the morning of the sixteenth, he was surprised to find that a new line of works had sprung up, as if by magic, from the earth, and that behind them stood, not the militia his troops had fought the previous day, but the bronzed, ragged, gallant troops of General Lee; and Petersburg which had been a prize within his reach only the night before, could now only be gained by a terrible struggle.

This city was so intimately related to Richmond by the great lines of railway, that with it in possession of the Federals, Richmond could not long remain in the hands of the Confederates. It is only twenty-five miles from the last-named place, with which it is connected by railroad, while by means of the Lynchburg railroad it taps the Danyville line, receiving the Weldon and Norfolk roads from the south. A Confederate army at Richmond must draw its supplies along these lines, and if Grant had succeeded in securing these, it would have compelled the evacuation of Richmond. Once more, however, he was disappointed, and by the timely arrival of the army of General Lee, the latter had again saved for a time the imperiled fortunes of the Confederacy.

During the sixteenth the corps of Hancock and Smith awaited the arrival of the remainder of the army, not deeming this force sufficient to make an attack. The Ninth corps arrived at noon, and the Fifth at dark. At four o'clock an



assault was made by the troops of Hancock and Burnside. The advance was made with much vigor by the Federals, and although they sustained a heavy loss, they succeeded in pressing back the Confederate line, all along their front. Darkness came on and the fighting ceased. The Confederates endeavored during the night to regain the ground they had lost, but in this they did not succeed.

General Butler on this day, also made a movement against the Confederates, for the purpose of destroying the Petersburg and Richmond railroad, but this advance was checked by the Confederates who were hastening from Richmond to Petersburg.

ATTACK ON HARE'S HILL.

On the morning of the seventeenth the attack upon Petersburg was renewed by Hancock and Burnside. The former advanced and drove the Confederates over Hare's hill, and back upon Cemetery hill, while General Burnside made a splendid charge upon a portion of the original line of the Confederates, by which he captured a redoubt, four pieces of artillery, and several hundred prisoners. During the afternoon the divisions of Burnside and Barlow of Hancock's corps, made another terrible assault, in which they suffered severely in killed and wounded. Burnside succeeded in getting a foothold within the Confederate lines, but his left sustained a heavy loss, and at dark Crawford's division of Warren's corps was put in to protect the flank of Burnside; Crawford's men became confused in the darkness, but stormed the Confederate line, capturing some prisoners and one flag. During the night the Confederates succeeded in driving Burnside from the last position which he had seized. The Federal losses on this day were more than four thousand men. During the evening Smith's command was relieved by the Sixth corps, and they returned to General Butler at Bermuda Hundred.

It was decided to make a general movement on the Confederate lines on the eighteenth, but when in the early morning of that day the skirmishers advanced, they found that the

Confederates had abandoned their first line and fallen back to an inner line near Petersburg, where they had formed a new and systematic line of defence upon commanding ground around the city. This movement on the part of the Confederates compelled the Federals to make a new disposition of their troops, which caused quite a delay in the contemplated movement, and the assault was not made until three o'clock in the afternoon.

Martindale's division captured the position occupied by the Confederate skirmish line, with quite a number of prisoners. General Birney that day massed the Second corps and made a desperate charge upon the Confederate line, but was repulsed; Warren with the Fifth, and Burnside with the Ninth, also made desperate attacks, but these were repulsed in general, and the Federal loss was very heavy.

These attacks had been made by General Grant in the hope that Petersburg would be captured without the tedious delay of a siege, but the bloody repulse of the eighteenth, in which so many of his brave men were sacrificed, convinced the commander that all such attacks would be fruitless of any good results, and the order was given to begin the work of systematic intrenchment; and in a few days the Army of the Potomac, with a zeal only equalled by their bravery, constructed a huge line of breastworks, redans, and forts which were a surprise even to themselves.

The Confederates were also active, and built lines of defences, behind which they hoped to successfully cope with the superior numbers of General Grant. When the strength of the Federal works would warrant it, it was decided to extend their line to the left, and, if possible, seize and hold the railroad lines which were of such priceless value to General Lee.

SEIZURE OF THE JERUSALEM PLANK ROAD.

On the twenty-first, the Second and Sixth corps were sent to extend the Federal left, and to effect a closer investment of Petersburg, upon its southern side. The Second corps

moved in advance, making its way to the Jerusalem plank road, which runs southward from Petersburg, about midway between the Norfolk and Weldon railroads. After some heavy skirmishing, these troops established themselves on the west side of the plank road, connecting themselves with Griffin's division of the Fifth corps, which held a position on the east side of that road. The Sixth came up that night, and extended the line to the left of the Second corps. General Kautz was now sent out to cut the Weldon, and, if possible, the South Side railroad, with a division of cavalry.

The design of General Grant was to extend his line to the left with the Sixth corps, until its left should cross the Weldon railroad, but as quickly as the Confederates understood this plan, they began to develop a very formidable opposition. The contemplated movements of the Federals to the railroad were suspended, and General Birney, who was then in command of the Second corps, General Hancock being disabled by the breaking out of his old wounds, was ordered to swing forward the left of his corps, so as to flank and envelop the right flank of the Confederates.

The two left divisions of this corps, commanded by Generals Barlow and Mott, immediately swung around, using the right division, under Gibbons, as a pivot. This movement was made regardless of the position of the Sixth corps, which extended beyond its left, and thus a great gap was left open between the left of the Second and the Sixth. Mott's division had reached its position on the left of Gibbons' and begun to intrench itself. Barlow's division was just getting into position on the left of Mott, when a portion of General A. P. Hill's corps, advancing in column by brigade, made a terrible attack upon this exposed flank of the Second corps and right of the Sixth.

The blow which had so unexpectedly fallen was felt by both commands, but especially by the Second corps. Barlow's division was rolled back in disorder, losing many prisoners; Mott also fell back, having sustained a fearful loss,

and the victorious Confederates, rushing on diagonally across the line of the Second corps, came in contact with the uncovered flank of Gibbons, wrenching away several entire regiments, and carried Gibbons' intrenchments.

This shattered corps resumed the line that had been occupied by them before they had made the last movement to the front. The Confederates secured the guns which they had captured, and then retreated as swiftly and as skillfully as they had advanced, carrying with them twenty-five hundred prisoners and a number of colors. This disaster was more largely due to the unwise handling of troops, than it was to any lack of valor on the part of the gallant Second corps. The Sixth corps also lost heavily in prisoners. The only advantage gained by this movement against the Weldon railroad was the extension of the Federal line for quite a distance to the left.

The cavalry commands under Generals Kautz and Wilson, which were designed to co-operate with this movement, were more successful in the results gained by their heroic valor. They struck the Weldon railroad at Ream's Station, and destroyed the depot building, with several miles of the track. They then dashed on in the direction of the South Side railroad. Wilson's division reached this road about fifteen miles from Petersburg, and destroyed the track to Nottaway Station. He then came in contact with a few squadrons of cavalry, under General W. H. F. Lee, and after a very sharp encounter, compelled the inferior force of Lee to retire.

General Kautz made a wide sweep through the country and reached Burkesville, the junction of the South Side and Danville railroad, on the afternoon of the twenty-third. At that point he destroyed the track, and then moved to Meherrin Station, where he joined Wilson on the day following. These two commands then moved on together, and destroyed the railroad track together to Roanoke bridge, a distance of more than twenty-five miles.

BATTLE OF REAM'S STATION.

In returning on the evening of the twenty-eighth, Wilson met a large force of the Confederate cavalry massed on the Weldon railroad at the crossing of Stony Creek, where he had a desperate engagement. Being unable to advance in a direct line he made a detour by the way of Ream's Station, on the Weldon railroad. At this point he came in contact with not only the Confederate cavalry, but also a large force of infantry. He was nearly overwhelmed by the fury of the Confederate attack, but finally succeeded in escaping by crossing the Notaway river, after losing many prisoners, his artillery and baggage train.

When the Federal commander learned of Wilson's perilous position, he dispatched the Sixth corps to his relief, but when they reached Ream's Station Wilson had escaped and the enemy had disappeared. In this raid the Federals had inflicted great damage upon the Confederates, but not enough to repay them for the losses they had sustained.

During these two weeks of bloody conflict General Lee had not only watched his antagonists with a keen vision, to take swift advantage of every favorable opportunity that presented itself for him to strike a blow, but had also, in the meantime, constructed a line of forts and defences around Petersburg which would successfully bid defiance to every direct assault which could be made by the Federal troops. The line which they had thus constructed displayed the skill of the Confederate engineers. There was a chain of redans connected by infantry parapets, while the lines of approach were completely blocked by lines of abatis, stakes and entanglements.

These works began on the south bank of the Appomattox river, at the left of the Confederate line, and extended south and west around in front of the city, to the extreme point occupied by the left flank of the Federal army. Then this same line was continued from the north bank of the Appomattox, to the James river below Richmond, to defend the Petersburg and Richmond railroad from any attack which General Butler might make from Bermuda Hundred.

General Grant was obliged to assume a very peculiar position before Petersburg. The city was not in a state of siege or blockade, as all of its lines of communication with the south, as also with Richmond, were open. The plan of this general was to maintain his hold upon the Appomattox river with his right flank, and by the gradual extension of his left to either cut Lee's lines of communication with the south, compel him to evacuate Petersburg and Richmond, or oblige him to so weaken his line by its extension that his works could be carried by assault.

There was but one method whereby the Federals could thus extend their lines. That was to construct lines of fortifications so heavy that a small force could hold them with security, and the remainder of the army push out its left flank. When July closed, a system of earthworks covering the entire front of the army had been constructed. These were skillfully planned by the Federal engineers, and were great monuments to the tireless energy of the whole army. The Federals determined the last of July to make an assault upon the Confederate position in front of General Burnside's corps. The Federal line at this point was within one hundred and fifty yards of the Confederate position. The position which General Burnside here occupied, was one that General Griffin's division of Warren's corps had captured on the eighteenth of June. At this point there was an angle in the Confederate line, and this angle was covered by a fort. General Burnside's engineers had determined several weeks before to place a mine beneath this fort, and, by its explosion, open the Confederate position for a Federal assault.

The fort under which the mine was thus placed, was about four hundred yards in advance of a crest upon which was constructed the principal line of defences. It was hoped that by the panic of the explosion, the Federals could dash in and secure the crest, and thus open the way to Petersburg. If the crest was once firmly in the hands of the Federals, the city must be abandoned by the Confederates. The morning of July thirtieth was appointed for the time of the explosion.

On the twenty-sixth, General Hancock with the Second corps and two divisions of cavalry under General Sheridan, made a movement toward Richmond along the north bank of the James river. The plan was for Hancock to cross at Deep Bottom on the night of the twenty-sixth, and proceed immediately to Chapin's Bluff, where General Lee had a pontoon bridge by which he connected his army that was then divided by the James river. It was believed that the Confederate works north of the James were but thinly manned. Hancock was to prevent Lee from sending reinforcements from the south, while Sheridan should dash upon the Virginia Central railroad and operate against Richmond.

When Hancock arrived on the north bank of the James, he found that General Lee had already sent quite a large force to watch the movements of General Foster, who was in command of the Federal forces at Deep Bottom. General Hancock determined to assail this Confederate force. His movement was made upon the left flank of the Confederates, while Foster engaged them in front. Miles' brigade, of Barlow's division,—One Hundred and Eighty-third Pennsylvania, Twenty-eighth Massachusetts, and Twenty-sixth Michigan,—moved gallantly forward and captured four guns.

The Confederates quickly retired to another line of works, where they succeeded in completely blocking Hancock's advance. The cavalry moved to the right of Hancock, and captured some high ground, from which it hoped to turn the enemy's flank, but as darkness came on, they were obliged to suspend operations until the following day. By that time General Lee was fully aware of the Federal movement, and withdrew a large force from Petersburg, to oppose Hancock and Sheridan.

On the morning of the twenty-eighth, the Confederates assumed the offensive, and drove Sheridan back along the New Market and Long Bridge roads. General Hancock, on the twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth, could only remain on the defensive, and thus, while great results were not gained by this movement, it caused General Lee to withdraw a very

large portion of his forces from the defences around Petersburg, at a time when the explosion of the mine, and subsequent assaults of the Federals were to be made.

In the movement thus to be made it was designed to explode the mine, and then hurl a massed force through the breach thus made, and seize the inner line of the Confederates. To aid this column of assault, it was arranged to open an attack all along the lines on either side of the doomed fort. The whole success of the movement to be made,—seizing the coveted crest, and crowning it with artillery,—depended upon the quality of the troops who were to make the assault. The most trusty troops of the whole army should have been selected, and placed under the command of the most skillful officers. As General Burnside's corps occupied that part of the line, it was decided that they should perform the task.

Burnside designated the colored division to make the assault. General Grant objected to that, and the matter was decided by lot, General Ledlie's division being the one unto whom the lot fell. It is doubtful if a more unfortunate choice could have been made in the whole army. The troops composing the division were not in a condition for such a task, and their commander possessed no qualifications whatever for such a position.

THE CRATER MINE.

At half-past four o'clock on the morning of the thirtieth, the explosion was to occur; the match was applied, but owing to an imperfect fuse there was no explosion. After a delay of several minutes two brave men, Lieutenant Jacob Doubty and Sergeant Henry Rees, of the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania regiment, volunteered to enter the mine and, if possible, ascertain the cause of the failure. The fuse was relighted, and at forty-two minutes past four o'clock the explosion occurred.

A huge mass of dark earth arose, as if thrown by an omnipotent power, two hundred feet in the air. The flash of the burning powder gleamed through the dusk like lightning through a storm cloud; the earth shuddered with a fear-

ful throb; the dense mass of earth sank down to rest, and a great volume of smoke covered the scene. The mangled remains of men, pieces of guns, timber and stores fell thickly around, when from the long lines of Federal guns leaped forth the flames of war.

The Federal guns fired slowly but with deadly aim, and very effectively. The Confederate guns in front of the Fifth corps were soon silenced, and but few of those in front of the Ninth corps were able to continue their fire. Among the most effective and deadly of these, was one upon the crest, in the rear of the exploded mine, which was out of range of the Federal batteries.

Ledlie's division moved immediately forward, after the explosion occurred, but the entire movement was a failure from the beginning. The parapet and abatis in front, had not been removed, as the commanding general of the army had directed, and consequently the division moved out by the flank, the advance being made in a most tardy and demoralized manner. When they reached the side of the fort, they found a huge crater, more than one hundred and fifty feet long, by seventy in width, and thirty deep.

Instead of taking advantage of the momentary panic into which the Confederates had been thrown, and seizing the works beyond the crater, as they could easily have done, Ledlie's division sought shelter in the crater, where they were huddled together in a mass like sheep. Portions of the divisions of Wilcox and Porter also moved forward from the Federal line, to works on each side of the crater, which the Confederates had abandoned, but they also failed to make any attempt to advance beyond that point. The troops of these different divisions became mixed up and much confusion ensued.

While these disgraceful proceedings were taking place, the Confederates recovered from their surprise, and began to perfect arrangements, not merely to hold the line they still possessed, but also to hurl Burnside back from the crater. They reformed their infantry line, and placed a number of guns in

position, and poured a terrible fire upon Burnside's men, and this fire was constantly increasing. General Potter, seeing the situation, made a noble effort to save the fortunes of the day for the Federal cause, by making a charge upon the Confederates, but for want of a proper support, which could have been easily given, he was thrown back.

At seven o'clock, more than two hours after the explosion, Ledlie's men were still in the crater, and had made no effort to advance and perform the mission upon which they had been sent; General Burnside, instead of performing his duty by compelling Ledlie to advance, or have some other officer lead Ledlie's command to the assault, committed the terrible blunder of ordering his remaining division of colored troops to move in amidst the confusion which reigned supreme in and on each side of the crater. The colored troops passed through the demoralized white troops and boldly advanced upon the crest; they encountered a fierce fire of infantry and artillery, and fell back in great confusion upon the demoralized troops in the crater. A portion of the colored troops met with a slight success upon the right, and captured a color and a few prisoners. After the repulse of the colored troops all offensive measures ceased. Troops of both colors trembled in horrible confusion within the depths of the crater. Shot and shells from the guns of the Confederates poured on this mass of humanity, and it soon became a slaughter pen of the most horrible description. The Federals had failed to advance; it was now almost impossible to retreat; some few escaped through the murderous fire as best they could. The Confederates made an assault upon the crater, but were repulsed. They made a second attempt and the mass of demoralized Federal soldiers, without any head or front, no longer resisted their advance; many escaped, but over four thousand were killed, wounded and captured.

Much credit is due to the engineers who conceived the plans for the mine, and to the brave soldiers who, at the expense of an infinite amount of toil, constructed the tunnel. It was capable of producing great results, but in making up

the arrangements for following up the advantage to be gained by the explosion, and in carrying them out, if all of this had been left to the care and execution of an inmate of a lunatic asylum, the work, at least, would have been as perfectly performed. It was one of the most miserable and discouraging affairs of the whole war, and for the terrible and unnecessary sacrifice of human life some person or persons must be held responsible.

The Confederate loss was but trifling, when compared with that of the assailing columns of the Federals. The main loss of six hundred and seventy-seven men of Elliott's brigade being heavier than all other. To men who could withstand the awful dismay and carnage of a scene such as was enacted by the explosion of the crater mine, some especial notice of bravery should be given, and we therefore inscribe the numbers of the regiments of the brave South Carolinians, who met that sudden and appalling shock, which was well calculated to unnerve the stoutest heart. The Eighteenth, Twenty-second, Twenty-third, Twenty-sixth and Seventeenth regiments constituted the main force that repelled the overwhelming thousands of Federals and saved the fortunes of the day until the arrival of reinforcements under General Mahone.

The following interesting extract from Southern Historical Papers, Volume Two, from an address of Captain W. Gordon McCabe, formerly adjutant of Pegram's battalion of artillery, A. N. V., is so graphic and intelligible, that we quote the full text.

"A slight tremor of the earth for a second, then the rocking as of an earthquake, and with a tremendous burst which rent the sleeping hills beyond, a vast column of earth and smoke shoots upward to a great height, its dark sides flashing out sparks of fire, hangs poised for a moment in mid-air, and then hurtling downward with a roaring sound, showers of stones, broken timbers, and blackened human limbs, subsides, — the gloomy pall of darkening smoke flushing to an angry crimson, as it floats away to meet the morning sun. Pleasants has done his work with terrible completeness, for now

the site of the Elliott salient is marked by a horrid chasm, one hundred and thirty-five feet in length, ninety-seven feet in breadth, and thirty-five feet deep, and its brave garrison, all asleep save the guards, when thus surprised by sudden death, lie buried beneath the jagged blocks of blackened clay, in all, two hundred and fifty-six officers and men of the Eighteenth and Twenty-second South Carolina, and two officers and twenty men of Pegram's Petersburg battery. The dread upheaval has rent in twain Elliott's brigade, and the men to the right and left of the huge abyss recoil in terror and dismay. Nor shall we censure them, for so terrible was the explosion that even the assaulting column shrank back aghast, and nearly ten minutes elapsed ere it could be reformed.

"Now a storm of fire burst in red fury from the Federal front, and in an instant all the valley between the hostile lines lies shrouded in billowy smoke. Then Marshall, putting himself at the head of the stormers, sword in hand, bids his men to follow. But there comes no response befitting the stern grandeur of the scene, no trampling charge, no rolling drums of Austerlitz, no fierce shouts of warlike joy as burst from the men of the 'Light Division' when they mounted the breach of Badajos, or from Frazer's 'Royals' as they crowned the crimson slopes of St. Sebastian. No, none of this is here. But a straggling line of the men of the Second brigade, First division, uttering a mechanical cheer, slowly mounts the crest, passes unmolested across the intervening space, and true to the instinct fostered by long service in the trenches, plunges into the crater, courting the friendly shelter of its crumbling sides.

"Yonder lies Cemetery Hill in plain view, naked of men, and hard beyond, the brave old town, nestling whitely in its wealth of green. Silence still reigns along the Confederate lines, yet Ledlie's men did not advance, and now the supporting brigade of the same division running forward over the crest, and with an incredible folly crowding in upon their comrades, already huddled together in the shelving pit, all regimental and company organization was lost, and the men speedily passed from the control of their officers.

"If we except Elliott, who with the remnant of his brigade was occupying the ravine to the left and rear of the crater, no officer of rank was present on the Confederate side to assume immediate direction of affairs, and a considerable time elapsed before Beauregard and Lee, both beyond the Appomattox, were informed by Colonel Paul of Beauregard's staff of the nature and locality of the disaster. But almost on the moment John Haskell, of South Carolina, a glorious young battalion commander, whose name will forever be associated with the artillery corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, galloped to the front followed by two light batteries, and having disposed these pieces along the plank road, and opened Flanner's light guns from the Gee House, passed to his left to speak a word of cheery commendation to Lampkin of his battalion, who was already annoying the swarming masses of the enemy with his Virginia battery of eighteen-inch mortars.

"Passing through the covered way, Haskell sought Elliott, and pointing out to him the defenceless position of the guns on the plank road, urged him to make such disposition as would afford them protection. Essaying this, Elliott sprang forward followed by a mere handful of brave fellows, but almost on the instant fell stricken by a grievous hurt, and was borne from his last field of battle. The fire of the enemy's artillery was now very severe owing to their superior weight of metal, and the guns on the plank road exposed in addition to the fire of sharpshooters, were suffering such loss that it was determined to retire all but six pieces, and, as the situation seemed rather hopeless, to call for volunteers to man these.

"To Haskell's proud delight every gun detachment volunteered to remain. Nor did the artillery to the right and left fail to bear themselves with the resolution of men conscious that, for the time, the hope of the army was centered in their steadiness, and that their guns alone barred the road to Petersburg; for, let me repeat, Cemetery Hill was naked of men.

"The officers of one battery, indeed, misbehaved, but these were promptly spurned aside, and the very spot of their de-

fection made glorious by the heroic conduct of Hampton Gibbs, of the artillery, and Sam Preston, of Wise's brigade, both of whom fell desperately wounded; while spurring hard from the hospital, with the fever still upon him, came Hampden Chamberlayne, a young artillery officer of Hill's corps, who so handled these abandoned guns that from that day the battery bore his name, and he wore another bar upon his collar.

"Wright, of Halifax, opened, too, a withering fire from his light guns, posted on a hill to the left, nor could he be silenced by the enemy's batteries, for his front was covered by a heavy fringe of pines, and now the eight-inch mortars in rear of Wright, and Langhorne's ten-inch mortars from the Baxter road, took part in the dreadful chorus.

"On the Federal side, Griffin of Potter's division, not waiting for Wilcox, pushed forward his brigade, and gained ground to the north of the crater, and Bliss' brigade of the same division, coming to his support, still further ground was gained in that direction. But his leading regiments, deflected by the hostile fire, bore to their left, and mingling with Ledlie's men swarming along the sides of the great pit, added to the confusion.

"Wilcox now threw forward a portion of his division and succeeded in occupying about one hundred and fifty yards of the works south of the crater, but was estopped by the fire of Chamberlayne's guns, and, whenever occasion offered, by the fire of the infantry, his men on the exposed flank gave ground, and pushing the right regiments into the crater, the confusion grew worse confounded. Some of the men, indeed, from fear of suffocation, had already emerged from the pit, and spread themselves to the right and left, but this was a matter of danger and difficulty, for the ground was scored with covered ways and traverses, honey-combed with bomb-proofs, and swept by the artillery. Others of them pressed forward and got into the ditch of the unfinished gorge-lines, while not a few, creeping along the glacis of the exterior line, made their way over the parapet into the main trench. In

all this there was much hand to hand fighting, for many men belonging to the dismembered brigade still found shelter behind the traverses and bomb-proofs, and did not easily yield. . . .

"Lee, informed of the disaster at ten minutes past six in the morning, had bidden his aid, Colonel Charles Venable, to ride quickly to the right of the army and bring up two brigades of Anderson's old division, commanded by Mahone, for time was too precious to observe military etiquette and send the orders through Hill. Shortly after the General-in-Chief reached the frontier in person, and all men took heart when they descried the grave and gracious face, and 'Traveler,' stepping proudly, as if conscious that he bore upon his back the weight of a nation.

"Beauregard was already at the Gee House, a commanding position five hundred yards in rear of the crater, and Hill had galloped to the right to organize an attacking column, and had ordered down Pegram, and even now the light batteries of Brander and Ellett were rattling through the town at a sharp trot, with cannoneers mounted, the sweet, serene face of their boy-colonel lit up with that glow which to his men meant hotly-impending fight. Venable had sped upon his mission and found Mahone's men already standing to their arms; but the Federals, from their lofty 'lookouts,' were busily interchanging signals, and to uncover such a length without exciting observation, demanded the nicest precaution. Yet was this difficulty overcome by a simple device, for the men being ordered to drop back one by one, as if going for water, obeyed with such intelligence, that Warren continued to report to Meade that not a man had left his front.

"Then forming in the ravine to the rear, the men of the Virginia and Georgia brigades came pressing down the valley with swift, swinging stride; not with the discontented bearing of soldiers whose discipline alone carries them to what they feel to be a scene of fruitless sacrifice, but with the glad alacrity and aggressive ardor of men impatient for battle, and

who, from long knowledge of war, are conscious that fortune has placed within their grasp an opportunity which, by the magic touch of veteran steel, may be transformed to 'swift winged victory.' Halting for a moment in rear of the 'Ragland House,' Mahone bade his men strip off blankets and knapsacks and prepare for battle. Then riding quickly to the front, while the troops marched in single file along the covered way, he drew rein at Bushrod Johnson's headquarters and reported in person to Beauregard. Informed that Johnson would assist in the attack with the outlying troops about the crater, he rode still further to the front, dismounted, and pushing along the covered way from the plank road, came out into the ravine, in which he afterward formed his men. Mounting the embankment at the head of the covered way, he descried within an hundred and sixty yards a forest of glittering bayonets, and beyond, floating proudly from the captured works, eleven Union flags. Estimating rapidly from the hostile colors the probable force in his front, he at once dispatched his courier to bring up the Alabama brigade from the right, assuming thereby a grave responsibility, yet was the wisdom of the decision vindicated by the event. Scarcely had the order been given when the head of the Virginia brigade began to debouch from the covered way.

"Directing Colonel Weisiger, its commanding officer, to file to the right and form line of battle, Mahone stood at the angle, speaking quietly and cheerily to his men. Silently and quietly they moved out, and formed with that precision dear to every soldier's eye, the sharpshooters followed by the Sixth, Sixteenth, Sixty-first, and Twelfth Virginia, the men of Second Manassas and Crampton Gap. But one caution was given, to reserve their fire until they reached the brink of the ditch; but one exhortation, that they were counted on to do this work, and do it quickly.

"Now the leading regiment of the Georgia brigade began to move out, when suddenly a brave Federal officer seizing the colors called on his men to charge. Descrying this hostile movement on the instant, Weisiger, a veteran of stern coun-

tenance which did not belie the personal intrepidity of the man, uttered to the Virginians the simple word, 'Forward.' Then the sharpshooters and the men of the Sixth on the right, running swiftly forward, for theirs was the greater distance to traverse, the whole line sprang along the crest, but there burst from more than eight hundred war-like voices that fierce yell which no man ever yet heard unmoved on field of battle. Storms of case-shot from the right mingled with the tempest of bullets which smote upon them from the front, yet was there no answering volley, for these were veterans whose fiery enthusiasm had been wrought to a finer temper by the stern code of discipline, and even in the tumult the men did not forget their orders. Still pressing forward with steady fury, while the enemy appalled by the inexorable advance gave ground, they reached the ditch of the inner works.

"Then one volley crashed from the whole line, and the Sixth and Sixteenth with the sharpshooters, clutching their empty guns and redoubling their fierce cries, leaped over the retrenched cavalier, and all down the line the dreadful work of the bayonet began. How long it lasted none may say with certainty, for in those fierce moments no man heeded time, no man asked, no man gave quarter; but in an incredibly short time, as seemed to those who looked on, the whole of the advanced line north of the crater was retaken, the enemy in headlong flight, and the tattered battle-flags planted along the parapets from left to right told Lee at the Gee House that from this nettle, danger, valor had plucked the flower, safety for an army.

"Redoubling the sharpshooters on his right, Mahone kept down all fire from the crater, the vast rim of which frowned down upon the lower line occupied by his troops. And now the scene within the horrid pit was such as might be fitly portrayed only by the pencil of Dante, after he had trod 'nine circled hell.' From the great mortars to the right and left, huge missiles, describing graceful curves, fell at regular intervals, with dreadful accuracy, and burst among the helpless masses huddled together, and every explosion was fol-

lowed by piteous cries, and oftentimes the very air seemed darkened by flying human limbs. Haskell, too, had moved up his Eprouvette mortars among the men of the Sixteenth Virginia, so close, indeed, that his powder charge was but one ounce and a half, and, without intermission, the storm of fire beat upon the hapless men imprisoned within. . . .

"At half-past ten, the Georgia brigade advanced and attempted to dislodge Wilcox's men, who still held a portion of the lines south of the crater, but so closely was every inch of the ground searched by artillery, so biting was the fire of musketry that, obliquing to their left, they sought cover behind the cavalier trench won by the Virginia brigade, many officers and men testifying by their blood how gallantly the venture had been essayed.

"Half an hour later the Alabamians under Saunders arrived, but too late. The attack was postponed until after one P.M., in order to arrange for co-operation from Colquitt on the right. Sharply to the minute agreed upon the assaulting line moved forward, and with such astonishing rapidity did these glorious soldiers rush across the intervening space that ere their first wild cry subsided their battle-flags had crowned the works. The Confederate batteries were now ordered to cease firing, and forty volunteers were called for to assault the crater, but so many of the Alabamians offered themselves for the service that the ordinary system of detail was necessary. Happily, before the assaulting party could be formed a white handkerchief, made fast to a ramrod, was projected above the edge of the crater, and after a brief pause a motley mass of prisoners poured over the side and ran for their lives to the rear.

"In this grand assault on Lee's lines, for which Meade had massed sixty-five thousand troops, the enemy suffered a loss of above five thousand men, including eleven hundred and one prisoners, among whom were two brigade commanders, while vast quantities of small arms and twenty-one standards fell into the hands of the victors.

"Yet many brave men perished on the Confederate side.

Elliott's brigade lost severely in killed and prisoners. The Virginia brigade, too, paid the price which glory ever exacts. The Sixth carried in ninety-eight men and lost eighty-eight, one company,—‘the dandies,’ of course,—‘Old Company F’ of Norfolk, losing every man killed or wounded. Scarcely less was the loss in other regiments. The sharpshooters carried in eighty men and lost sixty-four, among the slain their commander, William Broadbent, a man of prodigious strength and activity, who, leaping first over the works, fell pierced by eleven bayonet wounds; a simple captain, of whom we may say, as was said of Ridge: ‘No man died that day with more glory, yet many died, and there was much glory.’”

General Lee well understood that the result of the campaign before Petersburg was simply a question of time; that unless Grant's plans could be deranged, and he compelled to cease making his efforts to extend his left flank, he would ultimately reach the railroad, and compel the Confederates to evacuate Petersburg. The Confederate General determined to make a movement upon the Federal capital, compelling Grant to withdraw a large portion of his army from before Petersburg, and thus oblige him to cease making his aggressive movements in that direction.

To carry out this plan, General Lee detached a body of twelve thousand troops to move upon Washington. The opportunity seemed to be a golden one, as Washington was at that time unprotected, and the whole Federal frontier was open for the Confederates' advance. The only troops that General Early could by any possibility encounter in his movement upon Washington, made by way of the Shenandoah Valley, would be a small force under General Hunter, away off in Western Virginia, a few troops under General Sigel at Washington, and another small detachment under General Webber, at Harper's Ferry.

Early arrived at Martinsburg on the third of July; Sigel immediately retreating across the Potomac at Shepherdstown, and Webber fell back across the river to Maryland Heights. Hunter being too far away to endanger his advance, he imme-

diately crossed the Potomac and marched to Frederick City by the way of Hagerstown. Reaching Frederick on the seventh of July, from this point he could easily advance upon Baltimore or Washington, as he should elect. The only force then to dissipate Early's advance was a few hundred heavy artillerymen, some invalids, and a few "Hundred Days Men," under General Wallace, who was in command at Baltimore.

When General Grant learned of the movement that was being made by General Early, he detached the Sixth army corps from its position before Petersburg, and sent it, by transports, to Washington. Providentially at that time, General Emory, commanding the Eighteenth corps, arrived in Hampton Roads with his command, in transports, from New Orleans, and without disembarking his troops, he was ordered to Washington, to assist the Sixth corps in repulsing the Confederates under General Early.

The only hope of the Confederate commander consisted in the rapidity of his movements, whereby he could reach Washington before the arrival of these troops. General Rickett's division of the Sixth corps, luckily, reached General Wallace, before the latter, with his small and feeble command, encountered General Early. When thus reinforced by General Ricketts, Wallace moved forward and took a position on the Monocacy river. General Early here attacked him on the eighth, and compelled Wallace to fall back, but he succeeded in delaying the advance of his opponent, and this delay was of great advantage to the Federals; Wallace fell back upon Baltimore. The road to the city of Washington was now open for the advance of the Confederate commander, and if that advance had been a rapid one, Washington would have been captured.

Early moved with some vigor, sending a cavalry force down on the Baltimore route which destroyed the track and bridges of the Northern Central and the Baltimore and Ohio railroads. This movement cut all communications between Washington and the North, and also protected the rear of Early's command. His troops marched down the great pike leading from

Frederick City to Georgetown, and on the ninth his advance reached Rockville, only fourteen miles from Washington. From this time his movements were fatally slow, and it was not until the morning of the eleventh that he formed his line before the defences on the northern side of Washington, in front of Fort Stevens.

He could then have easily entered the city as there was no force to oppose him that could have for a single hour checked his advance. But he did not press this advantage, and during the day the Sixth and Ninth corps arrived, and then it was too late for Early to grasp the prize.

On the afternoon of the twelfth a brigade of the Sixth corps made a charge upon Early's line, driving the Confederates back for a long distance, each side losing quite heavily. During the night Early recrossed the Potomac at Edwards' Ferry, and succeeded in reaching the Shenandoah Valley in safety, carrying with him a large amount of captured booty.

The Sixth and Eighteenth corps soon marched to Shenandoah Valley, where they remained to participate that autumn in the campaign under Sheridan. This movement of General Lee failed in its object to relieve the pressure of General Grant at Petersburg, it only having caused the withdrawal of one corps, and that did not compel him to cease his active movements around Petersburg.

The authorities at Washington were much frightened, and would undoubtedly have welcomed the withdrawal of the whole Army of the Potomac to have protected the capital, but Grant stood firm, nor did he relax his hold at Petersburg for a single moment.

On the twelfth of August he began another movement against Richmond, from the north bank of the James river. This expedition was placed under the command of General Hancock. This command consisted of the Second corps and the Tenth, under General Birney, and a cavalry division under General Gregg. It was hoped to deceive the Confederates with the impression that these troops were about to be sent to Washington. So they embarked upon transports, but during

the night of the twelfth, instead of sailing for the Federal capital, they returned rapidly up the James river, and early next morning landed at Deep Bottom, a point yet held by the command of General Foster. The landing was so difficult that it was nine o'clock in the morning of the thirteenth before the troops were ready to advance.

Hancock advanced over the New Market and Malvern Hill roads, and did not encounter much opposition until he reached Bailey's Creek. Here the Confederates were found in a very strong position. The divisions of Mott and Barlow engaged them with but little result. The command of Birney met with some success, breaking at one point through the Confederate line, and capturing four guns.

General Lee immediately began to reinforce his line by troops brought from the south side of the James river. During the four days that followed there was considerable fighting, and very many lives were lost on both sides. The cavalry also encountered the Confederate horsemen. On the night of the second, Hancock withdrew, and resumed his old position before Petersburg.

This movement on the north side of the James cost the Federal army thirteen hundred men. The results gained were very small, but General Grant, not discouraged by continual failures, was resolved to strike a blow with his left flank, and thus accomplish what the movement by his right had failed to do. This new movement was conducted by General Warren, who with the Fifth corps was to advance upon the Weldon railroad. It was hoped that this movement might meet with little opposition, as so large a portion of Lee's command was upon the north side of the James.

CAPTURE OF THE WELDON RAILROAD.

Warren moved rapidly upon the morning of the eighteenth, and overcoming what opposition he encountered, before noon he seized the prize which Grant had so long coveted, the Weldon railroad. Leaving Griffin's division to hold the point captured, and to guard the roads from the west and

south, with the remainder of his corps he moved along the line of the railroad in the direction of Petersburg. Having advanced about one mile, he found a Confederate line of battle waiting to dispute his path. In the afternoon, with Crawford's division on the right, and the division of Ayers on the left, he again undertook to advance. At this time the Confederates made a forward movement on the left of General Ayers. In this attack the Confederates moved on the Vaughn road, the Federal commander being ignorant of its existence.

The blow fell upon the Maryland brigade; there was a sharp fight and the Marylanders gave way, compelling Ayers' division to stop its advance; Crawford being also obliged to halt. In this engagement the Federals lost one thousand men, but they were in possession of the Weldon railroad, and immediately began to intrench themselves. The presence of this force, in its present position, was a great inconvenience to General Lee, and he determined to dislodge it. The troops that had met the two divisions of Warren were heavily reinforced, and, on the afternoon of the nineteenth, made a sudden attack upon the left flank of the Federals.

General Warren had directed General Bragg to establish with his brigade a strong skirmish line, by the shortest route, between his right flank and that of the left of the army, and thus protect his flank.

For some reason Bragg did not execute the order as directed, but formed his line a mile in the rear, leaving the right flank of Crawford's division entirely uncovered. When General Warren learned of this, he ordered Bragg to immediately correct the error, but before he could do that, the Confederates, in force, swept down upon Crawford's right flank and in his rear. His line being thus taken in reverse was badly confused, and, with the right of Ayers' division, was obliged to fall back upon Griffin's position. The Federals lost twenty-five hundred prisoners, but still retained the possession of the Weldon railroad.

During the conflict Generals Wilcox and White arrived with two thousand men belonging to the Ninth corps. With this reinforcement, General Warren immediately advanced and regained the ground he had lost. The Confederates, after their brilliant charge, retired with their prisoners behind their fortifications. Warren, being satisfied that Lee would make another attempt to regain the important position, began to diligently fortify it. And he was not mistaken, for on the morning of the twenty-first, the Confederates turned thirty pieces of artillery upon Warren's position. After an hour's vigorous shelling, the Confederate infantry advanced, one line in front, and another with the hope of turning the Federal flank.

Warren soon repulsed the attack in his front, and was ready to receive the force upon his flank which consisted of a brigade of South Carolinians commanded by General Haygood. These troops soon found themselves nearly surrounded, and it was with difficulty that they escaped, after leaving five hundred prisoners in the hands of the Federals. Warren's loss was only three hundred men. Two hundred Confederates were left dead upon the field and were buried by the Federals. Continuing to fortify, Warren soon made his position one of great strength.

General Lee now gave up all hope of recapturing this important line of railway. General Grant resolved to destroy the Weldon railroad for several miles in the rear of the point held by General Warren, and on the morning of the twenty-first Hancock moved with his corps, and that afternoon reached a position in the rear of Warren's command. This movement was quickly made, and then for two days Hancock's men were busily engaged in tearing up the Weldon railroad track, moving slowly toward the south. At this time the Federal cavalry were operating upon the left, near Dinwiddie Court-house. On the twenty-fourth the Second corps tore up the track for the distance of three miles south of Ream's Station, and then returned to their defences at the latter place.

SECOND BATTLE OF REAM'S STATION.

Hancock had received orders to destroy the track as far south as Rowanty Creek, some eight miles below Ream's Station, and, on the twenty-fifth, he again sent his men forth on their mission of destruction. Gibbon's division was to lead the advance, and he had proceeded but a short distance, before his cavalry, which had been sent to the front, fell back with intelligence that the Confederates were rapidly advancing in heavy force, with both cavalry and infantry. Hancock immediately withdrew the advancing line of Gibbon, and placed it within the breastworks at the station, upon the left of the First division, under the command of General Miles. These two divisions constituted Hancock's entire command of infantry, numbering six thousand men.

The Confederates made their first attack at two o'clock in the afternoon. They struck the right of General Miles a heavy blow, but this assault, although made in a most gallant style, was quickly repulsed by the Federals. This was followed by a second and more determined attack on the part of the Confederates, but they were once more repulsed, some of them falling very close to the Federal line.

General Hancock was laboring under a great embarrassment. The earthworks, behind which he had placed his men, had been constructed some months before by another command, and were very faulty both in location and arrangement. General A. P. Hill commanded the Confederates, and although a portion of his command had been twice repulsed, he determined to carry the position occupied by the Federals. He ordered General Heth to carry the works regardless of cost, and before that officer made the assault, Hill opened a heavy artillery fire upon the Federals, who were poorly protected behind the defective and fatal breastworks. They soon became demoralized. The Confederates under Heth made a desperate assault upon Miles' men, and succeeded in breaking the Federal line, which recoiled before this tide of disaster.

One brigade of Gibbon's division, commanded by Colonel Rugg, had been held in reserve, but it did not come promptly

to the rescue. The Confederates swept on with wild yells of victory, and placed their colors upon the batteries of Sleeper, Perrin and McKnight. Hancock was not dismayed by this disaster, but immediately ordered Gibbon to charge with his division, and, if possible, retake the lost position and recapture the guns. Gibbon's division, however, failed to exhibit their accustomed valor, and but feebly responded to the order. They moved forward slowly, and when the Confederates opened upon them, they quickly fell back to their former position.

The outlook for the Federals was now a desperate one, and but for the fighting done by a portion of Miles' division, the disaster would have been a most terrible one. General Miles greatly distinguished himself on that occasion, having rallied the Sixty-first New York, and at its head charged upon a portion of the Confederates, drove them back, and recaptured the battery of McKnight. The Confederate cavalry, being dismounted, charged upon the Federal left, and drove a portion of Gibbon's men from their breastworks, but a line of Federal cavalry, also dismounted, succeeded in driving them back for a while, but were in turn driven back by the Confederates, and, with the rest of the Federal troops, fell back to a new line in the rear.

General Hancock was not reinforced until it was too late to save the fortunes of the day. Mott's division of the Second corps, and Wilcox's division of the Ninth, were marching to reinforce him; but, instead of going by the most direct route to reach Ream's Station, they were ordered to march by the plank road. The distance being so great, and the movement so tardy, they did not reach the point of their destination. After dark, Hancock retreated to rejoin the rest of the army, and, about the same time, General Hill retraced his steps to the Confederate lines. It was a most brilliant victory for the Confederate arms. The Confederates acknowledged a superiority of numbers. General Hancock lost twenty-four hundred, killed, wounded, and missing. The Confederate loss was also severe, but they fell back to their lines, bearing with

them seventeen hundred prisoners, a number of guns and captured colors.

It is but justice to the gallant old Second corps, to state that the ranks then contained but few of the men who had fought so bravely in the Wilderness and Spottsylvania, as also at Cool Arbor — death had shattered its veteran ranks. Much new material, not yet disciplined, had been used in filling its quota, and the officers found it almost impossible to make them of any service, under the murderous fire of the Confederate guns.

No other movement was made until the last of September, but during all of that time there was constant shelling, and many brave men of both armies went down in death, as the long, tedious, and hot days slowly passed away. There was a constant strain of anxiety which made those days memorable to both armies, and which is still fresh in the minds of those who survive.

General Grant now determined to make a movement with the troops of General Butler upon his right. While the Federals were making these movements against Petersburg, General Lee had been obliged to withdraw nearly all of his troops from the defences of Richmond, to reinforce his line in front of the first named city, so that at the close of September, there only remained north of the James river, the brigades of Laws, Benning, Gregg, and Fulton, of Johnson's division, Gary's cavalry brigade, and two others of local troops.

On the twenty-eighth of September, General Birney, commanding the Tenth, and General Ord, the Eighteenth corps, were ordered to cross the James river, and make a movement upon Richmond, along the northern banks of that river. The Eighteenth corps was to form the left column and march along the Varina road, near the river; and the Tenth by the New Market and Darby Town roads. General Kautz, with a division of cavalry, was also to proceed in the advance, along the Darby Town road. The plan was for Ord to strike the Confederate line at Chapin's Bluff, and thus prevent the Confederates from sending reinforcements against Birney.

Both of these columns crossed the James river on the night of the twenty-eighth, and, before daylight, were moving along their respective routes, driving before them the Confederate skirmishers. At half-past seven o'clock in the morning, General Ord had reached the open country around Fort Harrison, on Chapin's Farm. This was the strongest point on the whole line; it was about one mile and a half from Chapin's Bluff, and connected with it by strong lines of earthworks. The artillery occupying Fort Harrison immediately opened upon the troops of General Ord, and he quickly planned an assault.

Stannard's division, with Burnham's brigade in front, was to advance on the left of the Varina road in columns of divisions, over the open ground before the Confederate lines, preceded by a heavy line of skirmishers. It had to pass over a distance of some fifteen hundred yards to reach the Confederate line. General Heckman was to advance with his division on the right of the road, and make an assault upon the eastern side of Fort Harrison.

CAPTURE OF FORT HARRISON.

This movement would envelop the fort on the east and south. In the meantime the Confederates were bringing all the reinforcements they could from their extreme left. Stannard's division advanced rapidly upon the Confederate line, and when it reached the hill upon which the fort was built Burnham's brigade dashed up it on the double-quick and captured the fort, together with sixteen guns and a number of prisoners, including the commanding colonel. Stannard's division lost five hundred and ninety-four, killed and wounded, among the former being the gallant General Burnham, of Maine, one of the bravest officers in the army. Colonel Stevens assumed command of the brigade, but he was soon wounded, his successor sharing a similar fate. The Federal troops pressed onward and the Confederates were driven from their works on the right and left of the fort, six guns and a number of prisoners being captured. General Ord now swept down the works toward the James river, determined to capture the last

redan of the Confederates upon the banks of that stream, together with the pontoon bridge which spanned it at that point. He soon discovered that the redan was covered by the Confederate gun-boats and a heavy battery in the rear. His movement, therefore, failed to accomplish that result. In this assault General Ord was severely wounded in the leg, and the command of the corps devolved upon General Heckman. The Confederates occupying Fort Gilmer, a fortification situated to the Federal right of Fort Harrison, were now reinforced by the brigades of Generals Gregg, Benning, and Fulton. General Heckman immediately made an attack, but was repulsed with heavy loss. General Birney was advancing along the route marked out for him to pursue. General Grant reached Fort Harrison and ordered Birney to continue his advance in conjunction with Heckman.

ATTACK ON FORT GILMER.

At three o'clock in the afternoon Ames' division of Birney's corps, with a colored brigade, made an assault on Fort Gilmer and a long line of earthworks on the New Market road. General Ames bravely led his division over half a mile under a terrible fire. They advanced through three ravines filled with fallen trees, and when they emerged from the last one were close under the guns of the Confederates.

The latter now poured a terrible fire of grape and canister upon them, before which they recoiled in great confusion. The colored troops also advanced over every obstacle, many of them springing into the ditch of the fort, and attempting to climb over the parapets, but nearly all of those who entered the ditch were killed. The Federal left flank being unprotected, Birney's left flank was withdrawn to the New Market road, and a line was extended from Fort Harrison to the James river, just above Dutch Gap. General Weitzel was now placed in command of the Eighteenth corps.

General Ewell was in command of the Confederates, and during the day he was joined by General Lee. The brigades of Bratton and Anderson were brought from the Confederate

right by rail, and arrived upon the scene of action during the evening. Montague, with four regiments of Pickett's division, also arrived, and, during the night of the twenty-ninth, General Hoke, with the brigades of Kirkland, Clingman, and Colquitt, arrived; also, Scales' brigade, of Wilcox's division. These ten brigades were concentrated for action at Fort Gilmer, for the purpose of assaulting Fort Harrison, and to recapture the works taken by the Federals on the previous day. It was also a busy night within the Federal lines, large parties toiling with great vigor to strengthen the captured fort.

On the thirtieth, at two o'clock in the afternoon, General Anderson, in command of Longstreet's corps, made a terrible assault upon Fort Harrison, twelve pieces of artillery opening upon the Federal position, and then the brigades of Laws, Clingman, Bratton, Anderson, and Colquitt, charged the work. These gallant troops dashed through the underbrush, close up to the Federal lines, but they found men equally as brave defending Fort Harrison, and were repulsed by the terrible musketry fire which was poured upon them. Their advance was checked, but they rallied and again charged,—three times they moved forward to the assault, and as many times were they driven back by the Federals, and finally withdrew, leaving the Federals victors upon that field of slaughter.

In this bloody affair General Stannard lost an arm. For the two days in which the troops were engaged, the Federal army lost in killed, wounded, and missing, two thousand, two hundred and seventy-two. In the battle of the thirtieth, the Confederate loss was two thousand men, in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

Now for a time the storm of war was hushed upon the north bank of the James, but its deadly roar was heard at the same time on the extreme left of the Federal line, as the contending hosts met in deadly array, near Hatcher's Run. General Grant decided to make a movement here, for the purpose of extending his left flank, at the same time that the movement was being made on the north bank of the James, and for this purpose, General Warren, with two divisions of the Fifth corps, was

ordered to move out from the left, in the direction of Peeble's Farm.

General Park, with two divisions of the Ninth corps was to follow him. The object was to secure the junction of the "Squirrel Level," and "Poplar Spring Church" roads, at a point known as Peeble's Farm. Here a redoubt terminated in a six gun fort which covered the roads. From this point the forces of Warren and Parke were to move in a north-westerly direction toward the Boydton plank road, and the South Side railroad, if it was deemed practicable to do so.

BATTLE OF PEEBLE'S FARM.

On the thirtieth, Warren, with the divisions of Griffin and Ayers, moved promptly against the works at Peeble's Farm, where the two roads unite. Bartlett's brigade led the assault, passing at a double-quick over an open field six hundred yards in width, which was raked by the Confederate artillery. They carried the redoubt and fort, which was bravely defended by a force of infantry and the dismounted cavalrymen of General Dearborne.

The Confederates did not retreat until the Federals were climbing over the parapets. The Federal loss was very severe. Colonel Welch, commanding the Sixteenth Michigan, was killed as he entered the works. The victors captured a number of prisoners. Lieutenant A. E. Fernald, of the Twentieth Maine, ran in advance of his regiment and captured a gun which he held until reinforcements arrived. General Ayers now moved forward with his division upon the right of Griffin's, and carried the intrenchments in his front, and thus the whole line passed into the possession of the Federals. General Parke advanced on Warren's left and moved with his two divisions, commanded by Potter and Wilcox, to the Pegram Farm, Wilcox forming the left of the line, and the right under Potter expecting to connect with the left of Warren.

General Hill, who at that time commanded the Confederate forces within the Petersburg defences, prepared to meet this advance of General Meade by advancing the divisions of Heth

and Wilcox to the Jones' House, near Pegram's Farm. General Potter, passing through a piece of woods, found himself within less than a half mile of the main line of Confederate intrenchments, and also near the divisions of Heth and Wilcox. He immediately prepared to attack, but the Confederates assumed the offensive and made a vigorous attack upon Potter. They turned his right flank, forcing his line back, as also a portion of Wilcox's division.

General Parke immediately formed a new line, and General Griffin coming to his support, the Confederate advance was checked. The Federal loss far exceeded that of the Confederate, as the latter captured a large number of prisoners. Mott's division arrived to reinforce General Parke and the position that had been thus captured was held, and a formidable line of defences constructed within a mile of the Confederate line. This movement cost the Federals a loss of two thousand men in killed, wounded and missing. The Confederate loss cannot be ascertained but was probably not as heavy as that of the Federals.

The roar of battle was next heard on the north bank of the James river, where General Kautz with a force of seventeen hundred men and two batteries of artillery, held the Darby Town road at the place where the Confederate works had been captured on the twenty-ninth of September. On his right was a swamp which extended to his rear and across the Darby Town road.

BATTLE OF WHITE OAK SWAMP.

The Confederates resolved to drive Kautz from this valuable position, and for that purpose Generals Field and Hoke marched their divisions on the night of October sixth to the road, and at sunrise of the seventh, Field advanced with the brigades of Anderson and Bratton, while Gary's cavalry, supported by Lane, moved around the right of General Kautz, by the Charles City road. Kautz fell back rapidly before the vigorous attack of Field, and, in crossing the swamp, he came in contact with Gary's cavalry, and lost eight guns. He

succeeded in crossing to the New Market road, where he was protected by the Tenth corps. His loss had been one hundred killed, and two hundred wounded and missing.

General Field moved across the swamp and made an attack upon the right of the Tenth corps, but was repulsed and driven across the swamp, after having sustained a considerable loss. General Gregg, one of the most gallant of the Confederate brigade commanders, fell dead at the head of his brave Texans, and General Bratton was wounded.

On the thirteenth of October General Butler made a slight advance to regain the works on the Darby Town road, but was repulsed with some loss.

The Federal general now resolved to make another movement around the Confederate right, for the purpose of capturing the South Side railroad, which was now the main avenue along which the Confederates maintained their communications with the south. On the twenty-fourth of October General Grant wrote as follows to General Meade:

"Make your preparations to march out at an early hour, on the twenty-seventh, to gain possession of the South Side railroad, and to hold it, and fortify back to your present left. In commencing your advance, move in three columns, exactly as proposed by yourself in our conversation of last evening, and with the same force you proposed to take. Parke, who starts out nearest to the enemy, should be instructed that, if he finds the enemy intrenched, and the works well manned, he is not to attack, but confront him and be prepared to advance promptly when he finds that, by the movement of the other two columns to the right and rear of them, they begin to give way," etc.

At that time the best information the Federal commanders could obtain of the Confederate position was that their intrenchments had been extended to Hatcher's Run, at a point two miles above where the Vaughn road crossed that stream, and a mile above Armstrong's mill, but that these intrenchments were in an unfinished condition. They did not cross the stream or extend along its banks. On the south side of

Hatcher's Run, at the Burgess mill, where the Boydton plank road crosses the stream, they had emplacements for artillery and infantry parapets.

General Meade's plan was to leave sufficient force in the Federal intrenchments to hold them against any attack, and with a force of thirty thousand men, with sufficient artillery and three thousand cavalry under General Gregg, to move out from the Federal left. Hancock, with General Gregg on his left, was to cross Hatcher's Run by the Vaughn road, move to the Boydton plank road, past Dabney's mill, thence along the White Oak road to its intersection with the Clairborne road; thence recross Hatcher's Run two miles above Burgess mill, and then march to the South Side railroad at a point three miles east of Sutherland Station. General Parke, with the Ninth corps was to move early on the same day and endeavor to capture the works near Hatcher's Run by surprising the Confederates. If he failed in this he was to engage them in front, while Hancock and Warren operated on the flank.

General Warren with the Fifth corps was to move to the vicinity of Armstrong's mill to support General Parke, and if his attack was successful to follow it up by moving upon the left of the Ninth corps. If Parke did not break the Confederate line Warren was to cross Hatcher's Run, turn the enemy's right by recrossing the run at the Burgess mill, thus keeping upon the right of Hancock. The troops were all to carry four days' rations.

On the twenty-fifth of October General Hancock withdrew the divisions of Mott and Gibbon from the intrenchments and massed them in a concealed position in the rear, General Egan being in command of Gibbon's division. General Miles' division held the Petersburg line from the Appomattox river to battery twenty-four, between the Jerusalem plank road and the Weldon railroad. Hancock's command was composed of ten thousand infantry.

On the twenty-sixth, Mott and Egan moved along in rear of the intrenchments. General Parke assigned fifteen hundred men to hold his line, and General Warren assigned twen-

ty-five hundred, under General Baxter, to render the same service for him. Parke and Warren had about eleven thousand men each. The design was for all of the columns to move at half-past three o'clock in the morning of the twenty-seventh. The morning was dark and rainy, and the movement was necessarily delayed, which prevented the Confederates from being surprised. Generals Warren and Parke advanced upon the Confederate pickets, but found their position so strong that they did not deem an attack in their front to be practicable.

Griffin's division was in front of the extreme right of the Confederate position; his skirmishers reaching to Hatcher's Run. This was at nine o'clock in the morning. General Meade being satisfied that an attack should not be made in front, and being notified by General Hancock that he had crossed Hatcher's Run, ordered General Warren to cross the run with a portion of his corps and connect with General Hancock. General Crawford, with the Maryland brigade of Ayers' division in support, on the north bank of the run. General Parke began to intrench his advanced position.

Crawford's division was immediately formed in line of battle, with Bragg's brigade on the right, extending to the run, Hoffman's brigade on the left, and the Maryland brigade in reserve. The forest was thick; the Confederates had felled trees, and these, with the thickets and running vines, made an advance almost impossible. The Confederates had also dammed the run so that it had overflowed its banks, and it was very difficult to distinguish between the main stream and its many tributaries. General Griffin was ordered to skirmish with the Confederates upon the north bank of the run, that Crawford's men could be guided by the report of the firing.

At four o'clock Crawford had succeeded in advancing more than a mile, and was upon the right flank of the line that Griffin was facing. Communication with Griffin was almost impossible. The Boydton plank road was over a mile in Crawford's front, with a trackless forest between, and no guide to point out the way. The Dabney Mill road was a mile distant upon his left. Under these circumstances War-

ren ordered Crawford to halt and reform his line, but to press forward with his skirmishers.

Hancock's advance crossed Hatcher's Run at daylight, with Egan's division in advance; Smith's brigade forded the stream and gallantly carried the Confederate rifle-pits upon its banks; Mott swiftly followed Egan and moved beyond Dabney's mill, striking the Boydton plank road about one mile south of Burgess mill; Gregg, who, with his cavalry, had crossed Hatcher's Run below the infantry, had encountered Hampton's cavalry, but had pressed on along the Vaughn and Quaker roads, and now joined Hancock.

When the latter reached the plank road and began to move through the open country, he encountered a sharp artillery fire in his front and the White Oak road, upon his left, to which Beck's battery immediately replied. Egan was ordered along the Boydton road to drive the Confederates from Burgess Tavern and Mill, across the bridge to the north side of the run, while Mott was to advance and seize the White Oak road.

It was now ten o'clock at night and General Meade ordered General Hancock to halt upon the plank road. Egan gallantly advanced and drove the Confederates across the run, and in compliance with orders from General Hancock, halted and formed his line across the plank road at its intersection with the White Oak road where he was under a heavy fire from the Confederate artillery on the north bank of the run, as also from a battery on the White Oak road.

The Confederates were very busy in the meantime, preparing to repel Hancock's advance. Heth's and Mahone's divisions of infantry, with Hampton's cavalry, were concentrating at the crossing of the Boydton plank road over Hatcher's Run, and Burgess mill, directly in front of Egan. Heth's division remained at the bridge to engage the Federals, while Mahone moved swiftly to and crossed the run a mile below Burgess mill, moving along a narrow wood road, the existence of which was unknown to the Federals, to strike Hancock's right. Hampton moved up the stream to attack his left and rear.

BATTLE OF HATCHER'S RUN.

Mahone with his accustomed vigor pressed on, and broke out of the woods with a yell and volley, upon Egan's right flank, but the latter quickly prepared to receive him, the guns of Rodes and Beck opening upon the advancing Confederates. The brigades of De Trobriand and Kerwin received them in front, while those of Smythe, Willett and McAllister rushed down upon their flank, and Mahone was hurled back with considerable loss.

At the same time Hampton made a heavy attack upon Hancock's left and rear, but the Federals, by standing firmly, held their position. Just before dark, Warren sent Ayers' division to reinforce Hancock, but during the night Hancock withdrew from his position and on the twenty-eighth the troops returned to their former positions.

Hancock lost in killed and wounded, eight hundred and fifty-seven men; his missing amounting to six hundred and twenty-five more. Warren lost two hundred and eleven killed and wounded; missing forty-eight. The Confederate loss is not known.

While this movement was being made along Hatcher's Run, General Butler made an advance along the north bank of the James, the troops being under the command of General Weitzel. Nothing of importance was accomplished and the troops returned to their former positions, and thus active operations around Petersburg ceased for the season. Thus closed the most desperate campaign of the civil war, the troops of both armies going into winter quarters, about the last of November.

Surgeon McParlin, medical director of the Army of the Potomac, reported to General Meade, November seventh, that the wounded in that army from May third to October thirty-first, 1864, was fifty-seven thousand, four hundred and ninety-five men, exclusive of the Ninth corps in the Wilderness and at Spottsylvania, and the Eighteenth corps while it served with the Army of the Potomac. The Fifth corps alone, during that time, had lost over eleven thousand men in killed and wounded.

CHAPTER XXV.

REMINISCENCES, ANECDOTES, AND POEM.

THE STORY OF A SCOUT.

GENERAL Gordon, of the Confederate army, once had among his scouts one of the bravest fellows that ever lived. On the last retreat two men in Confederate uniform were captured, and one of them had a lieutenant's insignia.

"They were brought into my camp," says General Gordon, "and George said, 'General Gordon, I know that man,' pointing to one; 'he decoyed me into the Federal lines and gave me up.' I said to the Yankee, who was as fine a looking man as I ever saw in my life, whole in body and whole in soul, 'My friend, this is a serious charge against you. I hope you can acquit yourself.'

"He insisted that he was a Confederate lieutenant, and gave me his place in the Confederate army with the greatest precision and confidence; but George said again, 'General Gordon, that man is a spy; I cannot be deceived about him.' So I said to the Yankee, 'My friend, we must strip you and see if my scout is not mistaken.' We did strip him, and in a portion of his garments we found a direct order from General Sheridan.

"Said I, 'My friend, I sympathize with you, but you know the penalty of your detection?'

"'Yes,' said he, 'General Gordon, I have taken my life in my hands a long time; you have caught me; I am ready for the penalty.' I looked into the man's eyes, and I saw the soul of a man there. Said I, 'Take him to the guardhouse.'

"Now I sincerely hoped I would not have to hang that man. Indeed, I did not mean to hang him; but his offense was a

hanging one. The next day it was suggested to me that I had the spy. Said I, 'We are too hotly engaged; let him go over another day.' I kept reprieving him until finally the Federals took him off my hands. I never meant to hang him at all."

RATHER DIE ON THE FIELD.

The Sixth corps, under command of General Sedgwick, arrived on the battlefield of Gettysburg at a very critical moment. A New Jersey brigade that formed a part of the command reached the battlefield at three o'clock on the afternoon of July third. At the moment it entered the fight, a poor fellow, sick and foot-sore, who looked almost like the image of death, hobbled from an ambulance, and shouldering his musket, started for the scene of conflict. A surgeon who saw him, thus accosted him: "Where are you going?" "To the front, Doctor," said the brave fellow, who was barely able to stand upon his feet. "To the front," exclaimed the surgeon, "why, sir, a man in your condition cannot march a half mile. You have no strength to carry a musket." "But, Doctor, my comrades are going in, and I have a younger brother in my company whom I want to look after, and I must go." "But," continued the doctor, "you are sick and have every symptom of typhoid fever, and the over-exertion will kill you." "Well, if I must die, I had rather die on the battlefield."

He marched away, joined his comrades, and just as the sun set on the evening of July fourth, they buried him where he fell on the previous day with a mangled arm and a minie-ball through his head.

CARRIAGES AND MILLINERY TO THE REAR.

A good yarn is told of General Grant and a captain in one of the infantry regiments of the Army of the Potomac that occurred in the spring of 1864, just before the opening of the Wilderness campaign.

General Grant, accompanied by an orderly, was riding on horseback through a heavy rain along one of the muddy

Virginia roads when he met an elegant carriage containing a captain who had been a fellow cadet with Grant at West Point. The meeting was a happy surprise to both.

The Lieutenant-General was clad in a fatigue uniform wet with rain and daubed with mud. The captain wore an elegant uniform of blue with new felt straps and buttons; great black plumes upon his hat, closely fitting gloves of yellow buckskin, and patent-leather boots which had never been stained by a drop of rain or grain of dust.

After a very cordial salutation, General Grant asked the captain if he could have the pleasure of his company for a little time. "Yes, indeed," responded the captain, "but will you not ride with me in the carriage?" "No, I thank you," replied the other, "I am anxious to reach my point of destination and must press on."

The captain stepped from his comfortable carriage, and plodding out in the mud and rain, walked by the side of his commander until he was thoroughly wet and bespattered with mud. The General asked many questions relative to his command, and when the conversation ended, reminded him of the work they were there to do, and intimated that it was quite time for easy carriages and millinery to be sent to the rear.

A FEW REASONS WHY.

When the two great armies of Grant and Lee were fighting near the Po river, a colonel in command of a Maine regiment learned that there was a Confederate wagon train which could be easily captured.

Anxious to immortalize himself and his command, he immediately detached three companies of his regiment, under the command of his major, to advance and capture the prize. The major was a brave officer, as also a shrewd Yankee, and evidently did not have much faith in the success of the enterprise.

"No trouble! No trouble!" repeated the colonel, "dash in upon the train, shoot down the horses, and it is yours." The three small companies marched away, and, after several hours,

returned to camp without the wagons. The colonel, who was on the tiptoe of anxiety during their absence, looked much displeased when he saw them returning without the coveted prize, and demanded why they had not brought them.

The major with the coolness and deliberation that a Yankee alone can display, slowly responded, "There are a few reasons why I did not bring them in." "Give me those reasons," demanded his superior.

"Well, sir, the Po river was between me and the train; I had no bridge to cross upon, it was too deep to ford, and my men could not swim. Then there was a heavy skirmish line on the other bank of the river, and beyond that, in the woods, there was a brigade of cavalry, and on the hill, to their right, was a battery of artillery, and beyond these, but between them and the wagon train, was the Confederate line of battle, and upon the whole, I thought it would not be convenient for me to bring it off with my one hundred and fifty men." The colonel subsided.

TIED ON THE WRONG SADDLE.

Colonel D., in command of the — Maine regiment, was for a time on General Sedgwick's staff, and while there became acquainted with all of the officers in the quartermaster's department at headquarters, and they gladly granted him any favor he asked. After he returned to his regiment, there came a time when it was almost impossible to obtain any commissary, and this colonel, like many others in the army, sorrowfully longed for his favorite beverage.

One day the colonel of a Massachusetts regiment was in the tent of the Maine colonel, and as he was taking his departure, remarked: "I am going to send Captain Bill Smith over to the corps headquarters to see if I cannot get a canteen of whiskey."

The moment he left, the Maine colonel called Lieutenant C., and said, "Jack, take this note, get a horse, and ride over to the corps headquarters, and give it to the quartermaster, he is an old friend of mine. I have asked him for two can-

teens of whiskey, and also have written him it would not be prudent for him to let Captain Smith have any for that Massachusetts chap. I will get mine, but won't he be mad, and won't he swear, when they refuse to let him have any? And by the way, C., they will probably ask you to drink while there; you do so, and fill up on their whiskey, that the canteens may be full for the rest of us."

The horse was secured and the lieutenant reached the corps headquarters just as Captain Smith did, and their horses were hitched beside each other. The request of the Maine colonel was granted, while Captain Smith was informed that, owing to the strict orders given by the corps commanders, no whiskey could be sold. While the lieutenant's canteens were being filled, Smith having left the tent, he was invited to drink, and, in obedience to his commander's instructions, he filled up.

With giddy head and unsteady step, he left the tent to return to the regiment. Captain Smith's horse was still standing, as the owner was making a call on some friends. With a chuckle over his success, the demoralized lieutenant tied the canteens to the saddle, unhitched his horse, and mounting him, rode to camp, where he arrived after dark. The colonel was anxiously awaiting his coming and ran out to meet him.

The lieutenant rolled from his horse and stood before him, as he supported himself by the bridle rein.

"Where are the canteens, Lieutenant?"

"Hic, right there on the sad—saddle, Colonel." The colonel felt all over the saddle but no canteens were to be found. By this time the lieutenant had sat down upon the ground.

The colonel caught him by the shoulder and, with a rough shake, exclaimed, "Where are the canteens, you drunken wretch?" "On the saddle, sir." "No, they are not there."

"Well, then, I must have tied them on Smith's saddle by mistake." Which he had actually done, and the colonel was euchred.

A DUTCHMAN'S DESCRIPTION.

At the battle of Fredericksburg the Federal advance was led by a Dutch colonel who had seen much service in his own country. His men skirmished along the streets and drove the Confederates before them.

After the battle this officer, with a gush of native eloquence, described the manner in which he had captured a large brick house in which the Confederate skirmishers had taken refuge. Said he, "I finds mine men und leads dem aroundt de corner und orders dem to sharge dot 'ouse, but, mine Got, dey shust proke and rundt away like some scheep. I formt dem againt and said, by tampt, you tooks dot 'ouse, but dey shurst runts vonce more shust like some scheep a couple of times. Vonce more I findts dem and I say I plows out your dampt prains less you scharge dot 'ouse, und dey shurst roundt oup dot street und into dot 'ouse and I findts sex deadt repels, ine dozen wounded vons, and as mouch as swi dozen dot rundt away before we got dare."

SOUTHERN COLIC.

During the battle of Fredericksburg, several officers of the Nineteenth Maine regiment were suddenly seized with the colic, and, so terrible was the attack, they were obliged to withdraw from under fire and recross the river, filling the air with groans of agony as they went.

The following day, the colonel of the regiment, whose head-quarter baggage had been left on the north side of the river, surprised the surgeon by inquiring, "Surgeon, why is this southern colic so different from the northern colic?" "There is no difference," was the response, "but why do you ask, Colonel?" "Why," said the colonel, "I had six quarts of beans with my baggage, and those three officers [giving their names] were so sick with the colic, that they had to get from under fire, but they stole and ate every one of my baked beans."

BOUND TO GO TO RUIN.

Surgeon B. always wore a blouse with black buttons, instead of those which were of the regulation design, and for this practice he had been nicknamed "the chaplain" by his messmates. He was a good fellow, but the buttons were about the only resemblance to a good chaplain.

One day, in winter quarters, the chaplain of a Massachusetts regiment called at the colonel's tent and inquired for the chaplain. The colonel, who was much of a wag, pointed out to him the surgeon's tent. The chaplain entered the tent and extended his hand to the officer who wore the black buttons, and addressed him as chaplain.

The surgeon saw the joke and resolved to carry on the innocent deception. They chatted fraternally for an hour, everything going on smoothly until the chaplain inquired of the surgeon as to the spiritual condition of his regiment. By this time the surgeon had nearly forgotten himself, and as he waxed warm his old habit developed, and in answering the question he said:

"Our spiritual condition, I am sorry to say, is very bad. I have preached and prayed; exhorted, warned, practiced and coaxed, but in spite of all my labors of love for the members of this regiment, the infernal devils are bound to go to ruin anyway."

The chaplain, with a look of horror upon his face at such language from a brother chaplain, left the regiment, moaning over what appeared to be truly a hard condition of morals in its midst.

AN AMUSING SENTENCE.

A captain belonging to a western regiment was much distinguished for his bravery and for his love of whiskey.

The men composing his company raised a sum of money for the purpose of sending home the body of a comrade who had been killed, and for erecting a monument over his grave. The money was placed in the hands of the captain. The

body was sent home to Ohio for burial, but the captain fell in with some of his chums, and the balance of the fund was spent in purchasing whiskey, instead of a monument.

The following winter, one of the men, being home on a furlough, discovered that the monument had not been erected, and when he returned to the regiment, charges were preferred against the captain, and he was tried before a court-martial for using the money.

The court, remembering the gallant record of the accused, rendered the following verdict: "Guilty as charged. Penalty: That the captain be obliged to accept a sixty days leave of absence, and make the journey to Ohio, and erect the monument at the expense of the government."

History does not say whether the penalty was ever inflicted or not.

A SURPRISED PROHIBITIONIST.

A young captain from the prohibition state of Maine was appointed judge advocate in a case of court-martial, where another captain, belonging to a western regiment was being tried for drunkenness.

The case was of a clear character, and of a very aggravating nature. The officer accused had been placed in charge of some ambulances, and, becoming intoxicated, had fallen from his horse. While in this unconscious condition he had lost the animal and ambulances. He was carried to his regiment much bruised and very muddy.

The judge advocate was highly elated over the easy victory he was to win in his first case of prosecution; but imagine his disgust when the court decided that the accused was innocent, and recommended, that, in the future, such petty and trifling charges not be brought before it.

A QUESTION TO ASK THE COURT.

The army court-martial was an institution peculiar to itself. Among other rules it was customary that when any member of the court wished to ask a question of importance

in relation to the law or the case under consideration, he would inform the judge advocate, and all persons in the tent, save the court and judge advocate, would retire.

A portly, red-faced German colonel was president of a court-martial convened within the Federal lines in front of Petersburg. The case was a tedious one but of considerable importance. The day was very hot and the air in the great tent, which was filled with the members of the court and witnesses, was much like a heated oven.

About eleven o'clock in the morning, the president of the court, with a gravity becoming the position he occupied, arose and said: "Misther Shudge Advocate, I haf a question of importance to ask the court." The tent was cleared of every one except those who were supposed to remain, and all waited with great curiosity to learn what the important question was. "I wish to know, Misther Shudge Advocate, which fellow prougt the bottle with him to-day?" A flask was produced and passed around the circle.

The president was satisfied and the trial proceeded.

O, SHACKSON!

One of Sigel's men was marching down the valley alone. There had been a battle, and he was making for the rear. The inhabitants along the way had heard of the fight, but did not know of the result.

They hailed the Dutchman, and asked, "Has there been a battle?" "Yah," was the answer, but the soldier did not halt. "Who beat?" yelled the questioners; when the soldier in a sort of matter of fact way, responded, "O, Shackson."

WATCH FOR DE FLASH OF MINE SWORD.

The rapid movements of Stonewall Jackson in the valley, sent consternation to the hearts of the German soldiers, and this condition of things was so well known that the officers used to exhort the men before entering a fight, to inspire their courage.

A German colonel one day formed his regiment and thus

addressed them: "Mine poys, we ish to haf an nudder fight mit Shackson; I vant you to standt like men; all dat you needt to do ish to follow your kernel, andt you vill all be saf. Look for mine sword, and vere you see dat flash you may know dat dare ish no danger."

YOU "PEEPS" TOO LATE.

Blenker's Dutchmen were great foragers, and many stories are told of their exploits and blunders. While they were serving in the valley, nothing escaped them; they prowled around every house, shed, barn, and climbed upon every hen-roost.

It is told of one of them, that while upon one of their expeditions, he was fortunate enough to find a hen's nest, then occupied by her, and filled with a dozen eggs. In his great joy over the prize thus found, he did not stop to ascertain the condition of the eggs, but seizing one, regardless of the vigorous remonstrances of the hen, he broke the shell, and proceeded to swallow its contents. Just as it passed into his mouth, there was a motion and gentle "peep" from the occupant of the shell, but as it was swallowed, Blenker's hero remarked: "You peeps too late, mine leetle pheller."

INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

A squad of Union soldiers were sitting upon the picket line, that ran along the bank of the Rappahannock river, a few weeks before General Grant opened the campaign of the Wilderness. A portion of them were very profane and were soundly abusing christianity and all its followers, and among others the christian soldier, General O. O. Howard, came in for a large share of slanderous abuse. At length a tall soldier from Ohio, in tones that commanded respect, said, "Boys, I will tell you what I know about General Howard. Just before Hooker fought at Chancellorsville, my only brother, a mere boy, was sick and dying. We were in the same company and messed in the same tent. Jimmy knew that he would soon be mustered out, and was anxious to have every-

thing ready. It was a dark, stormy night. I sat by his side and held his thin hands in mine, while he talked of home. He sent lots of messages to the old folks and the girls. He gave me some good advice, and then sorter hesitated. I saw he was uneasy like; something seemed to press upon his mind. After a while he told me that he was a little timid about the future; didn't like the idea of advancing in a strange country without a kind of skirmish line to clear the way. The poor boy said he believed there was to be a general inspection on the other side, and he was not ready for it, and he wanted some one to pray for him. I never took much stock in those things, and Jimmy's request rather demoralized me; but he looked so wishful that I determined to find some one to help the poor fellow through. I ran through the rain and mud to the chaplain's tent, but he was sick and could not go with me. I didn't know what to do. I could not go back alone, and see him die with that wishful look upon his face. Just then I happened to think of General Howard. I had heard some officers laugh about his prayers, and, not stopping to think, I ran across the field half a mile to his tent. The guard had been removed, and I knocked at the door of the General's tent. When he came out, I blurted out that my brother was dying, and I wanted some one to pray with him. He caught his hat and hurried with me to my tent. Poor Jimmy was very low and breathing hard, but he knew me, and when I told him who the General was, his thin cheeks flushed with joy. Howard got down on the ground by his side and how he prayed! Somehow my own sight failed me for a time and the tears ran down over my face; but when I looked, poor Jimmy had been transferred. He had one hand on the General's shoulder, and there was a smile on his face. It sort of looked to me as if he had passed the inspection all right. Howard said a good many kind words to me that night, and the next day, when we had prepared his grave and carried him in a blanket upon a board to bury him, General Howard came down in full uniform and stood by my side. He spoke lots of encouraging things, and before all the offi-

cers and men he shook my hand and told me to be a good man for Jimmy's sake. Now, boys, what do you think of that?" The subject was changed, and no more blasphemy was heard that night around that picket post on the Rappahannock river.

CHRISTIAN EXAMPLE.

The scene is a regimental camp located near the Rapidan river, Virginia. The time is in the early spring of 1864. The government was making gigantic efforts to replete the shattered ranks of the Army of the Potomac. Recruits were daily arriving. Nearly all were young men, and a large proportion were mere beardless boys. It was a dangerous society in which to place those who had for the first time left home and its sacred influences. The old soldiers were grand men, brave and kind-hearted, but many were rough and profane. A strange sensation was created in the camp one night; it was after the evening "roll-call." A squad of the boys were out in the company street, engaged in playing games. Their mirth was suddenly interrupted by the ringleader of the squad, who remarked, "What on earth is that?" In a moment the whole squad was listening. Some one in a tent at the lower end of the street was speaking in a low, solemn, but distinct tone. That tent was occupied by a number of the recruits who had just arrived. Cautiously the ringleader approached the tent, and listened. In a moment he roared, "Ha, ha, ha, he is a praying, or I am a sinner!" By this time he was surrounded by his comrades, who laughed and joked until the prayer closed, and then returned to their tents, after giving "three cheers for the parson." There was a long consultation among the boys that night. An advance of the rebel army could hardly have awakened more interest than the knowledge that a praying man had arrived in the company. "You watch things for the next three weeks," remarked the one who was the acknowledged leader in mischief, "and I will show you how I will take the religion out of him." From that time they began a petty persecution upon

the object of their ridicule, who was a pale-faced lad of some eighteen years of age, all of which he endured with such patience and genuine christian forbearance, that a majority soon became ashamed of the course they were pursuing, and plead with the others to desist. But to all these expostulations the leader would reply: "O, the little cuss is no better than the rest of us; only trying to make us believe he is pious. I for one have no faith in this religion, all nonsense, and when we get under fire you will see his feet fly like drumsticks to the rear. These christians don't like the smell of gunpowder. Somehow I never knew it to fail."

The time soon came when they broke camp and entered the Wilderness, where the terrible battle was soon to be fought. This regiment on the fifth of May met the enemy on the old "Turnpike road." It was a desperate struggle, and many men were killed and wounded. The company referred to was in an exposed position, and suffered a terrible loss, while the whole brigade, being flanked by the enemy, was obliged to fall back to a line of breastworks they had built before they made the advance. When the line was reformed, it was found that this young christian lad was among the missing. When last seen, he was far out in the advance, almost surrounded by his enemies, and near him, fighting desperately, was his tormentor, and both of them were given up for lost. As they were lying behind the breastworks to escape the bullets which were flying thickly, a man, bearing a heavy burden, came tramping back through the dense underbrush. It was the ringleader, bearing the dead body of the one whom he had so delighted to abuse. He laid the body down, and as he wiped away the blood flowing from several slight wounds upon his own face, remarked, "He fought like the devil. I couldn't bear to leave him with the rebs; thought we would give him a decent burial." They digged a shallow grave, and as they placed his remains within it, there was not a dry eye in the company. With their knives they cut his name and regiment upon a rough stick, and placed it at his head. As they were forming the rough letters, the ringleader, who

had risked his own life while endeavoring to save the other, drew his rough hand across his eyes, and remarked with a husky voice, "You had better put the words christian soldier in somewhere, for he deserved it, and it will kinder repay for our abuse." They were rough men, but the words were inscribed as he desired; and when the regiment marched away to other fields of battle, that strange inscription remained as an evidence of the influence of a christian example under the most adverse circumstances.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The following good story is credited to General Sherman and ought to be preserved. We give it in full, as told by the General.

"Some time after I had superseded General Anderson in command of the department, I one day confided to Honorable Joshua F. Speed, a true-hearted Union man of Louisville, the embarrassments under which I labored, soundly berating the war department, which had placed me in command, while it withheld the means necessary to make my force effective.

"'What do you want?' said Mr. Speed. 'Everything,' said I; 'arms, wagons, tents, bread and meat, money, and a competent staff.'

"'Name what you want on paper, and give it to me,' said Mr. Speed. I did as requested, and handed it over.

"Nothing more was seen of Mr. Speed for several days, when he entered my room and handed me copies of orders directing Colonel Thomas Swords, Assistant Quartermaster-General, and Captain H. C. Symonds, Commissary of subsistence, to report to me for duty.

"The order directed Colonel Swords to draw for present needs, one hundred thousand dollars. He had also a copy of an order drawn by President Lincoln himself upon the ordnance department, for ten thousand Springfield rifles of the latest design.

“‘How is this?’ I exclaimed, ‘that more attention is paid the requests of you, a citizen, than of me, a general in the army? You had better take command here.’

“‘I can explain it,’ said Mr. Speed. ‘Many years ago I was engaged in business in Springfield, Illinois. I had a little store where I kept a miscellaneous stock of calico, horse collars, molasses, nails, hair-brushes, quinine and other articles of daily use in the community. I had a clerk, and had fitted up for our joint occupancy a room over the store to be used as a bedroom. Having a stove in the back part of the store, the space around it naturally became a snug lounging place for the young men of the village. Among these were two young lawyers, who were eking out a precarious livelihood at the bar, and who, I remember, usually chose their position in proximity to the sugar barrel.

“‘The names of these two young men were Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglass. One day Mr. Lincoln, sitting with his feet on the stove, asked me the price of a bedstead, mattress, pillow and bed clothing, saying in reply to my inquiry, that he thought of fixing up a bed in his office, thereby economizing in his expenses. I figured up the cost, but told him that I had a better plan, that my clerk had lost his health and gone back to Kentucky to regain it, and that I would be glad to have him for a room-mate. He at once went upstairs on a prospecting tour, came down, went over to his office, and returning with a pair of large saddle-bags, he carried them upstairs. Presently he came down and resumed his seat, saying, ‘Well, Speed, I’ve moved!’ He lived with me a long time, long enough for me to learn to love and admire him, and to watch his upward course with certainty that it would not stop short of the White House, and I was not surprised when he reached it.

“‘I took your memoranda and went to Washington. I immediately called upon the President and made known our wants in Kentucky. He complied readily with every request I made, and the only mistake you made, General, was in not asking for more.’”

The following touching poem is from the pen of Rev. W. E. Mitter.

WOUNDED.

THE DYING UNION VOLUNTEER.

Let me lie down,
 Just here in the shade of this cannon-torn tree;
 Here, low on the trampled grass, where I may see
 The surge of the combat, and where I may hear
 The glad cry of victory, cheer upon cheer;
 Let me lie down.

Oh, it was grand!
 Like the tempest we charged, in the triumph to share,
 The tempest—its fury and thunder were there;
 On, on, o'er intrenchments, o'er living and dead,
 With the foe under foot and our flag overhead;
 Oh, it was grand!

Oh, that last charge!
 Right through the dread hell-fire of shrapnel and shell,
 Through without falt'ring—clear through with a yell;
 Right in their midst, in the turmoil and gloom,
 Like heroes we dashed at the mandate of doom.
 Oh, that last charge!

I am no saint,
 But, boys, say a prayer; There's one that begins,
 "Our Father," and then says, "Forgive us our sins;"
 Don't forget that part, say that strongly, and then
 I'll try to repeat it, and you'll say amen!
 Ah, I am no saint.

Hark! there's a shout!
 Raise me up, comrades! We have conquered, I know!—
 Up, up on my feet, with my face to the foe!
 Ah, there flies the flag with its star-spangles bright,
 The promise of glory, the symbol of right!
 Well may they shout!

I'm mustered out!
 O God of our fathers, our freedom prolong,
 And tread down rebellion, oppression and wrong!
 O land of earth's hope, on thy blood-reddened sod
 I die for the Nation, the Union, and God!
 I'm mustered out!

CHAPTER XXVI.

CAMPAIGNS OF THE SHENANDOAH. DESCRIPTION OF THE WONDERFUL VALLEY. ITS APPEARANCE AT THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR. THE FIELD UPON WHICH JACKSON, ASHBY, AND SHERIDAN WON THEIR LAURELS. HARPER'S FERRY. EVACUATED BY CONFEDERATES. PATTERSON OUT-GENERALED. FEDERALS OCCUPY BATH. JACKSON'S WEARY MARCH TO. EVACUATED BY FEDERALS. CROSS THE POTOMAC. CONFEDERATES AT ROMNEY. IMMENSE CAPTURE BY CONFEDERATES. GENERAL BANKS IN COMMAND OF FEDERALS. BATTLE OF KERNS TOWN. CONFEDERATES REPULSED. BATTLE OF MCDOWELL. FEDERALS DEFEATED. BATTLE OF WINCHESTER. FEDERALS DEFEATED. IMMENSE CAPTURE OF SUPPLIES. DEATH OF TURNER ASHBY. BATTLE OF PORT REPUBLIC. FEDERALS DEFEATED. DRIVEN FROM THE VALLEY. MILROY SURPRISED, HIS ARMY AND GUNS CAPTURED. BATTLE OF NEW MARKET. FEDERALS REPULSED. SIGEL REMOVED. BATTLE OF PIEDMONT. FEDERALS VICTORIOUS. DEATH OF GENERAL JONES. BURNING OF LEXINGTON MILITARY INSTITUTE. BATTLE OF LYNCHBURG. FEDERALS DEFEATED. BATTLE OF TREVLIAN'S STATION. SHERIDAN DEFEATED. EARLY'S INVASION OF MARYLAND. ALARM AT WASHINGTON. FEDERALS HASTENING TO ITS DEFENCE. BATTLE OF MONOCACY. EARLY'S ADVANCE ON WASHINGTON. EXCITEMENT IN BALTIMORE. ARRIVAL OF FEDERAL REINFORCEMENTS AT THE CAPITAL. PRESIDENT LINCOLN RECEIVES THEM. BATTLE OF FORT STEVENS, WITNESSED BY MR. LINCOLN. CONFEDERATES DEFEATED AND RETIRE. GENERAL WRIGHT IN COMMAND OF FEDERALS. SECOND BATTLE OF KEARNSTOWN. FEDERALS DEFEATED. DEATH OF GENERAL MULLIGAN. CONFEDERATE RAIDS. BURNING OF CHAMBERSBURG. DESCRIPTION OF. BATTLE OF NEW CREEK. CONFEDERATES DEFEATED. BATTLE OF MOOREFIELD. CONFEDERATES DEFEATED. SHERIDAN IN COMMAND OF FEDERALS. BATTLE OF THE OPEQUAN. DEATH OF GENERAL RODES. CONFEDERATES REPULSED. DEATH OF GENERAL RUSSELL. CONFEDERATES FALL BACK TO STRASBURG. SHERIDAN PROMOTED. GREAT LOSS OF LIFE. DEATH OF GENERAL GODWIN. GENERALS UPTON, MCINTOSH, CHAPMAN, FITZ LEE AND YORK WOUNDED. BATTLE OF FISHER'S HILL. CONFEDERATES DEFEATED. BATTLE OF CEDAR CREEK. FEDERALS SURPRISED AND DEFEATED. DEATH OF GENERALS THOBURN AND BIDWELL. ARRIVAL OF SHERIDAN. FEDERALS RALLIED. CONFEDERATES UTTERLY ROUTED. DREADFUL LOSS OF LIFE. DEATH OF GENERAL LOWELL. GENERALS WRIGHT, GROVER AND RICKETTS WOUNDED. THE NORTH

ELATED. MR. LINCOLN'S DISPATCH. EARLY'S ARMY BROKEN UP. SHERIDAN MASTER OF THE SHENANDOAH. REJOINS GRANT. ARRIVES AT WHITE HOUSE MARCH NINETEENTH, 1865. THE BEAUTIFUL VALLEY A WASTE. ROSTER.

THIS wondrously beautiful valley became noted during the civil war as the theater of some of the most brilliant and dashing adventures, as well as the most important and decisive battles of that bloody and perilous period.

It was here that "Stonewall" Jackson won his early laurels, as in rapid succession Milroy, Schenck, Banks, Fremont and Shields were met and defeated by this military genius, and thus the names of McDowell, Winchester, Port Republic and Cross Keys were inscribed upon the banners of his victorious legions.

It was in this valley that Turner Ashby displayed his matchless valor, won his undying fame, and met his early and tragic death. In view of its grand old mountain walls was the field where brave, dashing Phillip Sheridan won his imperishable honors at the head of the Federal troops.

In the early campaigns of the war, the Federals met with so many reverses that it became to them the valley of humiliation, but in the fall of 1864, the tide of war turned, and General Early met with as serious disasters as those suffered by the Federals in the earlier campaigns of the war.

The Shenandoah is a continuation of the far famed Cumberland valley of Pennsylvania and Maryland. It is bounded on the west by the Shenandoah mountains, which run in a southwesterly direction from a point near Martinsburg in West Virginia. On the east, it is bounded by the Blue Ridge, which range runs parallel with the other above mentioned, thus making the general direction of the valley from Harper's Ferry, southwest. Its width varies from twenty miles at some points to only seven or eight at others.

From Strasburg, a point fifty miles south of Harper's Ferry, to McGaheysville, a village about six miles east of Harrisburg, the valley is subdivided by the Massanutten mountains, which rise abruptly at McGaheysville and extend for about

thirty-five miles. Between the Massanutten and the Blue Ridge is a narrow valley in which is situated the town of Luray, the county seat of Page County, and which was usually termed during the war the Luray Valley. The principal river is the Shenandoah, of which there are two branches, that of the south being the larger, and flowing down the eastern base of the Blue Ridge from Augusta County through the Luray Valley. The other branch, or North river, has its source in Brock's Gap, a notch in the North mountains, in Rockingham County, and flowing across the valley, striking the base of the Massanutten near Mount Jackson, and thence coursing its way around its northern extremity, and, turning at its foot, unites with the South river near Front Royal, thence rolling along at the foot of the Blue Ridge the Shenandoah empties into the Potomac at Harper's Ferry.

Other streams in the Shenandoah Valley are known as the Opequon, Cedar, Stoney, Mill and Smith's Creeks, these, with numerous other streams, brooks and springs, makes this section one of the most fertile and well watered spots in Virginia. The climate is most delightful. Cereals of every kind are produced in the greatest abundance. Fruits of each variety, suited to the zone, here attain perfection. It has always been termed the granary of Virginia.

At the outbreak of the war it presented one of the most beautiful pictures of peaceful prosperity to be found in the civilized world. The fruitful fields were cultivated by hands of thrift and industry. The farmhouses all displayed evidences of comfort and plenty. The great barns were filled to overflowing with the products of the soil; immense herds of farm stock grazed upon the hillsides and drank from the crystal streams; the hum of busy mills, the energy and bustle of the villages and larger towns, made up a scene not then found in any other section south of Mason and Dixon's line, and an individual viewing those scenes in 1860 could not have comprehended how quickly the whole was to change, and that those hillsides were soon to echo the thunders of battle, while the verdant fields were to be crimsoned with blood, and trampled by the hoofs of the war steeds.

POINTS OF HISTORIC INTEREST.

The principal points made historic by the battles of the civil war are Martinsburg, Shepherdstown, Charlestown, Winchester, Strasburg, Woodstock, Edinburg, New Market, Mt. Jackson, Harrisonburg, Port Republic, Staunton, Waynesborough, Lexington, and Harper's Ferry. The distance from Staunton to the Potomac is one hundred and twenty miles, and it was within this narrow area that occurred those wonderful campaigns which made the Shenandoah Valley as famous in its historic associations as it was beautiful in its magnificent scenery.

At the breaking out of the war, attention both North and South was directed to this valley, as it was then generally supposed that Harper's Ferry, a small, rugged village perched upon a point of land between the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers, near the mouth of the latter, was a place of great strategic value. This place had been the theater of the famous John Brown raid, and had thus been made familiar to the whole country.

The war began in the valley during April, 1861, by the Confederates advancing to seize Harper's Ferry. The small force of United States regulars then occupying the Government buildings in the town, evacuated them, upon the advance of the Confederates, and retreated across the Potomac river. The Confederates retained possession until the following June, when General Johnston, then in command, being convinced that as a position it possessed no importance, destroyed the arsenal and the bridge across the Potomac river, and retreated up the valley. Undoubtedly the prime cause of this withdrawal from Harper's Ferry was the fact that General Patterson was advancing with a strong Federal force through Maryland toward Virginia and the Confederates expected that Patterson would undertake to form a junction somewhere in the valley with the troops under General McClellan; then moving from West Virginia toward Winchester.

General Johnston retreated to Winchester, and as General Patterson continued his advance the Confederate commander

dispatched a small force under General Jackson, who was then comparatively unknown but who afterward became the famous "Stonewall Jackson," to dispute Patterson's advance across the Potomac. General Jackson with his brigade and Stuart's cavalry moved to Martinsburg, although Patterson succeeded in crossing the Potomac at Williamsport while Jackson retired, yet maintaining a running fight until he reached Falling waters, which is on the main road to Martinsburg. Here, for a brief period, Jackson made a stand, but was forced to fall back before the superior force of his opponent, and rejoined Johnston at Winchester, while Patterson fell back toward the Potomac.

PATTERSON OUTGENERALED.

The mission of Patterson was to threaten General Johnston and prevent him from sending reinforcements to Beauregard, who was confronting the command of McDowell upon the plains of Manassas, but thus early in the war was the superiority of the Confederate generalship manifested, for General Johnston completely deceived General Patterson as to his plans, and succeeded in slipping away without his knowledge, and, by forced marches, reached Manassas in time to reinforce the sorely pressed troops of Beauregard, and winning the victory of Bull Run, the thunders of which battle died away before the sleepy Patterson dreamed his wily antagonist had outgeneraled him.

Aside from a few raids of minor importance, this covered all the military movements made in the valley during the summer and autumn of 1861, but these events were only the beginning of greater that were soon to follow, for, in the month of September, General Jackson had been commissioned a Major-General, and, in October, was placed in command of the Confederate forces at Winchester. At the same time Colonel Turner Ashby, at the head of twelve hundred troopers, was guarding the approaches to the valley, by picketing the Potomac river from Harper's Ferry to Romney.

In the month of December following, the Federals, in strong

force, occupied Bath, on the south side of the Potomac, while General Banks, with his main army, was at a point near at hand, on the north side of that river.

The Confederate General Loring, with quite a large body of troops, after a long and weary march, joined General Jackson in December. On the first of January, 1862, Jackson found himself at the head of an army of nine thousand men, and, on New Year's day, with a large portion of his troops, he marched from Winchester. The object of this move was to surprise the Federals at Bath, which is also known as Berkeley Springs.

JACKSON'S WEARY MARCH.

It was a long, weary march that the impetuous Confederate general undertook that winter day. Over fifty miles of the route was over one of the roughest countries in the world, and he was obliged to march along unfrequented roads, traced upon the steep mountainsides, passing through narrow defiles, where the way was blocked by huge masses of rock, made slippery and dangerous by ice. Fierce storms were raging; sleet and snow impeded the advance of his troops; while bitter winds swept with remorseless vigor through the mountain defiles.

The men had no tents and were thinly clad, while many died from exposure and accident. Horses by the score slipped over the precipices and were either killed or disabled. Thus the little army toiled on. The men's shoes were worn out, their clothes were in rags; nor were they allowed to kindle fires, lest their presence might be revealed to the Federals. The indomitable Jackson led the van, and his men bravely followed him. Upon arriving at Bath, he found that the Federals had retreated from that place, and by fording the Potomac, had reached a place of security upon its northern bank.

General Shields, with a Federal force of several thousand men, was then at Romney, and he, believing that Jackson was about to cross the Potomac near Bath, hastily crossed it with a large portion of his troops, at a point forty miles above that place, to dispute Jackson's passage.

As soon as Jackson learned of that movement he rapidly marched to Romney, where Shields had left a portion of his troops and an immense quantity of stores. The former were captured, and the latter, to the extent of half a million of dollars in value, were either carried away or destroyed. Leaving a small force at Romney, Jackson fell back to Winchester with his captured stores. His loss had been very heavy, as many men had perished from exposure.

GENERAL BANKS IN COMMAND OF THE SHENANDOAH.

During the remainder of the winter there was no more fighting in the Shenandoah Valley, nor did the spring campaign open till March, when General Banks, with an army of sixteen thousand men, was put in command of the Shenandoah, by the national government, and established his headquarters at Strasburg. General Shields, commanding a portion of this army, was at Winchester. Meanwhile Jackson, at the head of the Confederates, was further up the valley, waiting for an opportunity to strike the Federals. General Shields made a feint of retreating from Winchester, which movement deceived Jackson, and he resolved to attack the Federal rear.

BATTLE OF KERNSTOWN.

On the twenty-third of March an engagement took place at Kernstown, where Shields had secured a strong position. Jackson supposing that this was nothing but the rear guard of the Federals, made the attack with much vigor. The opposing forces were about equal in number, and the battle raged with great fury until dark. The Confederate left flank under General Garnett, was turned and flung back upon the center, and when the shades of night covered the scene, Jackson was obliged to retreat. He fell back as far as Cedar Creek, General Shields pursuing him as far as Harrisonburg. Each side lost about five hundred men or one-fifth of all engaged.

Soon after this, General Shields and his men were transferred from the command of General Banks to that of McDowell, on the Rappahannock.

By the last of April, General Jackson had been reinforced by Ewell's division from Gordonsville, and two divisions commanded by General Johnson from West Virginia, giving him command of an army of some fifteen thousand men.

At this time Banks was at Harrisonburg with five thousand men; Fremont was at Franklin across the mountains; and Milroy, with one brigade, had crossed the mountains from Fremont as if to join Banks at Harrisonburg. Jackson now conceived the brilliant plan of attacking these commands in detail, and thus crushing them in succession. With remarkable vigor he began to execute the plan. Ewell was sent to hold Banks in his position while Jackson moved to Staunton; from thence he sent Johnson with five brigades to attack Milroy.

BATTLE OF McDOWELL.

The latter rapidly retreated to a point called McDowell, in the meantime, where he was reinforced by General Schenck, with a brigade of troops from Fremont's command. Jackson gave battle, and, after a brief engagement, Milroy retreated to Franklin and joined the army of Fremont.

On May fourteen Jackson turned from the pursuit of Milroy to crush Banks. The latter, seeing his danger, retreated rapidly to Strasburg, hotly pursued by Ewell. Jackson, by a rapid movement, united his command with Ewell at New Market, and, instead of marching directly upon Strasburg, he marched in an easterly direction, by the way of the Luray Valley, to Front Royal to cut off Bank's retreat from Strasburg.

On the twenty-seventh, the intrepid Confederate leader reached Front Royal and captured the garrison of nearly one thousand men under Colonel Kenley. From thence he dashed on to Middletown hoping to get in the rear of Banks, but to say the least, the latter was a hard man to outrun, when on

the retreat, and had already taken to his heels. When Jackson reached Middletown he only struck the rear guard of the Federal command.

BATTLE OF WINCHESTER.

On the twenty-fourth, Banks halted on the Heights of Winchester with his command and gave battle. With his superior force, Jackson pressed on, and, after a sharp conflict, sent the Federals flying from Winchester in the wildest disorder. Banks retreated to the north bank of the Potomac, having marched fifty-three miles in forty-eight hours. Jackson advanced nearly to Harper's Ferry and then retired up the valley. His spoils were immense; a large number of prisoners and military stores of every description, aggregating in value to the extent of a million of dollars.

The news of these movements sent terror and dismay to the war councils at Washington; orders for General McDowell to join McClellan, on the peninsula, were immediately countermanded, and he was instructed to throw twenty thousand men, by way of the Manassas Gap railroad, into the valley. He knew that, moving along a much longer route than that which the Confederates would have to pass over in retiring up the valley, it would be impossible for him to intercept them, but his expostulations were overruled, and, instead of reinforcing the overpressed army of McClellan on the peninsula, his troops were sent upon this wild-goose chase to the valley.

The men sent forward by McDowell moved with all possible speed, and General Fremont also moved over from Western Virginia to join the advancing column of McDowell, that a junction might be formed, if possible, in season to cut off Jackson's retreat. In this the Federals were successful on the thirty-first of May, but too late to be of any importance, as Jackson had already passed that point and proceeded up the valley. The Federals vigorously pressed the pursuit. General Fremont marched directly up the valley, while the division of Shields was sent up the Luray Valley to head off the Confed-



erate leader, if possible, should he undertake to pass through the Blue Ridge.

Jackson reached Harrisonburg on the fifth of June, and Fremont arrived at the same point on the next day. From thence Jackson passed on to Port Republic, where there was a bridge upon which he could cross the Shenandoah river.

DEATH OF COLONEL ASHBY.

During this movement, in one of the many skirmishes that occurred, Colonel Turner Ashby was killed. He was one of the most gallant officers in the Confederate service, and in his death they sustained a great loss. The following is a tribute to his gallantry from General Jackson: "As a partisan officer, I never knew his superior; his daring was proverbial; his power of endurance almost incredible; his tone of character heroic, and his sagacity almost intuitive in divining the purposes and movements of the enemy."

While Jackson was making this movement, Shields was moving up the eastern side of the river to prevent Jackson from crossing, or to form a junction with Fremont, as he should think proper. However, Jackson moved in such a manner that neither of these plans were carried out. He threw forward a division to Port Republic to cover the bridge, while he left Ewell's division five miles from that place to dispute Fremont's further advance.

On the eighth of June Fremont made an attack upon Ewell, and at the same time Shields moved upon the other division of the Confederates, under General Jackson.

After a sharp struggle Fremont was repulsed by Ewell, and Jackson succeeded in holding Shields in check.

BATTLE OF PORT REPUBLIC.

Early the next morning General Jackson concentrated all of his force at Port Republic, crossing the river, burning the bridge to prevent Fremont from following him, and then fell with all his force upon Shields, whose force was driven from

its position with the loss of many prisoners and considerable artillery. These engagements are known by the names of Cross Keys and Port Republic. Thus closed the wonderful valley campaign of Jackson. In a period of less than four weeks he had defeated the armies of Generals Banks, Fremont, and Shields, captured thousands of prisoners, many pieces of artillery, thousands of small arms, and munitions of war to an amount almost incredible in extent. Federal authority in the valley was entirely overthrown. The Government at Washington was thoroughly frightened, and the results of these few weeks amounted to much more than this. McDowell had not been permitted to join McClellan, which fact was one of the prime factors in the disastrous failure of the Peninsula campaign.

The people of the valley rejoiced over the discomfiture of the Federal armies, and for a number of weeks after the events narrated in the preceding pages, quiet again reigned throughout the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah, as no army of any importance remained to disturb it.

Not until the following September was this silence broken by the roar of the guns of Stonewall Jackson and General Miles, when the latter surrendered his army to the former at Harper's Ferry, just before the battle of Antietam. When the Confederates were defeated upon that bloody field, the shattered and war-worn ranks of General Lee passed through this valley, en route for Fredericksburg.

Again for months another quiet season reigned throughout the valley, during which time the beautiful fields recovered from the effects of marching armies and the stains of human blood, but this beautiful transition was soon again to be changed to one of war.

In the fruitful and balmy month of June, 1863, the Second corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, under the command of General Ewell, and which constituted the van of the grand army of invasion, with which Lee was marching to Pennsylvania, broke through the mountain passes of the Blue Ridge, and into the valley like a tornado.

MILROY SURPRISED.

The Federal General Milroy was surprised at Winchester; nearly all of his command was captured, and he, with only a few soldiers, escaped through the Confederate lines, and crossed the Potomac at Harper's Ferry. The Confederates thus captured three thousand prisoners, thirty pieces of artillery, one hundred wagons, and many stores. At the same time seven hundred Federals surrendered to General Rodes at Martinsburg.

Ewell passed on and was immediately followed by the corps of Longstreet, Hill, and the cavalry under Stuart; comprising all of the Army of Northern Virginia and its baggage train.

After the great battle in Pennsylvania had been decided in favor of the Federals, the shattered remains of General Lee's command once more sought refuge in the valley of the Shenandoah, and received sympathy and support from its inhabitants who were loyal to the Confederate cause.

Passing over the intervening months which elapsed, we find during the spring of eighteen hundred and sixty-four, that the valley of the Shenandoah was included in the department of West Virginia, and was under the command of General Sigel, as also another portion of his command was in the Kanawha Valley under General Crook, while Sigel's headquarters were in the lower valley, near the Potomac river.

When General Grant crossed the Rapidan with the Army of the Potomac in May, eighteen hundred and sixty-four, he ordered General Sigel to send General Crook up the Kanawha Valley for the purpose of destroying the Virginia and Tennessee railroad at Newbridge, while Sigel was to move up the Shenandoah Valley to Staunton. Crook's expedition met with some reverses, but succeeded in destroying the railroad at New River and inflicted considerable loss upon the Confederates. On the ninth of May, Sigel, with Sullivan's division of infantry and Stahel's cavalry, moved up the valley pike to Cedar Creek, and on the eleventh he pushed through Stras-

burg to Woodstock. On the fourteenth he moved to Mt. Jackson.

In the meantime General Breckenridge was mustering an army of five thousand men to oppose him. The two commands met near New Market on the fifteenth of May.

BATTLE OF NEW MARKET.

Sigel formed his line of battle and Breckenridge moved to the attack, with the veteran brigades of Echols and Wharton in the advance. The conflict was brief, and the Federals were flanked and pushed back. They gallantly rallied, but were soon driven from the field. It was a complete victory for the Confederates. The forces were about equal in numbers. Sigel fell back to Fisher's Hill.

SIGEL REMOVED.

General Grant immediately asked for the removal of General Sigel, and General Hunter was appointed to the place thus made vacant.

On the twenty-sixth of May, General Hunter broke camp at Cedar Creek and moved up the pike to Woodstock. He had with him the troops of Sigel's former command, making in all a force of eight thousand, five hundred men, with twenty-one pieces of artillery. From Woodstock he moved to New Market and from thence to Harrisonburg, where, on the second of June, he encountered General Imboden at Mt. Crawford. The position of the Confederate commander being of great strength, the Federal General moved southeastward to Port Republic, at which place he crossed the south fork of the Shenandoah river.

On the fifth he advanced toward Staunton, and soon met a Confederate force, under command of General Jones, occupying a position at Piedmont. The Federal cavalry, under Stahel, drove in the Confederate pickets. This was followed for two hours by a heavy artillery fire, when the Federal infantry advanced upon the Confederate position. The entire line was carried in this assault; one thousand men, including

sixty officers, were captured, and General Jones, the Confederate commander, was killed. On the following day the Federals captured five hundred sick and wounded men, three guns and many small arms.

General Hunter now established himself at Staunton, where, on the eighth of June, he was reinforced by some infantry under Crook, and four thousand, four hundred cavalry, under Averill, thus making his command over eighteen thousand men with which he was to move upon Lynchburg. Around this city the Federals destroyed a large amount of property, also a great factory on the Virginia Central railroad.

On the morning of the tenth the Federal army moved in the immediate direction of Lynchburg along four parallel roads through a very fertile country extending from Staunton to Lexington. The Confederate cavalry, under General McCausland, fell back before the Federal advance, and, in its retreat, burned the bridge over the North river at Lexington, and then took up a position at Shepherdstown, posting a few pieces of artillery among the houses of the town. General Hunter immediately ordered his cavalry under Averill, and White's brigade of Crook's infantry to flank the Confederate position.

BURNING OF LEXINGTON MILITARY INSTITUTE.

The Confederates, on the consummation of this order, at once retired, and the Federals occupied the town. There were several buildings of historic fame in this town, among them the Virginia Military Institute, made doubly so by the brilliant career of Stonewall Jackson, who was one of the professors in this school at the breaking out of the war. This building, the home of Governor John Letcher, and several iron mills were destroyed. A statue of General Washington was taken from Washington Hall and carried away in wagons to Wheeling; and many other acts of a similar character were performed by the Federals which were not justified by the rules and customs of civilized warfare.

Many stores, a few guns, and several hundred prisoners

were captured in Lexington. General Hunter tarried for several days and then continued his march upon Lynchburg. It has never been settled whether this was a necessary delay or not, but be that as it may, the delay proved the salvation of the latter place, as General Lee was enabled to inaugurate a movement for its successful defence. On the fourteenth Hunter moved his troops from Lexington to Buchanan; on the following day the Blue Ridge was crossed at the Peaks of Otter. On the sixteenth he passed Liberty, and on the seventeenth reached Quaker church, only five miles from Lynchburg.

In the meantime, the two great commanders, Grant and Lee, at the head of their respective commands, near the Chickahominy, were intently watching the events just narrated, and for very different purposes. Lee saw that a blow was being aimed at one of the most vital points in the whole Confederacy; for Lynchburg was second only to Richmond in its importance to the South as a great railroad center. Grant, also well knowing that the possession of Lynchburg was of vital importance to his foe, was determined to seize it, and thus deal a fatal blow at the Confederate capital. Each commander detached a part of his force, under a trusty lieutenant, to carry out, if possible, their designs.

When Sigel was defeated at New Market, General Lee at once ordered Breckenridge to join him with the troops under his command, the brigades of Echols and Wharton thus joining him in season to fight at the North Anna, but when Hunter so quickly began his advance movement, Lee saw his error and immediately detached these troops and ordered them to march to Lynchburg for its defence. By a rapid movement, Breckenridge reached Lynchburg before Hunter came up, and took a position behind its intrenchments. Generals D. H. Hill and Hayes, together with a large number of other Confederate wounded, were at this time in Lynchburg. Many of these aided in the defence of the city.

General Lee also ordered his Second corps, under General Early, to withdraw from Cool Arbor, June thirteenth, and to move by way of Louisa and Charlottesville, crossing the Blue

Ridge at either Brown's or Swift-Run Gap, and, if possible, to strike the rear of General Hunter's line. The Federals had destroyed the telegraph lines, so Lee did not know definitely the position Hunter occupied.

General Early was in command of the old Stonewall Jackson corps, famous for its rapid marches, and with these veteran troops he crossed the Chickahominy and on the fifteenth he reached Trevilian's Station, from whence, four days later, he arrived at Charlottesville, having in that time marched over eighty miles.

On the seventeenth of June, while the troops of General Hunter were attacking the advance lines of the Confederates around Lynchburg, General Early's command arrived and immediately took positions in the lines of earthworks.

All through that night Hunter knew that the Confederates had been reinforced, by the sounds from their lines, but was still confident that he could capture the place.

BATTLE OF LYNCHBURG.

On the morning of the eighteenth the Federal general advanced to within two miles of the town, reaching a point known as the toll gate, upon the Bedford pike, after very hard skirmishing. During the afternoon he made a heavy attack upon the Confederate lines, and after a gallant fight, during which the One Hundred and Sixteenth Ohio regiment planted its colors upon the Confederate works, was repulsed. General Hunter now knew that it was not possible for him to capture the town and during the night he quietly withdrew to Liberty, and on the following day retreated to Bedford's Gap.

When Early discovered that his enemy was retreating he put all of his troops in motion in hot pursuit. General Breckenridge being sick his command was given to General Elzey, and the cavalry command was given to General Ransom. By rapid marching Early's advance came up with Hunter's rear on the afternoon of the nineteenth and drove it rapidly through Liberty. At this moment the Federal general found himself in a very embarrassing position; he was two hundred miles

from his base, with a superior force following him, and with but few rations.

In this emergency he resolved not to retreat by the way of the Shenandoah Valley, but that of the Kanawha. He retreated rapidly while General Early pursued him with much vigor. The Federals suffered greatly from lack of food and water during this memorable retreat, until, on the twenty-seventh of June they reached Gauley bridge in the Kanawha Valley, where they found ample supplies. General Early did not enter the valley in pursuit but fell back to Lynchburg.

BATTLE OF TREVILIAN'S STATION.

General Grant had detached General Sheridan, with a heavy cavalry force, to co-operate with Hunter in the movement upon Lynchburg. The latter moved promptly, crossing the Pamunky on the seventh of June, and four days later he reached the Virginia Central railroad at Trevilian's Station. At this point he became desperately engaged with the cavalry command of Fitz Lee and Hampton's old division. He encountered columns in almost every direction, but finally succeeded in extricating himself and in joining the Army of the Potomac at White House.

Thus ended the two campaigns of Sigel and Hunter in the valley. The victories of the latter had been more disastrous to the Union arms than the defeats of the former, for when he retreated to the Kanawha Valley he left that of the Shenandoah entirely without any Federal command, which fact, General Lee, with his accustomed skill, resolved to turn against his antagonist.

EARLY'S INVASION OF MARYLAND.

Instead of recalling General Early to the Army of Northern Virginia, he ordered him to move with all of his troops to Maryland, by the way of the Shenandoah Valley. Early promptly obeyed, and once more the stars and bars waved proudly through this beautiful section of Virginia. This was a bold strike on the part of General Lee, but one which prom-

ised great results. He well knew the temper of the Washington Government, and how much it dreaded the advance of any Confederate force. He therefore reasoned that the presence of General Early in Maryland, threatening Washington and Baltimore, would create such a panic in those places that General Grant would be compelled to withdraw a large portion of his army from before Petersburg to defend the seat of government.

To make this movement General Early had an army of seventeen thousand men, composed as follows: the four infantry divisions of Rodes, Gordon, Echols and Ramseur. Ransom's division of cavalry, including the brigades of Bradley, T. Johnson, Imboden, W. L. Jackson, and McCausland. Long's three battalions of artillery, comprising the batteries of Nelson, King, Braxton, and McLaughlin, making in all forty guns, many of them being twelve-pound Napoleons.

Breckenridge was in command of the divisions of Gordon and Echols, while all the other commands reported directly to the commander-in-chief.

General Early occupied Winchester on July second, and on the fourth of July he was master of the valley. The small force of Federals, under Sigel, crossed the Potomac on the approach of the Confederates, at Shepherdstown, and occupied Maryland Heights. At the same time a small force of Federals, under General Webber at Harper's Ferry, destroyed the railroad bridge of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and likewise fell back to Maryland Heights.

Early could not occupy Harper's Ferry as it was commanded by Sigel's guns on Maryland Heights; he therefore moved Rodes and Ramseur from that vicinity on the night of the fifth, and crossed the Potomac at Shepherdstown.

During this time Breckenridge was pressing Sigel upon the Heights, but Early soon moved off toward Frederick City. Johnson had occupied Boonsboro; McCausland had entered Hagerstown and levied a requisition of twenty thousand dollars upon that place. The Chesapeake and Ohio canal had

been destroyed, and the Baltimore and Ohio railroad had also suffered severely.

The greatest terror reigned through the State of Maryland, over this sudden appearance of a Confederate army. Great alarm was felt in Washington for its safety, and this feeling prevailed the entire North. President Lincoln called upon the States of Pennsylvania, New York and Massachusetts for one hundred days' men to resist the invaders, and General Hunter was ordered from the Kanawha Valley for the same purpose.

The latter moved promptly, but the route over which he had to pass was a long and tedious one, and his advance did not reach Martinsburg until July eleventh.

General Early was in the meantime pressing forward almost unmolested. On the eighth, Breckenridge passed through Fox Gap, and Ramseur through Boonsboro, and both encamped at Middletown. General Rodes marched through Crampton's Gap and camped at Jefferson; Ransom was fighting the Federal cavalry between Middletown and Frederick, while McCausland had been sent toward Monocacy to cut the railroad and telegraph wires. Thus far General Early had everything his own way.

On the sixth of July, General Grant sent Rickett's division of the Sixth corps, together with the dismounted cavalymen of General Sheridan, to assist in the defence of the National capital. General Lew Wallace had also mustered a small force to oppose Early's advance, and with this moved forward to Monacacy junction, near Frederick. On the evening of the seventh, Rickett's division arrived at Baltimore from City Point, and was immediately sent forward to reinforce Wallace, who arranged his forces with great skill at the important position he had seized, and now awaited Early's attack.

The Federals had only six pieces of artillery to oppose the heavy similar arm of the Confederate general. The Federal force consisted of but six thousand men, nearly half of whom had never been under fire.

BATTLE OF MONOCACY.

When Early moved out of Frederick, General Rodes was on his left, marching with his division by way of the Baltimore pike. Ramseur was in the center, upon the Washington road, while Gordon, together with McCausland's cavalry, moved on the right to turn the Federal left. Then followed a sharp fight, in which the Federals were driven back along the Baltimore pike with considerable loss. Early did not press Wallace far in the direction of Baltimore, but withdrew his troops from the Baltimore pike and prepared to move upon Washington itself. Wallace in this engagement had lost nearly two thousand men. The Confederate loss being less than one-half that number. A great advantage had been gained by Wallace, however, as he had delayed the advance of the Confederates, at a time when hours were of precious value to the Federals who were pressing to the defence of the National capital. At the break of day, on the morning of the tenth, the Confederates were moving along the Georgetown pike at the rate of twenty miles per day, and that night camped near Rockville.

While these events were transpiring, Generals Sigel and Stahel, with their small Federal commands, had moved on and occupied the points over which Early had passed from Shepherdstown to Frederick. The defeat of Wallace, and the rapid advance of Early, had created a strong impression all through the north. Terror magnified the small army of General Early to one that was at least fifty thousand strong, and on Sunday, the fifteenth, all the church bells in Baltimore rang out an alarm, to arouse the people to a sense of their danger. Twenty-five hundred of Sheridan's dismounted cavalry reached Baltimore on that day, and were immediately forwarded to Washington. Colonel Root proclaimed martial law in Annapolis.

ARRIVAL OF GENERAL ORD.

General E. O. C. Ord had been sent from City Point to take command at Baltimore, and on the twelfth of July that

officer reported the force around the city to be as follows: Rickett's division of twenty-four hundred and eighty-eight men; three thousand one hundred days' men; two hundred sailors, and five hundred colored soldiers. Governor Bradford called for ten thousand militia.

In the meantime, the Confederates were raiding in every direction; capturing grain, bacon, hogs, cattle, horses, sheep, shoes and clothing, and sending them across the Potomac river to a place of safety. Railroads were cut, bridges burned, trains of cars captured, Governor Bradford's house near Baltimore was burned, and terror reigned in every quarter.

On the eleventh Early pushed on from Rockville toward Washington. It was in the midst of a terrible drought; the day was intensely hot, and the air was filled with dust.

General McCausland was in the advance moving out, north of Georgetown, where he held the Confederate right, while the main column, preceded by Imboden's cavalry, moved along the Seventh street road. These troops marched with all possible speed, but so intense was the heat that many of their veterans who had made such wonderful and rapid marches in the past, fell by the wayside exhausted. About noon the Confederate force was in plain view of the Federal capital, the One Hundred and Fiftieth Ohio and the Twenty-fifth New York falling back before them, and taking a position within the Federal forts.

Rodes was in the advance, having moved by the flank in line of battle, and at one o'clock in the afternoon his skirmishers came under fire of the forts. General Early was at that time at Silver Spring, north of Washington, a little to the west of the Seventh street road, with his cavalry covering both of his flanks and his infantry nearly all massed along this road, between the houses of Blair and Batchelor, the latter being two miles north of the former.

The Federal defences consisted generally of detached forts connected by rifle-pits. Fort Stevens was directly in Early's front, with Fort DeRussey on the west and Slocum on the east. The approaches of these forts were also raked by the

guns of other fortifications that would pour in an enfilading fire. Early's men could distinctly see the dome of the National capitol and were highly elated over the prospect of its capture, but General Early himself was in an embarrassing position. He had learned of Hunter's arrival in the valley and of Sigel being in his rear; he also knew that General Grant had sent a portion of the Army of the Potomac to Washington.

These things he ascertained from prisoners who had been taken from the Sixth corps, near Frederick, several days previously. It was impossible for him to ascertain how many troops were actually within the defences at Washington, but with his field-glass he could distinctly see bodies of men moving from one line to another and he supposed they were troops from the Army of the Potomac. These, however, were of very different material than that supposed by General Early. They were composed of convalescents, home guards, one hundred days' men, marines, sailors, militia, clerks, and citizens, white and black; a motley mass indeed. They were all under the command of General McCook. All of these were but a forlorn hope, if brought into action with the veterans of General Early, but assistance was hastening from other sources.

General H. S. Wright, with two divisions of the Sixth corps, was ordered, on July ninth to march from Petersburg to City Point and embark for Fortress Monroe. At two o'clock in the afternoon of the eleventh the vessels touched the wharves at Washington and landed these, at the same time that eight hundred men of the Nineteenth corps, who had just arrived from New Orleans, were landing. President Lincoln, with an anxious countenance, stood on the wharf at the foot of Sixth street, to welcome the Sixth corps, and it was very difficult to decide which was most pleased at this novel meeting. The troops cheered the President, and he laughed and clapped his hands like a schoolboy when he saw the veterans who had thus timely come to his relief. The men quickly formed their lines, and the Greek cross which had been so often baptized in blood upon fields of carnage, was borne

through the streets of the National capital amidst the cheers of thousands of spectators.

The roar of the guns from Fort Stevens caused the Sixth corps to quicken their pace, and they arrived upon the field of battle none too soon to save the day for the Federals.

Rodes had been obliged to give his exhausted men a few moments' rest, and was just deploying a line of battle to move upon the Federal forts, when Wright's men arrived. No action took place that day. The Sixth corps took a position during the night in advance of Fort Stevens, and intrenched it in true Virginia style.

BATTLE OF FORT STEVENS.

On Tuesday morning, the twelfth, Wheaton's brigade of Getty's division advanced directly in front of Fort Stevens, and instantly the puffs of smoke and whiz of bullets told that the skirmishers were at work. This fire was kept up until the middle of the afternoon. Bidwell's brigade was formed to assault the Confederate position, the Seventy-seventh New York, Seventh Maine, and Forty-ninth New York regiments forming the first line, the Forty-third New York, Sixty-first Pennsylvania, and the One Hundred and Twenty-second New York regiments the second line. The Rives house was the central point of attack. The guns of Fort Stevens having cleared the way, this brigade advanced, and Early's pickets and skirmishers were driven back for a mile.

The Confederates made a most gallant fight, and the loss was heavy on both sides.

It is rarely the case that so many interested spectators witness a battle. On the parapet of Fort Stevens stood the tall form of President Lincoln beside General Wright. His careworn face flashed with a joyous relief when he saw the Confederates retire before the Federal advance. During this time, from an eminence within the Confederate lines, stood an anxiously interested group of spectators, among whom was the manly form and fine features of General John C. Breckenridge, who for four years had been Vice President of the United States.

Men were wounded all around President Lincoln, but he was so anxious and interested that for a long time he refused to retire from his exposed position. The Federals lost many valuable officers in this battle, among them Colonel Visscher, Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson and Major Jones. During the night Early fell back through Rockville, burning the residence of Honorable Montgomery Blair as he retreated, and halted near Darnestown. Washington was now once more considered free from danger.

GENERAL WRIGHT IN COMMAND OF FEDERALS.

At this stage of this memorable campaign the Federal general, H. G. Wright, was appointed to the supreme command of the troops moving against General Early, and was ordered by General Grant to pursue the Confederates to the last degree. General Early withdrew from Rockville on the early morning of July twelfth, and General Wright immediately, with two divisions of the Sixth corps, began to pursue him, having also directed one division of the Nineteenth corps to follow on after him. On the morning of the fourteenth, General Early had crossed the Potomac, at White's Ford, and was encamped at Leesburg, having successfully brought off his army and the many supplies captured north of the Potomac river. On this same day General Wright reached Poolesville, twenty-six miles from Fort Stevens. Only the advance guard of the Federal troops had come in contact with the rear pickets of the Confederates, and nothing but an artillery fire across the river at Poolesville had been the result.

On the morning of the sixteenth Wright's forces forded the Potomac and marched to Leesburg, while General Early marched through Hamilton and Purcellsville to Snicker's and Ashby's Gaps. Meanwhile a Federal brigade of cavalry, under General Crook, marched toward Waterford to strike the Confederate cavalry.

During the ensuing evening the forces reached Purcellsville, midway between Leesburg and Snicker's Gap. Near this locality a Federal cavalry force, commanded by General

Tibbetts, struck a Confederate wagon train, and captured one hundred mules, eighty wagons, and a few prisoners, with a loss of but twenty men to the assaulting party.

On the afternoon of the eighteenth, Early's forces were around Berryville, while the fords of the Shenandoah were being guarded by General Breckenridge. At two o'clock the Federals under Thoburn were directed to cross and dislodge the Confederates, and for this purpose were ordered to move to Island Ford, one mile below Snicker's Ford. In this the Federals were successful, and the pickets were made prisoners. From these it was now learned that the divisions of Rodes and Gordon were only a mile or two away, and Thoburn sent this information back to General Crook. Instructions were therefore given Thoburn to await the arrival of a division of the Sixth corps which would be sent to his support. Meantime the Confederates under Breckenridge and Rodes advanced upon the position which the Federals maintained, and after a severe fight drove them back across the ford, with a loss of four hundred and twenty-two men.

Several minor engagements in various sections had taken place by detached bodies of the two armies up to this time, but as yet nothing definite had been accomplished in the way of destroying General Early's army. The cry of "Bag him," had only been executed in words, nor was there a sufficient force at hand to capture the veterans of this bold leader. The fragmentary character of the forces opposed to him could not be molded into a weapon sufficient for the task, and therefore it would require other means to accomplish this much desired event.

On the morning of July twenty-third, General Grant ordered the Sixth corps to return to him and the Nineteenth to remain at Washington. When General Early learned of what disposition had been made of the Sixth corps his troops were encamped at Strasburg. Upon also learning that the forces then occupying Kernstown were only those of Crook and Averill, he resolved to attack them immediately.

SECOND BATTLE OF KERNSTOWN.

On the morning of the twenty-fourth, Early's whole army advanced against Kernstown on the valley pike, Ramseur's division being sent to turn Crook's right. The cavalry was divided into two columns, one column going to the east and the other to the west, to cut off Crook's retreat. Crook formed his line with the divisions of Sullivan, Duval and Mulligan in the center, with the cavalry of Duffie and Averill on his right and left flank. After having driven the Union skirmishers, General Early attacked the Federal left with the division of General Echols with great violence, and doubled it up, and threw it into great confusion. Now Rodes, Gordon, and Ramseur pressed Crook's center and right so vigorously that the whole line of Federals broke in utter defeat. The road was soon filled with flying trains, and the fields with similar troops.

At dusk the fugitive troops reached Bunker Hill, and crossing Mill Creek went into camp on the further bank. The Federals lost in this battle twelve hundred men, the Second division alone losing five hundred and thirteen. General R. B. Hayes' brigade also lost three hundred and ninety-six men.

DEATH OF GENERAL MULLIGAN.

Of the three hundred and seventeen men lost from the Third division, the chief was that of General Mulligan, who was known for his defence of Lexington in eighteen hundred and sixty-one. Every field officer of this division was lost. The Confederate loss was very light.

On the morning of the twenty-sixth General Crook, leaving his sick and wounded in the hospitals at Martinsburg, recrossed the Potomac at Williamsport and camped on that river.

Finding himself once more in unmolested possession of the valley, General Early proceeded to tap the Baltimore and Ohio railroad at Martinsburg, which had been repaired since the beginning of the month. At the same time he burned the bridges at Back Creek, but these exploits did not satisfy

him. He now sent the cavalry commands of McCausland and Johnson to burn several northern towns unless they would pay tribute money.

On the twenty-ninth of July McCausland crossed the Potomac near Clear Spring, west of Williamsport, with two brigades and four guns; while Imboden and Jackson operated against Harper's Ferry. The people along the route McCausland marched became panic stricken and fled in every direction. General McCausland marched toward Chambersburg, going directly to Mercersburg without any interruption of moment. At this place a train which had been left there when the small Federal force retired, was captured and burned.

BURNING OF CHAMBERSBURG.

On the morning of the thirtieth McCausland rode into Chambersburg at the head of four hundred men. In the absence of the chief burgess he arrested about fifty of the leading citizens of the place, and to them disclosed his purpose. He demanded five hundred thousand dollars in currency, or one hundred thousand dollars in gold. These were his orders from General Early, and if this demand was not complied with he would burn the town. Upon being told that there was no gold to be had and that there was not more than fifty thousand dollars in currency on hand, General McCausland ordered the town to be burned, as he could not parley, knowing that General Averill was marching hastily to its succor.

No better account of the burning of this town can be procured than that of the officer whose duty it was to apply the torch, and the following extract is from his description. "Deeply regretting that such a task should fall upon me, I had only to obey. I felt more like weeping over Chambersburg, although the people covered me with reproaches, which all who knew me will readily believe I felt hard to digest; yet my pity was highly excited in behalf of those poor unfortunates, who were made to suffer for acts perpetrated by officers of their own Government. The day was bright and intensely hot. The conflagration seemed to spring from one vast building.

"Dense clouds of smoke rose to the zenith and hovered over the dark plain. At night it would have been a grand but terrible object to behold. How piteous the sight of those beautiful green meadows,—groups of women and children exposed to the rays of a burning sun, hovering over the few articles they had saved, most of them wringing their hands, and with wild gesticulations bemoaning their ruined homes."

Leaving Chambersburg in flames, McCausland hastily marched westward to McConnellsburg, where he camped. General Averill coming up soon after McCausland had left, dashed through Chambersburg in pursuit of him before he could repeat the act at some other point, and successfully prevented him from so doing.

Having been attacked at Hancock by the Federal cavalry, General McCausland withdrew westwardly along the National road to Cumberland, and upon reaching this point on August first, he came in contact with the Federal forces under Kelley who had been ordered by General Halleck to block the roads and destroy the bridges to retard the enemy's advance.

The Confederates now found themselves in an embarrassing situation; Kelley was in their front and Averill in close proximity to their rear.

During the afternoon McCausland attacked Kelley and continued to skirmish until darkness set in, when he retreated, after having lost thirty of his men whom he left upon the field. Arriving at Oldtown on the morning of the second, the Confederates, after some little delay, caused by a feeble resistance, crossed the river, and by the middle of the afternoon moved to Springfield, nine miles distant, and, having burned the wire bridge behind them, proceeded to Romney, on the south branch, where they arrived the next day.

BATTLE OF NEW CREEK.

Upon August fourth an attempt was made to seize the railroad post at New Creek, but after a sharp fight of several hours the Confederates were repulsed with a loss of about seventy-five men, the Federals being afflicted with about an

equal number. McCausland now withdrew to Moorefield, where the South Fork joins the south branch of the Potomac.

BATTLE OF MOOREFIELD.

Upon the early morning of August the seventh, the Confederates were again attacked by a heavy body of Federals, under General Averill, and after a severe fight of several hours were badly defeated, and driven from the field. In this engagement the Federals captured all of the artillery which the Confederates had, many horses, and over four hundred prisoners, including thirty-eight officers. The loss of the Federals was not so great. The Confederate forces now retired to the Shenandoah Valley. Among the killed had been the Federal Major Conger and Captain Clarke. About this time the Confederate Colonel Mosby dashed across the Potomac at Cheek's Ford. The people of Pittsburg became much alarmed, and after having held large mass meetings in that city they began to organize for its defence, while the Governor of the State called for thirty thousand militia.

SHERIDAN IN COMMAND OF FEDERALS.

On the day before the battle of Moorefield General Sheridan had been put in command of all the forces in the valley who were opposing General Early. He appointed General Torbert to the chief command of the Federal cavalry, and Merritt took command of Torbert's division. Sheridan now began to concentrate all of his available force to strike the Confederates, who, after much marching in and from various directions, had taken up a position at Fisher's Hill, where they were halted to await the reinforcements being sent them by General Lee. These, which there arrived, were the troops of McCausland, of Chambersburg notoriety, Kershaw's division of infantry, Fitz Lee's cavalry division, and Cutshaw's battalion of artillery, all under the command of General Anderson.

These troops were a part of the Army of Northern Virginia, and were opposed by the following Federal commands

who were subsequently known as the Army of the Shenandoah, as officially designated by General Sheridan: three divisions of the Sixth corps not sent back to Petersburg, two divisions of the Nineteenth, two divisions of Crook's army of West Virginia, Torbert's division of the Army of the Potomac cavalry, and Lowell's brigade of cavalry.

After much maneuvering upon the part of both armies, each attempting to ascertain with some degree of certainty the strength of the other; and having more than once encountered each other in comparatively trivial engagements, the Army of the Shenandoah fell back to Harper's Ferry, while the Confederates threatened another invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania. For this purpose on the twenty-fifth of August, General Early sent the main part of Fitz Lee's cavalry to Williamsport, while he moved in person to Shepherdstown, accompanied by the commands of Rodés, Ramseur, Gordon and Wharton, Cutshaw remaining with General Anderson to watch the Federal army about Halltown.

Between Leetown and Kearneysville, the Confederates, under General Early, came upon the divisions of Merrill and Wilson, under Torbert, and badly defeated them. Custer's brigade was cut off, but escaped by way of Shepherdstown. There was a considerable loss on both sides during this engagement, among the killed being Colonel Monaghan of the Sixth Louisiana, in command of a brigade.

General Grant had instructed General Sheridan to use every effort to so despoil the sections through which he passed, as not to make it possible for the Confederates to subsist, and this he had done with an uncompromising hand.

Four weeks had now elapsed since Lee sent Anderson to the relief of Early and he now required the return of this force. The campaign about Petersburg justified this demand as the Confederates had been brought to a desperate need of troops. The Federal right had been extended to Deep Bottom, north of the James, and the Confederate line had necessarily to be extended to cover the Federal front and protect Richmond.

Once more after numerous marches and countermarches the two armies found themselves facing each other near Winchester. On the eighteenth of September the Confederates occupied a position about the city of Winchester in the following order: Ramseur, with Nelson's artillery, was a mile east of Winchester, across the Berryville pike; Rodes, Gordon, Wharton, with Baxter's and King's batteries, at Stephenson; one division of cavalry picketing the Opequon, while the other was upon the Millwood and Front Royal roads to the Shenandoah.

On the morning of September the nineteenth, about three o'clock, Sheridan's army was put in motion. Wilson's cavalry moved through Berryville Gorge and carried the earthworks at its mouth, and captured some of the garrison. The Sixth corps crossed the country to the Berryville pike about two miles from the Opequon. The position now taken up was two miles from Winchester, but the Confederates were more than a mile distant in front of the city. The Sixth corps went into line under a galling fire, to which the Federal batteries quickly replied. The Federal artillery was under the command of Colonel Thompkins. Rickett's division was on the right of the turnpike, Getty's on the left, and that of Russell was kept in reserve. It was the design of General Sheridan to place the troops in two lines, although the Second division occupied but one line. General Wilson took position on the left of the Sixth corps.

During the early hours of the morning Ramseur's division of infantry had been the only Confederate force confronting Sheridan. This was supported by Nelson's battery alone. The Confederate General Lomax in the meantime, with two brigades of cavalry, watched the line along Abraham's Creek, and the Front Royal road, on Ramseur's right, while the space between the left and the Red Bud was guarded by a detachment of Johnson's troops. But while the Federals were getting into position in front of Ramseur, Gordon and Rodes were hurrying from Stephenson's, the latter taking position next to Ramseur, while the former was placed in the

timber to the left of Rodes, near the Red Bud Run. This disposition of the Confederate forces unexpectedly caused General Sheridan to have to fight the whole of Early's army.

BATTLE OF THE OPEQUON.

At about noon the Federal line moved to the attack, and no sooner had the infantry gone forward than the battle opened in earnest, and continued to be most deadly during the whole day. No artillery was at that time used by the Federals. On the left, south of Abraham's Creek, Wilson moved along Senseny road, which runs parallel with the Berryville Pike, holding Lomax in check, and soon driving him back. The Sixth corps engaged, and drove back Ramseur and Rodes, while the Ninth attacked Gordon. Grover with his brigades now assailed the Confederate left with great effect, and only the skill and bravery of the Confederate artillerymen, who were working the guns of Braxton battery, saved the line from utter defeat at that hour. This part of the Confederate line was being held by Evans' brigade of Gordon's division.

Just at this critical moment Battle's brigade of Rodes' division, which had formed in the rear of Evans, charged through the woods on the Federal line. They struck the right of the Sixth and the left of the Nineteenth corps, and being supported on either flank by the remainder of Rodes' and all of Gordon's men, they drove back Rickett's division of the Sixth corps, and Grover's of the Nineteenth, while the remainder of the Federal line felt the effect of this onset to such an extent that it fell back somewhat over the ground from which it had advanced.

DEATH OF GENERAL RODES.

During this attack the Confederate General Rodes was mortally wounded while gallantly leading his troops; and this loss was greatly felt by the general in command.

Now Russell's division of the Sixth corps was ordered to move up into the front line which needed reinforcements.

This brought it into the space from which a part of the Federals had been driven. It struck the Confederate line which was sorely pressing the Federal right, and aided by the Fifth Maine battery, it at once turned the tide of battle. The Confederates were forced to retreat, the Federal troops who had been demoralized were again formed, and the line was once more established, the division taking position on the right of the corps.

DEATH OF GENERAL RUSSELL.

During this time the Federal General Russell was killed, which cast a shade of gloom over the whole army.

The broken portion of Rickett's line was again reformed behind the First division, and once more moved to the attack, while the division of General Dwight, having taken position on the right of General Dover's line, promptly rallied and brought up. It was now past midday, and during the temporary lull which followed the first advance of the Confederates, Sheridan prepared to culminate an effort with his entire strength.

The Army of West Virginia was moved up, while Crook was ordered to move the main body of his cavalry rapidly to the front, on the pike. Thoburn was ordered to move to the front with the First and Third brigades, also Duval with the Second division. Thoburn was commanded to form his men in two lines, the First under Wells, and the Second under Harris, on the right of the pike, and to move forward to Emory's right, and to occupy the swampy hollow drained by the Red Bud Run. Duval held the north side of this run, in support of Crook's right. Sheridan now came up and ordered Thoburn to charge through the woods in his front. This was so successfully done, that with the aid of the troops under Duval, Gordon's division holding that part of the line was broken.

In the meanwhile Torbert, with Merritt's cavalry division, had crossed the Opequon, and dispersed the Confederate pickets, yet soon found himself checked by Wharton's infantry

division, and King's battery of artillery, which were at Stephens', and had advanced to oppose him. Averill drove the Confederates in his front, who were Imboden's cavalry, up the pike from Darksville to Stephens', thus coming into the rear of the infantry, which were facing General Merritt. These quickly abandoned their position. Here Wharton's troops, under General Breckenridge, had a narrow escape from capture, and only arrived at Winchester at two o'clock. Torbert also drove both Fitz Lee and Patton, their cavalry retreating in much confusion.

The entire Confederate line now began to waver; Ramseur and Rodes had been driven by the Sixth and Nineteenth corps steadily back toward Winchester, and the Union troops were soon within a mile of that place. The Confederates had checked their retreat, however, and took up a position behind a line of earthworks, which had been thrown up early in the war. From behind this both infantry and batteries of artillery commanded the Federal advance. There were also batteries, well supported, planted near the toll-gate and the cemetery.

General Wickham took position on Fort Hill, confronting Averill, the remainder of the Confederate force occupying the positions above named, under the command of Generals Fitz Lee, Wharton, Gordon, Ramseur and Lomax. A simultaneous attack of the Federals, however, caused this line to waver, and as daylight subsided the entire Confederate line broke in confusion and began to retreat through Winchester, badly demoralized.

Night found the Federals in full possession of the field, and before the dawn they occupied Winchester. The hotel at this place had been converted into a hospital, and was found to be filled with dead and dying Confederate soldiers. The forces of General Early fell back toward Strasburg, with General Ramseur covering the retreat, the jaded Federals only following as far as Kernstown.

The enthusiasm of the Federal troops knew no bounds, and the following dispatch of General Sheridan spoke plainly the

result of the day's work: "We have just sent them whirling through Winchester, and we are after them to-morrow. This army behaved splendidly." In response to this dispatch, after having ordered both of his Richmond armies to fire a salute of one hundred guns, General Grant thus replied: "If practicable, push your success, and make all you can of it."

SHERIDAN PROMOTED.

President Lincoln, at the urgent request of General Grant, promoted General Sheridan to the position of Brigadier-General in the regular army, beside giving him permanent command of the Middle division. He received many flattering congratulations, but none were more marked or deeply appreciated than this: "Have just heard of your great victory. God bless you all, officers and men. Strongly inclined to come up and see you. A. Lincoln."

This glorious victory which had perched upon the Federal banners was not without a tremendous sacrifice, and had been indeed dearly bought. The conflict had been very bloody. The Federal loss had been five thousand men, and of this number forty-three hundred were killed and wounded. Among the mortality list was included General Russell; and the wounded, Generals Upton, McIntosh and Chapman, and also Colonels Duval, commanding a division, and Sharpe, commanding a brigade. The loss of the Confederates had been also very severe.

Four thousand of these had been killed, wounded and captured, among the killed being Generals Rodes and Godwin, and Colonel Patton, a brigade commander. Generals Fitz Lee and York had been severely wounded also.

Early promptly reorganized his troops, and was thus enabled to save his trains and stores, and that portion of his wounded who could be transported, but he left in the hands of the Federals five pieces of artillery, and many battle-flags, captured on the field.

This battle restored the valley to the undisturbed control of the Federals, nor was it ever again wrested from them.

It also had the effect of relieving Maryland and Pennsylvania from further invasion, while it had a most wholesome effect upon the despondent people of the North.

On the morning of September the twentieth Sheridan put his army in motion in pursuit of the Confederates. In the meantime Early had retreated to his old position on Fisher's Hill, two miles south of Strasburg. The Confederate line had been formed, with Wharton on the right, Gordon next, then Pegram, commanding Ramseur's old division, then Ramseur, commanding Rodes' old division, with Lomax cavalry on the left. Meanwhile Fitz Lee's cavalry, under General Wickham, was sent to the right, to prevent the flanking of Fisher's Hill through the Luray Valley, his position being at Milford, about twelve miles above Front Royal. During this time General Breckenridge had, by order of General Lee, returned to Southwest Virginia.

On the afternoon of the twentieth, Wright and Emory arrived at Cedar Creek and took up a position on the heights fronting Strasburg, the Sixth corps being on the right and the Nineteenth on the left; the Eighth corps also coming up was halted on the left bank of the creek. By evening the Union pickets occupied the northern part of Strasburg and the Confederates the southern portion of the town. On the twenty-first the Federal skirmishers drove the opposing forces back on Fisher's Hill, as they advanced through the town. A reconnoissance by General Sheridan developed the fact that a high ridge of ground on the north of Tumbling Run would be most advantageous to his success, and he immediately ordered General Wright to occupy it. With three regiments this he attempted to do, but was repulsed by the Confederates, who also knew of its importance. Now the remainder of Warner's brigade was brought up and the position was carried.

BATTLE OF FISHER'S HILL.

General Sheridan now resolved to repeat his tactics of the Opequon Creek, by turning the Confederate left flank with his cavalry. At the same time he proposed to send up the

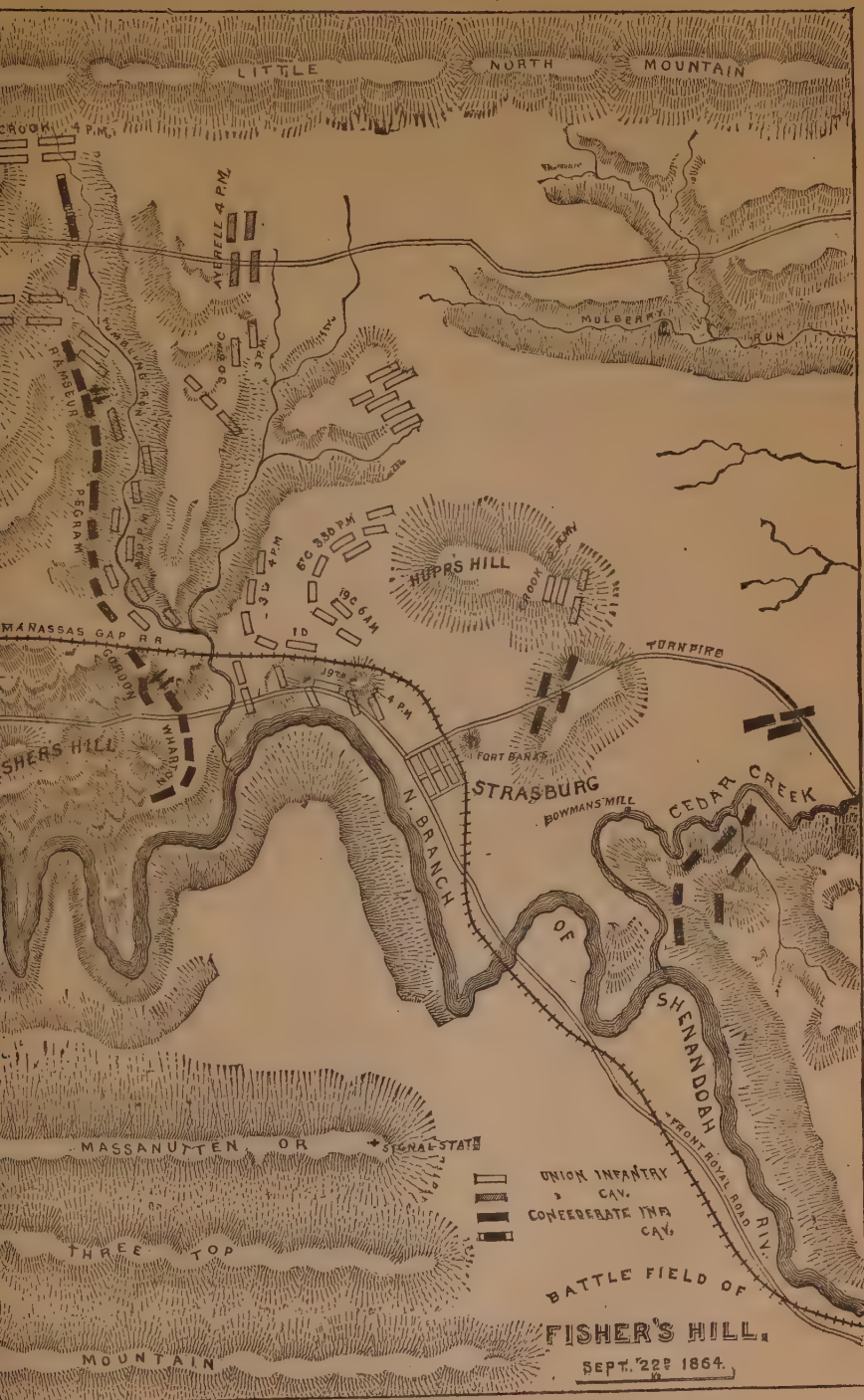
valley a force under Torbert, that he might get in the Confederate rear, by crossing Massanutte Mountain. General Wilson's cavalry charged that of the Confederates on the morning of the twenty-first at Front Royal, and drove it along the pike some six miles up the Luray Valley.

Meanwhile the Sixth corps continued to hold the valuable position which it occupied on Tumbling Run, while the Nineteenth was transferred to the former position of the Sixth, with which its right connected. The troops intrenched themselves, and the artillery was put into position. Rickett's division was now sent further to the front, after having driven the Confederate skirmish line before them. In this movement they were assisted by three batteries of the Sixth corps. Averill came up on the right of Rickett's; the second division making a connection with him. This line was scarcely half a mile from Fisher's Hill.

At sunset the Federal cavalry, under Crook, who had been moving along Little North Mountain, gained the Confederate flank and rear, and rushed across the intervening space, and captured their line of works before they recovered from their surprise.

Now Thoburn and Duval's divisions swept along the Confederate flank, and drove the dismounted men of Lomax before them. In a few minutes the division of General Rickett joined the troops of Crook, and the remainder of the Sixth and the Nineteenth corps descended into the ravine, and rushing over every obstacle, carried the works.

First Lomax's dismounted men gave way, and then the troops of Ramseur and Pegram followed, and so on until the entire line was abandoned. So sudden was this assault that the Confederates left sixteen guns in the hands of the victors, not having time to remove them. Early fell back to a point called Narrow Passage, north of Edinburg. Night coming on, the troops of Sheridan did not follow up their advantage. General Torbert did not succeed in dislodging the cavalry under Wickham, and therefore the Confederate retreat was not cut off.



The Federals lost in this battle about four hundred men. The Confederates lost many more.

From the day following the inglorious repulse of the Confederates at Fisher's Hill until the morning of October nineteenth, there had been great activity on the part of the two armies. General Early had maneuvered his troops in many and various ways; now marching in one direction and then in another, in the vain hope of evading the vigilant and intrepid advance of the restless Sheridan. Many times had the Confederates been struck and harassed, giving and receiving most deadly blows.

On the morning of the fifteenth of October the Federals took from the Confederate signal flags the following message:

"To Lieutenant-General Early :

"Be ready to move as soon as my forces join you, and we will crush Sheridan.

LONGSTREET, Lieutenant-General."

By this Sheridan learned that his foe who had been so often defeated had been reinforced, and would soon again face him with a more determined resistance than he had been wont to display. The various positions around both Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek were once again the scene of busy activity. The Confederates had been heavily reinforced and were making preparations to attack Sheridan with a determined purpose. Meanwhile that leader was not idle, and everything was being arranged to ward off any onset which might be attempted.

The Confederate movement had been conducted with marked skill and secrecy, and General Early's plans were thoroughly laid. It is rather remarkable that just at this particular time the Federals should not have been seriously apprehensive of a bold attack upon the part of Early's troops, and yet we are led to believe that his onset was entirely unexpected, and that Sheridan's forces were really surprised.

The army of General Sheridan was encamped on the left bank of Cedar Creek, on the nineteenth of October, just above its junction with the Shenandoah river. The Eighth

corps was on the east side of the creek near the river; the Nineteenth at the right and rear of the Eighth, and the Sixth at the right of the Nineteenth. Both the creek and river was at that season of the year fordable. Crook's corps was encamped on the left of the pike, in two portions, that of Thoburn in front, and, with its guns, commanded the junction of the creek and river. The Second division, now under Colonel R. B. Hayes, and Kitching's provisional division were in the rear of Thoburn, commanding another hill. The Nineteenth corps was separated from the Sixth by Meadow Brook. The corps were compactly established and intrenched in a space of three-fourths of a mile, the creek in front, with the right of the First division resting on Meadow Brook, and the left of the Second on the pike. On the left was the greater part of the artillery. Back of this position was Belle Grove House, Sheridan's headquarters.

BATTLE OF CEDAR CREEK.

Before sunrise a volley of musketry startled the men of Thoburn's command from their sleep, and as they came from their tents they found in every direction the men of Kershaw's command rushing over their parapets. This position the Confederates carried, and with it captured seven guns which had not fired a shot. All of Thoburn's men who escaped capture fled to the rear, while the captured guns were turned upon them. General Early now rode back to Hupp's Hill to urge on Wharton's division and Carter's artillery.

Being aroused by the roar of Kershaw's guns, the Federal generals, Crook, Wright and Emory, were soon exerting themselves to stay the advance of the exultant Confederates by forming a line for the defence of the road, with Crook's Second division, and Hayes' command of Kitching's provisional troops, also the Nineteenth corps being in attendance, while Wright sent for two divisions of the Sixth to be forwarded to the pike. Grover's Second brigade, which had received orders to be ready to move at daylight, happily was in line,





and was promptly brought up, under General Molineux, and took position on the new pike, the remainder of the division being thrown in the trenches in front of the Nineteenth corps. This position, so well arranged and manned, would, under ordinary circumstances, have been sufficient to check the onslaught of the attacking force, but at the same time that Kershaw's victorious troops were sorely pressing Thoburn's men, Gordon's division, which had been sheltered from view by the dense fog hovering over the field, came dashing upon the already demoralized forces of Crook, and the Nineteenth corps, being exposed to an enfilading fire, were ordered to fall back.

During this stampede of the Federal forces the Confederates had gathered many trophies; twenty-four pieces of artillery, over two thousand men had been captured, and many hundred killed or wounded.

DEATH OF GENERAL THOBURN.

The Federal General Thoburn had been counted among the slain, as also many other precious lives.

The Sixth corps was now brought up to the front, and soon became engaged in the most deadly contest. General Ricketts was wounded, and his command devolved on General Getty, while Grant of the Vermont brigade assumed his place.

The Federals now fell stubbornly back to Middletown and took up a position with their batteries on the cemetery; the Confederates being forced by these to halt and strengthen their lines. An assault was now made upon this position, but was bravely repulsed, when in turn the Federals attacked and drove the troops of Wharton down the hill. The artillery of the Confederates had been brought up close to the scene, and pouring upon the charging troops a most galling fire, they were repulsed and driven back upon their lines. In this heroic encounter the gallant General Bidwell was mortally wounded.

At the same hour that this bloody encounter was being enacted between the infantry forces, the cavalry had been engaged

at several points with results adverse to the Confederates; and now the Federals had this arm of their forces to assist them, while the cavalry of General Early rendered him none whatever. The Federal lines being intact, preparations were made by General Early to renew the fight, but it was soon found that the exhausted condition of his troops, together with the fact that many of them were scattered in the various camps from which the Federals had retreated, plundering them, the golden opportunity for his success had forever vanished, and soon the tide of victory, which had hovered over his troops, was turned into a most disastrous defeat.

SHERIDAN'S ARRIVAL.

Now occurred the most dramatic episode of the war; General Sheridan had been temporarily absent in Washington, and was returning to his command when this battle took place. He had just got to Winchester, and upon learning of what had taken place, started with an escort of but twenty men to the scene of conflict. Having given orders that a cordon be formed of what straggling troops could be got together to stop his retreating army, he dashed to the front. When he arrived the Confederates had just been forced to relinquish their latest attempt to seize the pike, yet had not completed their arrangements for attacking the Federal right. Having found that his right could not be got in a condition to move, Early was endeavoring to get his trains, prisoners and captured munitions of war back to Fisher's Hill, when Sheridan, about four o'clock in the afternoon, ordered an advance along his entire line. His troops were so arranged that they covered the entire Confederate front and also both flanks, and the latter, seeing this, broke in great confusion.

Soon the victorious army of the morning became a mass of flying fugitives, and night covered one of the most glorious victories for the Federal arms which had ever been wrung from defeat, and crowned the dashing Sheridan with everlasting honors.

The Union loss in this engagement had been no less than

five thousand, seven hundred and sixty-four, killed, wounded and missing, while that of the Confederates had been three thousand, one hundred, in killed, wounded and missing. The Federals recaptured the artillery which they had lost, as also twenty-four pieces belonging to the Confederates, together with many ambulances. The only thing which Early retained of his morning's victory was fourteen hundred and twenty-nine prisoners, whom he had forwarded to the rear. The Federals had been called upon to mourn the loss of many of their bravest men. In the latter part of the struggle General Lowell had been killed, Generals Wright, Grover and Ricketts wounded, and Colonel Kitching fatally so.

The North was very justly elated over this victory. Congress passed a resolution of thanks to General Sheridan and his command, while Mr. Lincoln expressed himself, upon receiving the news, in the following message :

“ With great pleasure I tender to you and your brave army the thanks of the nation, and my own personal admiration and gratitude for the month's operations in the Shenandoah Valley, and especially for the splendid work of October nineteenth, 1864.”

Soon after this crushing defeat Early again reorganized his forces, but never with any success did he come in contact with the Federals.

Several minor engagements were fought, but always with disastrous results to the Confederates.

Sheridan now literally controlled the Shenandoah Valley, and rode throughout its length with impunity. When the cold weather came on he went into winter quarters, the Confederates having been detached on various occasions for use elsewhere, until Early's army was only nominally in existence. What little force General Early did have made a stand near Waynesboro on the morning of March the second, but were utterly defeated, and nearly all of them captured, Early himself barely escaping a like fate.

This completed Sheridan's victory in the valley, and he turned his attention to the destruction of the railroad and

the canal. The iron bridge over the south fork of the Shenandoah was burned, and the road destroyed from Charlottesville in the direction of both Gordonsville and Lynchburg. Much other damage was done to both public and private property.

On the tenth of March the Federal General took up his line of march to join Grant, destroying everything as he went, and on the nineteenth of the month he arrived at White House, the base of his supplies.

When Sheridan entered the valley it was under complete control of the Confederates, and when he left it these had all vanished. Many portions which had been a blooming paradise, he left a barren waste, which years of toil could not reclaim and restore to its former condition of prosperity and beauty.

ROSTER.

OPPOSING FORCES IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

ORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY OF THE SHENANDOAH, IN THE MIDDLE MILITARY DIVISION, ON AUGUST 31, 1864.

MAJOR-GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN, COMMANDING.

General Headquarters Escort, Sixth U. S. Cavalry.

CAVALRY FORCES.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ALFRED T. A. TORBERT, COMMANDING.

FIRST DIVISION (A. P. C.).

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT.

First Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. GEORGE A. CUSTER; 1st Michigan; 5th Michigan; 6th Michigan; 7th Michigan.

Second Brigade.—Colonel THOMAS C. DEVIN; 4th New York; 6th New York; 9th New York; 17th Pennsylvania; 1st U. S. Art., Batteries K and L.

Third Brigade.—Colonel CHARLES R. LOWELL, JR.; 1st Maryland (P. H. B.); 2d Massachusetts; 25th New York.

Reserve Brigade.—Colonel ALFRED GIBBS; 1st New York Dragoons; 6th Pennsylvania; 1st United States; 2d United States; 5th United States; 2d U. S. Artillery, Battery D.

THIRD DIVISION (A. P. C.).

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES H. WILSON.

First Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. J. B. McINTOSH; 1st Connecticut; 3d New Jersey; 2d New York; 5th New York; 2d Ohio; 18th Pennsylvania.

Second Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. G. H. CHAPMAN; 3d Indiana (det.); 1st New Hampshire; 8th New York; 22d New York; 1st Vermont.

Reserve Horse Artillery Brigade.—Captain LARHETT L. LIVINGSTON; 1st U. S. Artillery, Battery I; 2d U. S. Artillery, Battery A; 2d U. S. Artillery, Batteries B and C; 2d U. S. Artillery, Battery M; 3d U. S. Artillery, Battery C; 4th U. S. Artillery, Batteries C and E.

FIRST DIVISION (W. Va. C.).

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ALFRED N. DUFFIE.

First Brigade.—Colonel WILLIAM B. TIBBETS; 2d Maryland, P. H. B. (Co. F); 1st New York (Lincoln); 1st New York (Veteran); 21st New York; 14th Pennsylvania.

Second Brigade.—Colonel JOHN E. WYNKOOP; 15th New York; 20th Pennsylvania; 22d Pennsylvania.

SECOND DIVISION (W. Va. C.).

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM W. AVERELL.

8th Ohio; 1st West Virginia; 2d West Virginia; 3d West Virginia, 5th West Virginia; 5th U. S. Artillery, Battery L.

SIXTH ARMY CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL HORATIO G. WRIGHT, COMMANDING.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL DAVID A. RUSSELL.

First Brigade.—Colonel W. H. PENROSE; 4th New Jersey; 10th New Jersey; 15th New Jersey.*Second Brigade.*—Brig.-Gen. EMORY UPTON; 2d Connecticut Heavy Artillery; 65th New York; 67th New York (det.); 121st New York; 95th Pennsylvania; 96th Pennsylvania.*Third Brigade.*—Colonel OLIVER EDWARDS; 7th Massachusetts (det.); 10th Massachusetts (det.); 37th Massachusetts; 23d Pennsylvania (det.); 49th Pennsylvania; 82d Pennsylvania; 119th Pennsylvania; 2d Rhode Island Battalion; Wisconsin Battalion.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE W. GETTY.

First Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. FRANK WHEATON; 62d New York; 93d Pennsylvania; 98th Pennsylvania; 102d Pennsylvania; 139th Pennsylvania.*Second Brigade.*—Brig.-Gen. LEWIS A. GRANT; 2d Vermont (det.); 3d Vermont (det.); 4th Vermont; 5th Vermont; 6th Vermont; 11th Vermont.*Third Brigade.*—Brig.-Gen. DANIEL D. BIDWELL; 7th Maine; 43d New York; 49th New York; 77th New York; 122d New York; 61st Pennsylvania.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES B. RICKETTS.

First Brigade.—Colonel WILLIAM EMERSON; 14th New Jersey; 106th New York; 151st New York; 87th Pennsylvania; 10th Vermont.*Second Brigade.*—Colonel J. WARREN KEIFER; 6th Maryland; 9th New York Heavy Artillery; 110th Ohio; 122d Ohio; 126th Ohio; 67th Pennsylvania; 138th Pennsylvania.

ARTILLERY BRIGADE.

COLONEL CHARLES H. TOMPKINS.

Maine Light Artillery, 5th Battery; 1st Massachusetts Light Artillery, Battery A; New York Light Artillery, 1st Battery; 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery, Battery C; 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery, Battery G; 5th United States, Battery M.

NINETEENTH ARMY CORPS.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM H. EMORY.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM DWIGHT.

First Brigade.—Col. GEORGE L. BEAL; 29th Maine; 30th Massachusetts; 90th New York; 114th New York; 116th New York; 153d New York.*Second Brigade.*—Brig.-Gen. J. W. McMILLAN; 12th Connecticut; 13th Maine; 15th Maine; 160th New York; 47th Pennsylvania; 8th Vermont.*Third Brigade.*—Col. L. D. H. CURRIE; 30th Maine; 133d New York; 162d New York; 165th New York; 173d New York.*Artillery.*—New York Light Artillery, 5th Battery.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL CUVIER GROVER.

First Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. HENRY W. BIRGE; 9th Connecticut; 12th Maine; 14th Maine; 26th Massachusetts; 14th New Hampshire; 75th New York.*Second Brigade.*—Col. EDWARD L. MOLINEUX; 13th Connecticut; 3d Massachusetts Cavalry (dis.); 11th Indiana; 22d Iowa; 131st New York; 159th New York.*Third Brigade.*—Col. JACOB SHARPE; 38th Massachusetts; 128th New York; 156th New York; 175th New York; 176th New York.*Fourth Brigade.*—Col. DAVID SHUNK; 8th Indiana; 18th Indiana; 24th Iowa; 28th Iowa.*Artillery.*—Maine Light Artillery, 1st Battery.
Reserve Artillery.—1st Rhode Island Light Artillery, Battery D; Indiana Light Artillery, 17th Battery.

OPPOSING FORCES IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY. 695

ARMY OF WEST VIRGINIA.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE CROOK, COMMANDING.

FIRST DIVISION.

COLONEL JOSEPH THOBURN.

First Brigade.—Col. GEORGE D. WELLS; 34th Massachusetts; 5th New York Heavy Artillery (4 Companies); 116th Ohio; 123d Ohio.

Second Brigade.—Col. WILLIAM G. ELY; 18th Connecticut; 2d Eastern Shore, Md.; 1st West Virginia; 4th West Virginia; 12th West Virginia.

Third Brigade.—Col. JACOB M. CAMPBELL; 23d Illinois; 54th Pennsylvania; 10th West Virginia; 11th West Virginia; 15th West Virginia.

SECOND DIVISION.

COLONEL ISAAC H. DUVAL.

First Brigade.—Col. RUTHERFORD B. HAYES; 23d Ohio; 36th Ohio; 5th West Virginia; 13th West Virginia.

Second Brigade.—Col. DANIEL D. JOHNSON; 34th Ohio; 91st Ohio; 9th West Virginia; 14th West Virginia.

MILITARY DISTRICT OF HARPER'S FERRY.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN D. STEVENSON.

Cavalry.—12th Pennsylvania; Virginia Rangers; Loudoun Independent Company.

Artillery.—Indiana Light Artillery, 17th Battery; Kentucky Light Artillery, 1st Battery; Maryland Light Artillery, Battery A; Maryland Light Artillery, Baltimore Battery; 5th New York Heavy Artillery; New York Light Artillery, 30th Battery; New York Light Artillery, 32d Battery; Ohio Light Artillery, 1st Battery; 1st Ohio Light Artillery, Battery L; 1st Pennsylvania Light Artillery, Battery G; 1st West Virginia Light Artillery, Battery A; 1st West Virginia Light Artillery, Battery F.

Infantry.—1st Maryland P. H. B.; 2d Maryland P. H. B.; 135th Ohio; 160th Ohio; 161st Ohio.

FORCES WEST OF SLEEPY CREEK.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL BENJAMIN F. KELLEY.

Cavalry.—Ohio 3d Independent Company; 6th West Virginia.

Artillery.—1st Illinois, Battery L; 1st West Virginia, Battery H; 1st Maryland, Battery B.

Infantry.—122d Ohio; 6th West Virginia; 165th Ohio.

KANAWHA VALLEY FORCES.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JEREMIAH C. SULLIVAN.

7th West Virginia Cavalry; 1st Pennsylvania Light Artillery, Battery D; Pennsylvania Acting Engineers, Independent Company; Virginia Exempts, Independent Company A; Veteran Reserve Corps, 132d Company, 2d Battery; 1st West Virginia Light Artillery, Battery D; 1st West Virginia Light Artillery, Battery E; 5th United States Artillery, Battery B.

ORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY OF THE VALLEY DISTRICT, ON SEPTEMBER 30, 1864.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL JUBAL A. EARLY, COMMANDING.

RODES' DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL S. D. RAMSEUR, COMMANDING.

Grimes' Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. BRYAN GRIMES; 32d North Carolina, Col. D. G. Cowand; 43d North Carolina, Col. J. R. Winston; 45th North Carolina, Col. J. R. Winston; 53d North Carolina, Col. D. G. Cowand; 2d North Carolina Battalion, Col. D. G. Cowand.

Cook's Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. PHIL. COOK; 4th Georgia, Lt.-Col. W. H. Willis; 12th Georgia, Capt. James Everett; 21st Georgia, Capt. H. J. Battle; 44th Georgia, Lt.-Col. J. W. Beck.

Cox's Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. W. R. COX; 1st N. Carolina, Capt. W. H. Thompson; 2d North Carolina, Capt. T. B. Beall; 3d North Carolina, Capt. W. H. Thompson; 4th North Carolina, Col. Ed. A. Osborn; 14th North Carolina, Capt. Jos. Jones; 30th North Carolina, Capt. J. C. McMillan.

Battle's Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. C. A. BATTLE; 8d Alabama, Col. Charles Forsyth; 5th Alabama, Lt.-Col. E. L. Hobson; 6th Alabama, Capt. J. Green; 12th Alabama, Capt. P. D. Rose; 61st Alabama, Major W. E. Pinckard.

GORDON'S DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN B. GORDON, COMMANDING.

Hays' Brigade.—Colonel WM. MONAGHAN; 5th Louisiana, Major A. Hart; 6th Louisiana, Lt.-Col. J. Hanlon; 7th Louisiana, Lt.-Col. T. M. Terry; 8th Louisiana, Capt. L. Prados; 9th Louisiana, Col. Wm. B. Peck.

Stafford's Brigade.—Colonel EUGENE WAGGAMAN; 1st Louisiana, Capt. Joseph Taylor; 2d Louisiana, Lt.-Col. M. A. Grogan; 10th Louisiana, Lt.-Col. H. D. Monier; 14th Louisiana, Lt.-Col. David Zable; 15th Louisiana, Capt. H. J. Egan.

Evans' Brigade.—Col. E. N. ATKINSON (Oct. 30th; Brig.-Gen. C. A. EVANS); 13th Georgia, Col. John H. Baker; 26th Georgia, Lt.-Col. James S. Blain; 31st Georgia, Col. John H. Lowe; 38th Georgia, Major Thomas H. Bomar; 60th Georgia, Capt. Milton Russell; 61st Georgia, Capt. E. F. Sharpe; 12th Georgia Battalion, Capt. J. W. Anderson.

Terry's Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. WM. TERRY; Stonewall Brigade, Col. J. H. S. Funk, Oct. 30th, Col. A. Spangler; 2d Virginia, 4th Virginia, 5th Virginia, 27th Virginia, 33d Virginia; J. M. Jones' Brigade, Col. R. H. Dungan, Oct. 30th, Col. W. A. Whitcher; 21st Virginia, 25th Virginia, 42d Virginia, 44th Virginia, 48th Virginia, 50th Virginia; G. H. Steuart's Brigade, Lt.-Col. S. H. Saunders, Oct. 30th, Lt.-Col. Martz; 10th Virginia, 23d Virginia, 37th Virginia.

EARLY'S DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN PEGRAM, COMMANDING.

Pegram's Brigade.—Colonel JOHN S. HOFFMAN; 13th Virginia, Capt. Felix Heiskell; 31st Virginia, Lt.-Col. J. S. K. McCutchen; 49th Virginia, Capt. John G. Lobban; 52d Virginia, Capt. J. M. Humphreys; 58th Virginia, Capt. L. C. James.

Johnston's Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. ROBERT D. JOHNSTON; 5th North Carolina, Col. John W. Lea; 12th North Carolina, Col. Henry E. Coleman; 29th North Carolina, Col. T. F. Toon; 23d North Carolina, Col. C. C. Blacknall.

Godwin's Brigade.—Lt.-Col. W. T. DAVIS; 6th North Carolina, Lt.-Col. S. McD. Tate; 21st North Carolina, Major W. I. Pfohl; 54th North Carolina, Capt. A. H. Martin; 57th North Carolina, Capt. M. H. Hunter; 1st North Carolina Battalion, Capt. R. E. Wilson.

WHARTON'S DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL G. C. WHARTON, COMMANDING.

Echo's Brigade.—Captain EDMUND S. READ; 22d Virginia, Capt. Henry S. Dickerson; 23d Virginia, Capt. John M. Pratt; 26th Virginia, Capt. Frank S. Burdett.

Wharton's Brigade.—Captain R. H. LOGAN; 45th Virginia, Major Alex. M. Davis; 51st Virginia, Col. August Fosberg; 30th Virginia Battalion, Lt.-Col. J. Lyle Clark.

Smith's Brigade.—Col. THOMAS SMITH; 36th Virginia, Lieut. Jackson Vin; 60th Virginia, Capt. A. G. P. George; 45th Virginia Battalion, Capt. W. B. Hensly; Thomas Legion, Lt.-Col. J. R. Love.

KERSHAW'S DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL J. B. KERSHAW, COMMANDING.

Wofford's Brigade.—Col. C. C. SANDERS; 16th Georgia, Major J. S. Gholston; 18th Georgia, Col. Joseph Armstrong; 24th Georgia, Col. C. C. Sanders; 3d Georgia Battalion, Lt.-Col. N. L. Hutchins; Cobb's Legion, Lt.-Col. L. J. Glenn; Phillip's Legion, Lt.-Col. J. Hamilton.

Kershaw's Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. CONNER; 2d South Carolina, Col. J. D. Kennedy; 3d South Carolina, Col. W. D. Rutherford; 7th South Carolina, Capt. E. J. Goggans; 8th South Carolina, Col. J. W. Henagan; 15th South Carolina, Col. J. B. Davis; 20th South Carolina, Col. S. M. Boykin; 3d South Carolina Battalion, Lieut. [Col.] W. G. Rice.

Humphreys' Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. B. G. HUMPHREYS; 13th Mississippi, Lt.-Col. A. G. O'Brien; 17th Mississippi, Capt. J. C. Cochran; 18th Mississippi, Col. T. M. Griffin; 21st Mississippi, Col. D. N. Moody.

Bryan's Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. GOODE BRYAN; 10th Georgia, Col. W. C. Holt; 50th Georgia, Col. P. McGloshan; 51st Georgia, Col. E. Ball; 53d Georgia, Col. J. P. Simms.

OPPOSING FORCES IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY. 697

ARTILLERY DIVISION.

COLONEL T. H. CARTER, COMMANDING.

Braxton's Battalion.—Lieut.-Col. C. M. BRAXTON; Alleghany Artillery, Va., Capt. J. C. Carpenter; Stafford Artillery, Va., Capt. W. P. Cooper; Lee Battery, Va., Lieut. W. W. Hardwick.

Cutshaw's Battalion.—Major W. E. CUTSHAW; Orange Artillery, Va., Capt. C. W. Fry; Staunton Artillery, Va., Capt. A. W. Garber; Courtney Battery, Va., — L. F. Jones.

McLaughlin's Battalion.—Major WM. McLAUGHLIN; Bryan's Virginia Battery; Chapman's Virginia Battery; Lowry's Virginia Battery.

Nelson's Battalion.—Lieut.-Col. WM. NELSON; Amherst Artillery, Va., Capt. T. J. Kirkpatrick; Fluvanna Artillery, Va., Capt. J. L. Massie; Milledge's Artillery, Ga., Capt. John Milledge.

CAVALRY FORCES.

LOMAX'S DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL J. J. LOMAX.

McCausland's Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. J. McCAUSLAND; 14th Virginia, 16th Virginia, 17th Virginia, 25th Virginia, 37th Virginia Battalion.

Johnson's Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. B. T. JOHNSON; 8th Virginia, 21st Virginia, 22d Virginia, 34th Virginia Battery, 36th Virginia Battery.

Jackson's Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. H. B. DAVIDSON; 1st Maryland, 19th Virginia, 20th Virginia, 46th Virginia Battalion, 47th Virginia Battalion.

Imboden's Brigade.—Col. GEORGE H. SMITH; 18th Virginia, 23d Virginia, 62d Mounted Infantry.

LEE'S DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE.

Wickham's Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. W. C. WICKHAM; 1st Virginia, Col. Carter; 2d Virginia, Col. Munford; 3d Virginia, Col. Owen; 4th Virginia, Col. Payne.

Lomax's Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. L. L. LOMAX; 5th Virginia, Col. H. Clay Pate; 6th Virginia, Col. Julien Harrison; 15th Virginia, Col. C. R. Collins.

Rosser's Brigade.—Brig.-Gen. THOMAS L. ROSSER; 7th Virginia, Col. R. H. Dulany; 11th Virginia, Col. O. R. Funsten; 12th Virginia, Col. A. W. Harman; 35th Virginia Battalion, Lt.-Col. E. V. White.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WINTER QUARTERS. CONTRAST OF OPPOSING FORCES. SITUATION OF CONFEDERATES. SCANTY RATIONS. LEE'S ARMY REDUCED TO THIRTY-THREE THOUSAND MEN. FALSE HOPES. THE NORTH SANGUINE. GRANT'S LACONIC ASSERTION. JOHNSTON'S EXPLANATION. CONFERENCE OF DAVIS AND LEE. THE PLAN AGREED ON. THE DISPOSITION OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY. FORT STEADMAN. SEIZURE OF BY CONFEDERATES. BRAVERY OF ASSAILANTS. FEDERALS SURPRISED. THEIR LINE ENDANGERED. FORT STEADMAN BOMBARDED BY FEDERALS. RECAPTURED. TWO THOUSAND CONFEDERATES THROW DOWN THEIR ARMS. THE END DRAWING NEAR.

AFTER the battle of Hatcher's Run, comparative quiet reigned within the encampments of both armies, but there was a striking contrast in the condition of the hosts which had for so long a time contended so bitterly for the mastery. The ranks of the Federals, from which a hundred thousand men had been hurled by the missiles of war during the preceding campaign, were rapidly refilled with recruits. These, as a whole, were of poorer material than former accessions, yet they were speedily drilled and disciplined, and thus made of service.

A military railroad was constructed from City Point, and over this an immense quantity of subsistence was conveyed, for the support of the army. Good winter quarters were built. The men were in good health, excellent spirits, and well fed and clothed. The great victories of Sheridan in the valley, and Thomas and Sherman in the South, led all the Federal troops to confidently believe that the fortunes of the Confederacy were waning, and all hoped that one more campaign would end the war.

On passing through the camp, upon listening to the merry words and laughter, and witnessing the games and sports, one would hardly realize that those men were the survivors of

such scenes of carnage as they had experienced. Exposure, danger, suffering, and scenes of death, left no sad impression upon the countenances or hearts of those gallant soldiers. All understood that it was necessary to have light hearts, in order to endure all that was required of them, and each one strove to make life as happy and cheerful as possible.

A great many games were originated and played with the keenest zest. Foraging expeditions were planned, and carried out with energy, and many rich returns rewarded the labors thus expended.

Many of the men received furloughs, and visited their northern homes, and thus throughout the great army the months passed pleasantly away. Occasionally a few of those who were older in the service would gather in little groups, and fight the battles over. Many sad reminiscences would thus be recalled as the names of fallen comrades would be mentioned. Then the question would arise, are any of us to survive until the end is reached? Thus matters passed within the Federal lines before Petersburg during the winter of 1864-5.

Within the lines of their gallant foes dark clouds were gathering, and a condition of affairs had been reached which would have sent despair to the hearts of men less courageous than they. Their ranks had been sadly thinned by the terrible campaign through which they had passed, and but few recruits came to refill them. Their thin ranks were stretched along that vast line, which they had so heroically defended, extending from the Chickahominy river upon their left to Hatcher's Run upon their right.

The cold storms of winter were bursting upon them, but no new uniforms and blankets came to protect them from its severity. Rations were scarce and poor.

One who was familiar with these scenes thus graphically pictured them:

"From the trials of the winter that followed history would fain avert her eyes; they were such as can never be forgotten by those who watched and waited; such as will never be

credited by those who shall read the story hereafter in peace and plenty.

"To guard the long lines of intrenchments, from the Chickahominy to Hatcher's Run, there was now left but a gaunt remnant of that valiant host which had cheered Lee in the Wilderness, as it passed to victory; which had hurled back nearly thrice its numbers at Cool Arbor, and brought humiliation to the Army of the Potomac on a score of battle-fields in this vigorous campaign."

SCANTY RATIONS.

Living on one-sixth of a ration of corn meal and rancid pork, remember, men and women of Richmond, that they more than once offered to share that little with the starving poor of your beautiful city. Thinly clad, their bodies indeed shivered under the freezing blasts of heaven, but their dauntless spirits cowered not under the fiery scourge of war. There was to be added to this a pang deeper than that of hunger, sharper than the rigor of the elements, or hurt of shot and steel.

For now, from the cotton lands of Georgia and the rice fields of Carolina, came, borne on every blast, the despairing cry which wives and little ones raised to wintry skies, lit by the baleful glare of burning homes; and the men of the old North State bethought them of the happy homesteads which lay straight in the path of the conqueror who was waging war with an audacious cruelty capable of dishonoring a whole nation; a subtle enemy till then well-nigh unknown.

Attacked in the rear, this army still haughtily held its front, though the men with bated breath and cheeks flushing through their bronze, whispered the dread word, desertion.

The historian, far removed from the passions of the time, may coldly measure out his censure, but we comrades, bound to those men by countless traditions, can only cry with the old Hebrew prophet, "Alas, my brother," and remember that these were "valiant souls too sorely tried."

Pollard, in his "Lost Cause," speaks as follows:

"In the first months of 1865 General Lee held both Richmond and Petersburg with not more than thirty-three thousand men. At this time Grant's strength, as rated at the war department in Washington, exceeded one hundred and sixty thousand men. Such was the disparity of force in the final array of the contest for Richmond. General Lee's lines stretched from below Richmond, on the north side of the James, to Hatcher's Run, away beyond Petersburg on the south side. He had forty miles of defence, and it may well be imagined that with his little force posted over such a distance, his line of battle was almost as thin as a skirmish line. Duty was incessant; it was fatiguing in the greatest degree; the Confederates had no reserves, and when a brigade was taken to assist at some threatened point, the position it left was endangered.

"But even in this extreme situation General Lee had not yet despaired of the cause of the Confederacy. He was gravely sensible of the danger; in frequent conference with committees of the Congress at Richmond, he stated frankly his anxiety, but urged levies of negro troops, held out what hope he could, and expressly and firmly discountenanced any surrender of the Confederate cause by premature negotiations with Washington.

"On one of these occasions he made the personal declaration for himself that he had rather die on the battlefield than surrender,—a sentiment which provoked the sneer of a well-known 'Union' man in Richmond, and the remark that "Lee talked like a schoolgirl."

The populace of Richmond was but little aware of the terrible decrease of General Lee's army, and, indeed, the people of the Confederacy were studiously kept in the dark as to all details of the military situation. So reticent had the Government become that the newspapers were forbidden publishing anything of military affairs beyond the scanty doles of information and the skeleton telegrams furnished to the reporters by an official authority, and copied at the desks of the War Department.

It thus happened that while there was a general despondency of the public mind, there were few outside the severe official circles of Richmond who knew the real extremities to which the arms and affairs of the Confederacy had fallen. There was a dull expectation of what was next to happen; there was a vague condition of the public mind, in which, although not able to discover any substantial and well-defined ground of hope, it yet plodded on under the shadow of old conviction, and with a dim anticipation of something favorable in the future. While every one affirmed that the affairs of the Confederacy were in a bad way, and while every one appeared to have a certain sense of approaching misfortune, there were very few who knew the real condition and numbers of the armies of the Confederacy, and realized how far had been undermined its system of defence.

It was difficult to believe that the Army of Northern Virginia, that army whose name had been for four years as the blast of victory, had declined to a condition in which it was no longer capable of offensive operations. It was difficult, indeed, to abandon altogether the idea that the happy accident of victory somewhere in the Confederacy might not, after all, put a new aspect on affairs. Even if the conclusion of subjugation had become probable, its day was at least uncertain, distant; and the opinion of General Lee was quoted in the streets of Richmond, that in any event the Southern Confederacy was likely to last another year's campaign.

Many lived in the circle of each day; the idea of independence was yet in the loose conversations of the people; and the favorite cantatrice of the Richmond Theater sung to nightly plaudits, "Farewell forever to the Star Spangled Banner."

Then there were those rumors of extravagant fortune, always indicative of a weak and despairing condition of the public mind, among them endless stories of peace negotiations and European "recognition."

A few weeks before Richmond fell the report was credited for the space of three or four days by the most intelligent

persons in the city, including some of the editors of the newspapers and President Davis' pastor, that a messenger from France had arrived on the coast of North Carolina, and was making his way overland to Richmond, with the news of the recognition of the Southern Confederacy by the Emperor Napoleon.

In the North there had been no time since the war began when the people were so confident of victory as during the winter of 1864-5. The re-election of Mr. Lincoln had raised the hearts of all the loyal people, and had had a decided tendency to silence the murmurs and threats of those who sympathized with the South. The condition of affairs in the South was well known in the North, while the victories of Sherman, Thomas, and Sheridan had inspired hope in every quarter. The following description, from the facile pen of Swinton in his history of the Army of the Potomac, truthfully reproduces the scene:

"That the campaign about to be opened could have but one result—to wit, the destruction of the Confederate armies—was not now doubtful; and discerning men at the South plainly read the omens of doom. It was not alone that an overwhelming weight of physical power, represented by a million men in arms, threatened to overwhelm the insurgent armies, or that the great extent of territory overrun by the Union forces had torn asunder the fabric of the Confederacy; but secret causes of disturbances in the moral order had corrupted the life-blood of the revolt. It is such metaphysical influences that govern the issues of war—influences little understood by the superficial annalists who attempt to explain by material causes the secrets of an art so vast, subtle, and complex as to be almost beyond the reach of man's mind—influences, whose sovereign power was marked by the greatest of commanders in the aphorism, that in war the moral is to the physical as three to one.

"When in a revolution the time arrives that the people separate themselves from the cause of their leaders, that cause speedily falls to the ground. This was the pass to which the

Confederate States had come. It was not precisely that the people of the South had ceased to desire the triumph of secession, but they had ceased any longer to be capable of those efforts failing which success is out of the question. It will be for the philosophical historian, unravelling the intricate web of cause and effect, to trace the reasons of this decline in the moral energy of the South; it is enough here to mark the result as it influenced the fortunes of the armies in the field.

"General Grant, during the winter of 1864, expressed in a strong figure the belief that the fighting population of the South was exhausted. 'They have,' said he, 'robbed the cradle and the grave.' But this statement overshot the reality. The South did not so much lack men as the men lacked interest in the war. The conscription then became odious, and evasion universal, while those who wished to escape military service readily found those at home willing to open their ranks, let them slip through, and close up behind them. It finally came about that men enough to form three armies of the strength of Lee's lay *perdu*, beyond the power of recovery of the Richmond authorities. To this must be added the fact that a prodigious number of Confederate troops, probably as many as were in the ranks of both Lee and Johnson, were, during the last eighteen months of the war, kept out of the field by being retained as prisoners at the North, under a fixed determination of General Grant not to exchange them, a measure that was certainly an effectual agency in the Lieutenant-General's avowed plan of 'hammering continuously against the armed force of the enemy and his resources, until by mere attrition, if by no other way, there should be nothing left to him.'

"While the conscription system had thus hopelessly broken down, the collapse of the Confederate commissariat was equally complete. And here, again, it was not that the South lacked resources, for the granaries of that vast and fertile territory bulged with great store of corn; but maladministration rendered these riches as vain as if the South had been a Sahara. That great department of administrative ser-

vice, charged with the feeding of the troops, was presided over by a man of such notorious ignorance and incompetence that authentic records show the armies in the field to have been half the time bordering on starvation.

"The daily ration for the army defending Petersburg, during all the last winter of the war, was a pound of flour and a quarter of a pound of meat. But even this so frequently failed that it was only the prodigious vigor of Lee that enabled the troops in the trenches to receive even that meager dole of food.

"At the opening of the spring campaign, General Lee had, on paper, one hundred and sixty thousand men, but in reality less than fifty thousand, from which, if there be deducted the troops on detached duty, it will appear that he had forty thousand men with which to defend forty miles of intrenchments.

"These were the forlorn hope of the rebellion. Corralled between the two great Union armies, in the restricted space between the James and the Neuse and the Alleghanies and the Atlantic, it was manifest that the end was near. It only remains to show how in the last wrestle these men comported themselves, and how, when they at last broke down under a burden too heavy to bear, the fabric of the revolt which they had for four years upheld on their bayonets, fell with a crash that resounded through the world."

General Johnston says: "In regard to the raising of troops, that it was done in the worst possible manner—namely, by conscription by the Confederate Government. Instead of determining the number of troops wanted, and apportioning to each State its proper quota, wholesale impressments were made by the machinery of a central government. Each State had its own officers with which it could have raised the troops; and being of the localities, they, of course, knew every man and boy in the place, and avoidance or evasion would have been difficult. By the system adopted, this perfect agency was not called into play at all. Finally, it resulted that it required as many men to enforce the conscription as it was expected to raise by its operation.

"Then ensued evasion; those who wished to shrink service, or aid others to do so, opened their ranks, allowed them to slip through and close up behind. Supplies, also, instead of being honestly raised, were impressed by a band of commissaries and quartermasters, who only paid one-half the market value. As might have been expected, this was enough to prevent their getting anything. These they took by force, and did it with the greatest injustice. You can imagine what disorganization of labor and what discontent this produced. The mismanagement of the Confederate executive in these two regards was enough to ruin the cause."

During this memorable winter the Federal commander relieved the monotony of camp-life by making a number of movements upon Lee's lines of communication, in all of which the Weldon railroad was destroyed. In these movements, the cavalry, under Gregg, and the infantry, under Warren and Humphreys, figured prominently.

The damage thus inflicted was soon repaired by the Confederates, and the month of March found both armies within their lines much as they were at the beginning of the winter. General Grant was preparing to open the campaign as soon as circumstances would warrant the movement. The Confederates were on the alert, as General Sheridan's raid from the valley in February came as a warning to them that they must prepare for the coming storm.

Early in March a conference was held by Jefferson Davis and General Lee, in which it was decided that as soon as the roads would permit the defences around Richmond and Petersburg should be abandoned, and the Army of Northern Virginia should retreat to Danville and unite with the army of General Johnston and attack General Sherman before the latter could receive assistance from the Army of the Potomac. Preparations were speedily made to carry out this plan.

The early spring had already begun to carpet with green the field around the city of Petersburg; the birds were making the woods musical with their happy songs of praise, but neither of these indications of coming summer brought any

signs of promise to the famishing army of General Lee. They well knew that the warm sun that brought them comfort in their ragged uniforms, would also make the roads passable for the foe, with whom they were no longer able to cope, to move upon their lines of communication. General Lee was at this time the central figure of the entire Confederacy, beloved by the entire South, admired by the civilized world.

With a calm, calculating deliberation, he moved to extricate himself from his perilous position. As military head of the Confederacy, he must prolong the struggle as long as possible. His only hope, of course, rested in the thin line of gray within the Confederate intrenchments, and although it did not number more than fifty thousand men, and notwithstanding the troops were so illy prepared for an active campaign against their all-powerful foe, yet these were the remnant of a grand army, and with the memories of the past to inspire them, were yet capable of performing mighty deeds. If one more brilliant victory over the Federals could be gained, it would perhaps fan the slumbering embers of enthusiasm in the South, and turn the whole tide of war.

General Lee's plan was to retreat along the line of the South Side and Danville railroad, but this could not be safely undertaken with the left flank of the Federals at Hatcher's Run, so near these important lines of railway. To remove this pressure, the Confederate chieftain determined to make an attack upon the right center of the Federal line in front of Petersburg, and, if successful in cutting Grant's line in twain, he, by following up the victory thus gained, would at least oblige the Federal General to withdraw his flank from Hatcher's Run, and possibly, by seizing the military railroad, oblige the whole Federal army to retire to the James river at City Point. It was a bold, hazardous undertaking, but, under the circumstances, it was about the only thing that afforded any hope whatever.

At that time the disposition of General Lee's army was as follows: the left of Longstreet's command was north of the

James river, with his right division south of that river, and extending to within a few miles of Petersburg. Gordon came next, with his three divisions, reduced by hard service and bloody battles to the dimensions of brigades; his command was in front of Petersburg, from the Appomattox river to a small stream on the right of the city. It was along this line that for months such terrible fighting had been kept up, and in many places the lines were very near each other.

A. P. Hill, with three divisions, held the right, reaching to Hatcher's Run. The cavalry were guarding either flank of the army. The attacking column, consisting of three divisions, was to be commanded by the gallant General Gordon, and the attack was to be made upon Fort Steadman, one of the strongest fortifications in the whole Federal line. Sometimes plans are successful on account of the boldness by which they are inspired.

Fort Steadman and its connecting works were situated only one hundred and fifty yards from the Confederate lines, but in passing from the fort, in either direction, following the line of works, the distance was greater.

SEIZURE OF FORT STEADMAN.

In the gray dawn of March twenty-fifth Gordon formed his line for assault. It was a weird scene as well as one of solemn grandeur; those dusky men forming around the tattered old battle-flags. It was the last formation of the Army of Northern Virginia for an aggressive movement. The dying struggle of a great giant who had never been overcome.

The Federals, unconscious of danger, were not prepared for the blow that was soon to fall.

Without firing a shot, or even giving one cry of warning, the gray lines dashed through the mists of early morning; the intervening distance was quickly measured, the sleepy sentinels stricken down, the Federal parapets were scaled, the garrison, consisting of the Fourteenth New York artillery, were all taken prisoners. Fort Steadman, with all its guns, was captured, and the whole Federal line endangered.

The Third brigade of the First division of the Ninth corps was either captured or driven away. The Confederates immediately turned the guns of Fort Steadman upon the adjoining works, and consequently batteries Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, and Twelfth were speedily abandoned by the Federals, and occupied by the Confederates.

Up to this time everything had worked as well as the Confederates could have desired, but other work of importance remained for them to do. Other lines of defence in the rear must be captured, or their victory would be of brief duration, and barren of results. It was necessary that a heavy column should press home the victory so gallantly gained, but fortunately for the Federals, for some reason the supporting column of Gordon did not come up, and the men in the captured fort did not have a disposition to press forward and capture the other works. They did make an attack upon Fort Haskell, but it was so weak that it was immediately repulsed, and the Confederates huddled together in Fort Steadman.

In the meantime the Federals were recovering their surprise. Fort Haskell turned its guns upon Fort Steadman, and soon it became the target for one hundred pieces of Federal artillery. Shot and shell went tearing along its walls, and bursting among the Confederates. It now became as impossible for them to retreat as it was to advance. A portion of the Ninth corps were brought up, and for a time the battle raged with great fury, and when all hope of victory, or escape from their perilous position had vanished, the Confederates, to the number of two thousand, threw down their arms, and surrendered. At the same time the Second corps advanced, and captured the intrenched picket line of the Confederates in its front.

The total loss of the Federals was two thousand men, while the Confederates lost four thousand. This was a fearful loss for General Lee, who at once saw in the results of this sortie that the end was drawing near.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BATTLE OF FIVE FORKS. FEDERAL FLANK MOVEMENT. NUMERICAL STRENGTH OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC. IN MOTION. DISPOSITION OF. BATTLE OF STEAM MILL. CONFEDERATES WITHDRAWN. HEAVY LOSS OF LIFE. GENERAL CHAMBERLAIN WOUNDED. LEE DISCOVERS GRANT'S PLANS. PREPARES TO OFFSET THEM. BATTLE OF FIVE FORKS. PICKETT IN COMMAND OF CONFEDERATES. SKIRMISHING. FEDERALS REINFORCED. PREPARING FOR THE GREAT CONFLICT. SHERIDAN'S SKILLFUL PLAN OF BATTLE. THE ASSAULT BEGUN. CONFEDERATES FLANKED. SURPRISED AND DEMORALIZED. GALLANTRY OF GENERAL WARREN. HIS LAST OFFICIAL ACT. CONFEDERATES DEFEATED. FIVE THOUSAND PRISONERS IN HANDS OF FEDERALS. DEATH OF GENERAL PEGRAM. SOUTH SIDE RAILROAD CAPTURED. UNION TROOPS ELATED. WARREN'S ILL TREATMENT.

THE blow which General Lee had dealt the Federals at Fort Steadman had been severely felt, and General Grant determined to return it with equal, if not greater, force. This was to be delivered from his left flank, by crushing the Confederate right, cutting the South Side railroad, and thus closing the only avenue of escape which remained open for General Lee.

On the night of March twenty-seventh, General Ord, who then commanded the Army of the James, taking the divisions of Turner and Foster, of the Twenty-fourth corps, under the command of General Gibbon, Birney's division of the Twenty-fifth corps, and McKenzie's cavalry, made a march of thirty-six miles to the extreme left of the Federal army, and took position in the rear of the Second corps, on the night of the twenty-eighth of March. This movement was conducted so skillfully that the Confederates did not know of it until the second of April.

Devens' division of Gibbon's corps remained in the intrenchments on the north side of the James. General Weitzel, with two divisions of the Twenty-fifth corps, remained in

the intrenchments at Bermuda Hundred. He also commanded the troops on the north side of the James river. When this movement began, the strength of the two armies was as follows: the troops of the Army of the Potomac, of that of the James, and the cavalry, under Sheridan, all of whom were under the command of General Grant, amounted to one hundred and twenty thousand, seven hundred effective men. The total effective force of General Lee was but fifty-seven thousand men.

FEDERALS IN MOTION.

On the twenty-ninth of March the army was put in motion. Sheridan, with his cavalry, crossed Hatcher's Run below Monk Neck bridge, and moved out toward Dinwiddie Court-house, passing the Confederate right, and were instructed to get in their rear as quickly as possible, when they were to cut both the South Side and the Danville railroad.

General Warren, with the Fifth corps, was to cross Hatcher's Run, on the Monk Neck bridge, early on the twenty-ninth, and move to the junction of the Vaughn and Quaker roads.

General Humphreys, with the Second corps, was to cross the run by the Vaughn road at the same time, and rest his right upon the run, at the same time connecting his left with the Fifth corps, and thus move upon the Confederate line.

General Ord's troops were to remain within the works vacated by the Second corps.

General Sheridan, with his accustomed vigor, dashed on to Dinwiddie Court-house, by the way of Ream's Station, passing over Rowanty Creek, at Malone's crossing. He encountered some of the Confederate pickets, and Curtis' division was left at Malone's crossing to guard the trains. The Confederate cavalry, consisting of the divisions of Rosser and W. H. F. Lee, were on the south side of Stony Creek.

General Warren moved as directed, and his advanced division, under General Griffin, was within three miles of Dinwiddie Court-house, marching along the Boydton plank road,

when he was recalled, and ordered to march up the Quaker road.

General Wright, with the Sixth, and General Parke with the Ninth corps, were within the intrenchments before Petersburg, but ready to move at a moment's notice.

BATTLE OF STEAM MILL.

Griffin's division, of Warren's corps, in moving along the Quaker road on the afternoon of the twenty-ninth, came in contact with the brigades of Wise and Wallace of Anderson's command, at a point known as Steam Mill, about a mile from the junction of the Quaker and Boydton roads. General Chamberlain's brigade was in the advance and gallantly attacked the Confederates.

After a sharp engagement the latter fell back within the intrenchments on the White Oak road, after having lost some two hundred prisoners, beside their dead and wounded, who were left upon the field. Bartlett's brigade of Griffin's division arrived upon the field in time to assist in driving the Confederates from the field. The Federals lost nearly four hundred men in killed and wounded, among the latter being Brigadier-General Chamberlain. General Humphreys moved promptly during the twenty-ninth to the position assigned him, meeting with but slight opposition, nor did he halt until darkness compelled him to do so.

General Lee, with that quick perception for which he was distinguished, immediately discerned the plans of his antagonist, and, with a gallant determination, moved forth, with what men he could command, to defeat them. He dispatched General Anderson with Bushrod Johnson's division and Wise's brigade to the extreme right of his line, along the White Oak road. A portion of this force, as we have already seen, came in contact with the troops of Griffin on the afternoon of the twenty-ninth.

Pickett's division was also sent in the same direction, and reached the extreme right of the Confederate line at daylight on the thirtieth. The cavalry division of General Fitz Lee

was also sent to the right, and reached Sutherland Station, on the South Side railroad, on the night of the twenty-ninth. Early on the morning of the thirtieth General Hill extended his right, by sending the brigades of McGowan and McRea to join Johnson's left upon the White Oak road. The brigades of Scales and Cook marched to the intrenchments at the Burgess Mill, and those of Lane, Davis, McComb, and Thomas held the line north of Hatcher's Run. General Heth commanded the brigades which were on the south side of the run, and General Wilcox those upon the north side.

General Sheridan received orders on the twenty-ninth from General Grant, not to strike for the railroad, but rather endeavor to turn the right flank of the Confederates, and get in their rear on the morning of the thirtieth, if it was possible for him to do so. Dark clouds gathered during the night and the rain poured down in torrents. The ground being low and flat, soon became so soaked with water that it was impossible for troops to march. The thirtieth came, but the storm did not cease, and during the entire day the troops of both armies crouched for shelter in the tangled underbrush that covered the ground, waiting impatiently for the death struggle which was so soon to follow.

Late in the afternoon of the thirtieth, General Humphreys moved the Second corps forward, and pressed the Confederates back from their intrenchments at the Crow House, into those on the Boydton road, but made no assault upon the latter. At the same time General Warren pushed the Fifth corps up the Quaker and Boydton roads, as far as the Dabney Mill road, and occupied a line covering the Boydton road as far as Gravelly Run. General Ayers, with his division, took a position near where the White Oak road intrenchments turned north, to protect the Claiborne road.

General Sheridan ordered General Merritt to take Devens' division, and seize Five Forks. In this movement he was to be supported by Davis' brigade of Crook's division, while with the balance of his division Crook was to guard the crossing of the Boydton road at Stony Creek. General Merritt

marched to the forks of the road, near the residence of J. Boisseau, and sent parties along the road to reconnoiter in the direction of Five Forks, and also to the White Oak road. They found the Confederates in considerable force upon both roads, and after heavy skirmishing the Federals halted for the night at the forks of the road.

BATTLE OF FIVE FORKS.

Early on the morning of the thirtieth, General Fitz Lee marched with his troops through the rain, by the most direct road to Five Forks, and advancing down the road in the direction of Dinwiddie Court-house, he soon encountered the troops of Sheridan, and there was much heavy skirmishing. At dark the Confederate General was joined by W. H. F. Lee and Rosser, with their divisions, and at the same time General Pickett arrived at Five Forks, having moved along the White Oak road with the brigades of Corse, Terry, and Stuart of his own division, and the brigades of Ransom and Wallace of Johnson's division.

PICKETT IN COMMAND OF CONFEDERATES.

General Sheridan soon learned of the arrival of General Pickett and sent the intelligence post haste to General Grant. General Pickett was placed in command of the troops, and early on the morning of the thirty-first, was to move against General Sheridan. His force consisted of some six thousand cavalry and seven thousand infantry, with several batteries of artillery. General Lee's idea was for Pickett to attack Sheridan, and at the same time to move a portion of the troops of Anderson and Hill and attack with them the left flank of the Fifth corps, hoping to roll it up in defeat, and by making an attack on its front, hurl it back, and thus bring disaster to all of the Federal troops south of Hatcher's Run.

On the thirty-first General Ayers' division occupied the position he had taken the day before, which was in the open ground on the south side of the White Oak road, near Dabney's, and not over six hundred yards from the road.

Early that morning General Crawford moved his division within five hundred yards of General Ayers'; to support him.

Griffin was a thousand yards in the rear of Crawford, and on the southeast side of a branch of Gravelly Run, which, owing to the heavy rain storm, was very difficult to cross.

At eight o'clock General Ayers was notified of the presence of General Pickett four miles away from his left, and warned to guard well both his left flank and his front. Ayers formed his division with Winthrop's brigade facing north and fronting the White Oak road. Dennison's Maryland brigade was formed in a ravine on Winthrop's left, fronting west, and his Third brigade was a little to Winthrop's right, while a brigade of Crawford's division was in the rear of his center.

General Lee, in developing his plan to attack the left of the Fifth corps, on the morning of the last day of March, ordered General McGowan, with his own brigade and that of Gracie, to move along the White Oak road, and to get upon the flank of the Fifth and attack it.

Hunton's brigade was on the north side of the White Oak road with the brigade of General Wise upon his left. General R. E. Lee was on the field in person superintending the arrangement of his troops.

A few moments before McGowan got in position to attack, and just as General Hunton was forming his lines, Ayers moved Winthrop's brigade forward to drive the Confederate skirmishers from the White Oak road. In this movement Winthrop was supported by the brigade of General Gwyn. When they had advanced to within fifty yards of the White Oak road, they encountered the Confederates, also moving forward, and Winthrop fell back across the field to the woods, from which he had just advanced. The Confederates continued their attack in front, and at the same time McGowan came in on the flank, and Ayers' division was forced back across a branch of Gravelly Run, and took a line parallel with that held by Griffin.

The fury of the Confederates was now poured upon Crawford's division in great disaster, and it fell back through the

lines of Griffin's division. When the roar of battle went crashing through the forest, and the firing showed that two divisions of General Warren's corps were falling back, General Humphreys ordered General Miles to advance with two brigades to assist the Fifth corps. In moving forward he came in contact with the brigades of Wise and Hunton, and drove them back to the White Oak road, capturing three hundred prisoners and one flag. In the meantime Griffin's division marched forward and drove McGowan back upon the road, so that the disaster had been retrieved.

The Confederate position upon the road was a very strong one naturally, and had been made much more formidable by slashing in front of the heavy earthworks that crowned the crest. Late in the afternoon, Griffin's division, with the brigades of Chamberlain and Gregory in front, charged upon the outer line of works, which they carried, capturing a number of prisoners also. The Confederates fell back to their main line of defence on the White Oak road. During this day's fighting General Warren had lost in killed, wounded, and missing, fourteen hundred men. General Humphreys had also lost three hundred and seventy-five men. General Ord had pressed close up to the Confederate line and had taken some prisoners.

General Fitz Lee moved along the direct road from Five Forks to Dinwiddie Court-house with his cavalry, and came in contact with Devens' Federal division, moving along the same road from Dinwiddie Court-house to Five Forks. General Lee left his old division of cavalry, commanded by General Munford, to engage Devens near the forks of the Gravelly Run Church road, while he, with the divisions of W. H. F. Lee and Rosser, together with Pickett and his infantry, moved by the way of Little Five Forks, west of Chamberlain's Creek, intending to cross that stream and attack Sheridan's left flank, while Munford should engage him in front. The Confederates intended to cross the creek at Fitzgerald's Landing, and that of Douse, a mile apart. Fitzgerald's crossing was two and one-half miles from Dinwiddie Court-house.

General Crook, with Smith's brigade, was guarding this crossing, and Douse's with the brigade of General Davies, while he was holding Gregg in reserve.

General W. H. F. Lee, with his division, succeeded in forcing the passage of the creek at Fitzgerald's, but was soon driven back with considerable loss. The Confederate attempt to cross at Douse's at first met with no better success, but a brigade of infantry, under General Corse, after a most gallant fight, succeeded in crossing. Gregg now arrived upon the scene, and succeeded for a time in holding Corse in check. In the meantime Munford had compelled Devens to fall back, and the Confederate infantry, by a rapid advance, separated Devens from Crook. This movement compelled Davies and Devens to retreat, by way of Boydton plank road, to Dinwiddie Court-house.

W. H. F. Lee now found a passage of the creek, and formed the right of Pickett's command, while Munford formed the left.

The balance of Crook's command, which consisted of the brigades of Smith and Gregg, fell rapidly back in the direction of the Court-house. Sheridan now hurled the brigades of Gibbs and Gregg upon Pickett. He also ordered Custer to bring up the brigades of Pennington and Capehart to join in the attack. Pickett reformed his line, and the battle raged until darkness put an end to the strife. The two hostile armies lay near each other during the night, Pickett's line being formed squarely across the road leading from the Court-house to Five Forks. His cavalry was upon his flanks, one of which rested upon the Boydton plank road, and the other upon the creek at Fitzgerald's Crossing.

During the afternoon the roar of the battle just described had reached the quick ear of General Warren on the White Oak road, and as the moments passed, the sounds becoming more indistinct, revealed to him the unpleasant truth that Sheridan was being driven from the field. Time was of great value; Sheridan was sorely pressed and the sun was sinking from view.

Warren was anxious to assist Sheridan, but there were no orders for him to do so. His fine features paled under the excitement of the hour, and his keen black eyes flashed forth the intensity of his thought. He decided to wait no longer for authority, when a brother officer needed his aid, and, acting upon his own responsibility, he ordered Bartlett's veteran brigade, of Griffin's division, to move across the country, and, if possible, strike the flank of the Confederates, and thus relieve the pressure that was being brought to bear upon Sheridan with such disastrous effect.

Bartlett's men, understanding the responsibility and gravity of the situation in which they were thus placed, moved forward rapidly, but before they had measured the distance between them and the Confederates, the sound of battle ceased; darkness had come on, and Bartlett's men threw themselves upon the ground, in the dense, dark forest, to wait for the coming day.

It was a night of work within the lines of both armies. Officers were studying maps, and thus endeavoring to make themselves familiar with the country where their troops were to operate; orderlies and staff officers were slowly treading their way along the rough and narrow roads, delivering orders and dispatches. Thus the night passed, and April first, a lovely spring morning, was ushered in. The rising sun shone upon the two armies preparing for the battle, which was to decide interests so vital to the civilized world.

Bartlett's brigade had halted at Dr. Boisseau's, on the most direct road leading from the White Oak road to Dinwiddie Court-house. This position of General Bartlett became known to General Pickett about ten o'clock at night, and he, supposing it was the advance of the Fifth corps, decided to retreat to Five Forks. At midnight his trains and artillery, followed by his infantry, marched along the road leading directly to that point. Corse's brigade was the last to go, leaving about daylight.

Munford's brigade of cavalry immediately followed, while W. H. F. Lee and Rosser crossed Chamberlain's Creek, and

passed by the way of Little Five Forks, and joined the remainder of the Confederates at Five Forks. General Pickett immediately informed General Lee of this movement, and the latter ordered him to maintain his position at the Forks, and thus protect the South Side railroad, along which General Lee proposed to retreat, from Richmond and Petersburg.

Upon receiving these orders General Pickett began to intrench his position, and to make it as strong as possible. At five o'clock in the morning of April first, General Griffin, with his division, moved from the White Oak road across the country to the forks of the road at J. Boisseau's, where, at seven o'clock, he met the cavalry division of General Devens, and reported to General Sheridan. General Crawford closely followed General Griffin.

Sheridan ordered Warren to remain at that point and refresh his men and be prepared to move to the front when ordered. General McKenzie, with his cavalry, had also arrived, and was ordered to halt at Dinwiddie Court-house.

At daylight General Merritt, with his two divisions of cavalry, had moved along the road from the Court-house toward Five Forks, pressing the Confederate rear. Custer, whose division formed the right, dismounted his men, that they might, in that rough country, render more effective service.

General Pickett's veterans had intrenched a line nearly two miles in length, at Five Forks, running along the White Oak road, the forks being nearly in the center of the line. On the Confederate left was a return about one hundred and twenty-five yards in length. General W. H. F. Lee's cavalry formed the Confederate right along the west line of the Gilham field. Then in succession came the brigades of Corse, Terry, Stuart, Ransom and Wallace. Pegram's battalion of artillery was placed with three guns on the right of Corse, three at the Five Forks, and McGregor's battery of four guns on the left. Munford's cavalry division was dismounted and posted on the left, connecting with the left of Wallace, and extending to Hatcher's Run. General Rosser guarded the trains on the north bank of Hatcher's Run, near the road.

General Merritt continued his advance until he pressed up closely to Pickett's intrenchments.

General Sheridan planned his battle with rare skill. It was for Merritt's cavalry to operate as if they would turn Pickett's right flank, and while the attention of the Confederates was thus drawn in that direction, to attack their right flank and rear with the Fifth corps. As soon as Merritt's cavalry should hear the firing of the Fifth corps they were to make an attack in front. If this movement should succeed, Pickett would not only be defeated, but separated from the remainder of the Confederate army, and would be driven westward.

At one o'clock in the afternoon General Warren received orders from General Sheridan to bring up the Fifth corps, and form it on the right of General Devens, some seven hundred yards south of the White Oak road, near the Gravelly Run church. The Fifth corps arrived in the following order: Crawford, Griffin and Ayers. General Crawford's division was placed on the right of Gravelly Run church, in a position where it was supposed, that in moving forward, his center would strike the return upon the Confederate left flank. Griffin's division was placed in the rear of Crawford's. General Ayers was on Crawford's left, and was to engage the Confederates in front, while the other divisions should press in upon their rear and flank. General Warren had received his information of the Confederate position from General Sheridan in person, and the formation of General Warren's corps was made upon the information thus obtained, and the errors of that formation, as they subsequently developed, cannot be attributed to General Warren.

The line was to move forward until it reached the White Oak road, when it was to swing to the left until it should cross that road at right angles. General McKenzie had in the meantime moved with his cavalry from the Court-house, and after a sharp skirmish had seized the White Oak road at a point three miles east of Five Forks. He was then ordered to move forward with the Fifth corps beyond the Confeder-

ate rear, and prevent any retreat by the way of the Ford road across Hatcher's Run.

At four o'clock General Ayers' division was in position, and the order was given to make the attack. The Fifth corps swept across the White Oak road, only receiving a slight fire. General Warren, supposing that the Confederate line was in the edge of a thick wood, a few hundred yards beyond the road, continued to advance directly toward that point. General Ayers' division, moving through a thick wood, and not having reached the road as quickly as the other divisions, suddenly received a severe fire from the return of the Confederate line, so that instead of General Warren finding the flank of the Confederates where he had been informed it was by General Sheridan, he found it eight hundred yards further to the west, and instead of striking the return with the center of Crawford's division on his right, his extreme left had come in contact with it, and consequently the whole plan of attack must be changed.

General Ayers quickly saw the situation in which he was placed, and changing front, proposed to charge upon the Confederate return, and by a brilliant charge carried the works after a desperate encounter. Many prisoners and a number of battle-flags were captured. In the meantime General Warren had changed the direction in which his other divisions were marching. Griffin's division came in on Ayers' right, while Crawford's was swung in on the enemy's rear. Everything was confusion and excitement. Sheridan, with his staff, was dashing to and fro along the Confederate front and left flank. Warren and his staff were plunging at a fearful rate through the dense woods, endeavoring to get the whole of the Fifth corps in upon the Confederates. Ayers was leading his men in the thickest of the battle at the angle of the return.

The brigades of Griffin's division became separated in the thick underbrush, but under their gallant commanders soon found the enemy. Chamberlain joined in with Ayres, and did noble work near the return. Bartlett's division came up

squarély behind the Confederates at a point some two hundred yards east of the Five Forks. They swept over the works like a tidal wave, capturing over five hundred prisoners and a number of colors. Crawford's division came in on the Ford road. The cavalry were fighting like demons, and came up a moment after the works were captured by the infantry. The guns at the Forks were captured by both infantry and cavalry seizing them at the same moment.

The Confederates were surprised, demoralized, and almost dumbfounded, but they did not forget how to fight. Bravely they stood up against the adverse tides that were sweeping in upon them, and when defeated at every other point they made a last stand behind the right of their intrenchments.

Sheridan dashed down the White Oak road cheering on his men, waving his hat and shouting, "Smash them! Smash them!" But General Warren was in his advance, and with his corps' flag in his hand, rallied and led on his men across a broad field in the final charge upon the last position held by the brave Confederates.

GALLANTRY OF GENERAL WARREN.

It was indeed a glorious sight, one such as is rarely seen, a major-general in full uniform, that glistened in the rays of the setting sun, carrying his banner, and riding in advance of a body of troops, with broken columns, to charge a line of intrenchments manned by a desperate foe. It was the last official act of the gallant Warren on the field of strife. Onward he rode while hundreds of bullets whistled around his person, and chanted their death song in his ear, but he heeded them not. The line is almost reached; his noble steed is shot, reels, staggers, falls, but Warren is upon his feet, and with his brave men dashes over the breastworks.

It was a disastrous day for the Confederate arms; five thousand prisoners, three pieces of artillery, and many killed and wounded, fell into the hands of the victors. The gallant Pegram was slain; the South Side railroad lost. The sun of the Confederacy had sunk in an endless night. It had been

a great victory for the Union, but many of its brave men had gone down in death, while many others had been wounded, and yet neither those who wore the blue or gray were so ill-fated as General Warren who, after a glorious service of four years in his country's defence, was denied an honorable death with his comrades upon the red field of carnage, but doomed to endure a living torture at the hand of a cruel and unjust officer, who only in rank could be called his superior.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THRILLING INCIDENTS, ANECDOTES, POEM.

“GO 'WAY DAR, WON'T YE?”

SHORTLY after the arrival of a certain Union regiment in the suburbs of Martinsburg, Virginia, the squad messing in one of the tents near a dwelling were listeners to some most beautiful music. The unknown vocalist sang in tones so soft, so pathetic, and so melodious, that the volunteers strained their ears to drink in every note of the air.

One night the voice again struck up a song, and a determined effort was made to get a look at the singer. Softly one fellow crawled near the house, and as the voice emanated from the basement, entered the door, when lo, prone upon the kitchen hearth, sat the mysterious songstress, an ebony-hued negress, scouring the tin kettles!

The soldier's limbs sank beneath him, and the discovered, looking up, said, “Go 'way, dar, won't ye, or I'll shy de frying-pan out o' de winder?” The soldier left, but not to dream, perchance.

“JEB” STUART PLAYING ORDERLY TO GENERAL BAYARD.

During the week of battles in front of Washington, General Bayard went forward, under a flag of truce, to meet and confer with his old comrade in arms, the famous J. E. B. Stuart, of the Confederate cavalry. Less than two years previously, Jeb was First Lieutenant and Bayard Second Lieutenant in the same company; but Jeb was now a Major-General, and Bayard a Brigadier.

During the interview a wounded soldier lying near was groaning and asking for water.

"Here Jeb," said Bayard—old time recollections making him familiar, as he tossed his bridle to the Confederate officer—"hold my horse a minute, will you, till I fetch that poor fellow some water?" Jeb held the bridle. Bayard went to a stream and brought the wounded man some water. As Bayard mounted his horse, Jeb remarked that he had not for some time "played orderly to a Union general."

A STRAIGHTFORWARD HOOSIER.

An Indiana chaplain, at one of the camps near Corinth, selected for singing the hymn commencing,

"Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
Let a repentant rebel live."

He had scarcely uttered the last word of this line when a private soldier in his congregation, an old man and a zealous christian, earnestly cried out, "No, Lord, unless they lay down their arms." While the clergyman was offering prayer, a rifle shot was heard as if from the picket a mile away.

The report of the gun was immediately followed by an exclamation from the same venerable Hoosier—"Lord, if that's a Union shot, send the bullet straight, an' if it aint, hit a tree with it, Lord."

NASBY'S REASONS WHY HE SHOULD NOT BE DRAFTED.

Petroleum V. Nasby, in order to place himself in his proper position before the public, felt called upon to give his reasons—weighty and cogent ones, too,—why he should not be drafted. Says he: I see in the papers last nite that the government haz institooted a draft, that in a few weeks hundreds uv thousands uv peaceable citizens will be dragged to the tented field. I know not wat uthers may do, but ez fur me, I can't go. Upon a rigid eggsaminashun uv my fizzikle man, I find it woood be wus ner madnes fer me to undertake a campane, to wit:

1 I'm baldheaded, and hev béen obliged to ware a wig these twenty-two yeres.

2 I hev dandruff in wat scanty hair still hangs around my venerable temples.

3 I hev a kronic katarr.

4 I hev lost, since Stanton's order to draft, the use uv one eye entirely, and hev kronic inflammashun in the other.

5 My teeth is all unsound, my palit ain't eggsactly rite, and I hev hed bronkeetis thirty-one yeres last Joon. At present I hev a koff, the paroxisms uv which is frightful 2 behold.

6 I'm holler chisted, and short-winded; hev allus hed panes in my back and side.

7 I'm afflicted with kronic diarrear and kostivniss. The money I hev paid fer Jayness Karminnytive Balsam and Pills would astonish almost everybody.

8 I am rupchured in 9 places, and am entirely enveloped with trusses.

9 I hev varrykose vanes, hev a white swellin on wun leg and a fever sore on the uther; also wun leg is shorter than tother, though I handle it so expert that nobody never notices it.

10 I hev korns and bunyuns on both feet, which would prevent me from marchin.

I don't suppose that my political opinions, which are fer-ninst the prosekooshun uv this unconstitooshnel war, would hev enny wate with a draftin osifer, but the above reasons why I can't go, will, I think, no doubt be suffishent.

HOW THEY LOST THEIR BREAKFAST.

During the seven days' fight before Richmond, Jackson's corps was halted, on the evening of June thirtieth, at White Oak Swamp. Pickets were posted, as is usual, to guard the front. On the next morning they were withdrawn, and the pursuit of McClellan resumed. Two of them, who were on the extreme right of the line, were overlooked. These remained upon their posts until near nine o'clock in the evening, when the sound of firing in the front convinced them that the command had gone forward.

Not having orders to leave their posts, they were at a loss as to what to do. At length they concluded to move in the direction of the firing, and reinforce "old Jack," in case he was in a tight place. Their rations had been consumed the night before, and now they began to feel hungry. After wandering through the swamps nearly all day, they reluctantly came to the conclusion that they were either demoralized, or very badly scattered. As night set in they struck an abandoned camp, however, and soon began an eager search for something to satisfy the cravings of the inner man. Cooking implements were in abundance, but if the Yankees had left anything to eat, some hungry rebel had been there before them, and made a pretty clean sweep. One of the two found a piece of salt beef, weighing nearly three pounds, while the other picked up a small square of desiccated vegetables, that had been trampled in the ground.

It was not a very inviting bill of fare, but they were too hungry to be fastidious. The vegetables being washed tolerably clean, a large camp-kettle was next filled with water, and then a roaring fire was built, and they proceeded to make a soup.

Not knowing what might befall them on the morrow they resolved to make their supper on soup and save the beef for the next day. Having eaten as much of the salty soup as they could contain, they lit their pipes and took an evening smoke, unrolled their blankets, and lay down to rest, after first placing the precious piece of meat on a board to cool off.

About midnight one of them was awakened by the noise of a scuffle, accompanied by a sound like the fall of a heavy piece of timber, and an angry voice exclaiming: "Get out of this, you infernal rascal." He sat up and rubbed his eyes in utter bewilderment, his first thought being, "The Yankees have got us for certain," but in the flickering light of the almost dying fire, he saw his comrade brandishing a stick, and in full pursuit of a half starved cur that was making for the swamp with the meat in his mouth. The sight was so ludicrous that he broke out in a fit of laughter.

Presently the other came back growling and swearing. "Laugh, confound you," he said. "You will laugh on the other side of your mouth in the morning. Perdition seize the hungry whelp," and so he continued to grumble till he fell asleep. If maledictions can kill a dog, the bones of that poor cur are now bleaching in the dark swamps of the Chickahominy.

FLIGHT FROM THE SHENANDOAH.

The order for the desolating of the Shenandoah Valley, issued by General Grant, that it might not afford sustenance to the Confederate raiders, was the source of wide-spread ruin to the inhabitants of that region. Property of all descriptions was swept away as with a besom in an iron hand, and families without number were scattered houseless to poverty, exposure and hunger.

An illustration of the scenes attending such a hegira is afforded in the case of a woman, a very Niobe in her distress, who was discovered sitting by the wayside, on an old chest, and with whom the following conversation transpired :

"You look very sad, ma'am."

"Yes, and I feel so, too, sir," replied she; "but I've got through crying long ago, sir; I've no more tears to shed."

"Do you come from the valley?"

"Yes, we are all from the valley."

"How far?"

"Nigh fifty miles I reckon we came. Why, we were rich," continued she; "we had a nice farm, a good house and barns, and let me tell you what we had beside. We had nine head of young cattle, we had four cows, and four old horses, and six colts. Then there were thirty sheep, and six fatted hogs, and six pigs. Then I had in the house two barrels of apple butter, three hundred pounds of honey, three crocks of butter, and I had silk in the house for two new dresses, to say nothing of my drawers being full of sheets and pillow cases, and all kinds of house linen, and a feather bed on every bedstead. Well, sir, I was a Union woman, I was; I gave my

honey and my apple butter, and all my things to your men, when they came up there scouting, and I never begrudged it.

"When the order came for your men to clear the valley, some of them came while I was over to a neighbor's. I saw the light in my direction, and, oh dear, I knew what was going on—I knew my barn was going. I ran all the way, and I came on one man with a pot of butter, and another with a pot of honey, and all my things; I knew whose they were, and when I got there they had gutted my house. I just had time to get a few things together—there's all that's left, sir," pointing with an air of unutterable despondency to a little pile of effects at her feet.

"Have you nothing left but those!"

"Only thirty dollars in money beside," said she. "We sold a colt to one of your men, and he was a kind man, too, for thirty dollars. We had considerable of Confederate money, but that was no good."

"Well, where do you intend to go?"

"Me and the children hope to go to Ohio, but we don't know as we shall. We don't know what to do."

In this same condition, each with its kindred tale of woe, were hundreds of families on their way from the depopulated valley of the Shenandoah. In the darkness of the night the scene was one that mingled the wretched and the picturesque in a manner that never yet engaged the artist's pencil. An angry sky over their heads, and bleak, cold winds whistling around them; women with children of tender years, often with babes at their breasts; young girls and boys and feeble old men—for there were no young or able men among them; such were the scenes and groups which met the eye and wrung the heart.

THE ADVENTURES OF A PRIVATE SOLDIER.

On the twenty-first of March, 1865, a raiding party of the Ninth New York cavalry dashed into the town of Edinburg, Shenandoah county, Virginia, and surprised and captured several Confederate soldiers who were at their homes, totally

unconscious of the proximity of the Federals. Among the number thus taken was Captain H. H. Riddleberger, who, after the close of the war, was elected to the senate of the United States from Virginia. The experience of one of the soldiers likewise captured, is given in the following sketch.

"After an imprisonment of eight months at Point Lookout and Elmira, I had returned to my home on parole, having been sent from Elmira as an attendant on the sick and disabled soldiers who at that time were being exchanged. I had been at home but a few days, when one morning a squad of men, dressed in gray uniforms, rode through the streets of the village.

"They passed several soldiers who were about the streets, nodding familiarly as they rode along. Suddenly they reined up their horses, drew their revolvers, and commanded the men to surrender. At first they took it as a joke, that the gray horsemen were some of Harry Gilmore's battalion, but when they began to fire, and the boys looked down the street and saw a column of blue coming at a trot, they began to take in the situation. Then there was hurrying to and fro; Captain Riddleberger dashed down a side street, and ran through the creek, but before he could climb the steep bank on the opposite side, several of the cavalry were upon him.

"As he and all the rest of us were unarmed, he deemed discretion the better part of valor, and so surrendered. The narrator, in company with a tall comrade, familiarly known as the 'Seven Foot Reb,' had started to the house of a relative where we had an invitation to dine. As we neared the mill we heard the sound of the firing, and on looking across the narrow stream, saw that the street was blue with Yankees.

"'Seven Foot' made a dash for the mill, and, crawling down into the cog-pit, secreted himself. I had often said I would not be caught hiding, so I made bold to push for a skirt of wood, distant about a quarter of a mile. As I ran the balls from the carbines of the men in the streets cut the ground all around me, but, heedless of the danger, I pressed on, and had nearly reached the cover for which I was strik-

ing, when right in my path, I found a sergeant and four or five men who had crossed the creek at a point below and come around over fields, and cut off my retreat. I gave myself up with a good grace, and claimed exemption from arrest by virtue of my parole.

"The sergeant told me he had no authority to release me, but that he was confident that the major in command of the expedition would set me free as soon as he saw my papers.

"It was a little mortifying to be marched past my uncle's house, where a good dinner was awaiting me, and to be hurried off to the major to be cross-examined, and my hope of release to be dissipated, for, after a critical examination of my parole, he said: 'I guess I'll take you to Winchester and let General Torbert settle this question. I've no doubt he will send you to Fort Delaware.' I swallowed my rage as best I could, and tried to appear indifferent.

"The five prisoners were mounted on horses that had been stolen from citizens of the vicinity. My steed, however, was not a horse, but a vicious, fox-eared mule, which had been taken from Mr. Carver, a citizen of the town. I had no saddle; the mule's back was sharp, and as you may imagine my situation was not the most pleasant imaginable.

"One good hearted Yankee, seeing my predicament, generously gave me a heavy overcoat to fold into a cushion, upon which I rode with some degree of comfort.

"It began to rain in the afternoon, and my kind friend gave me a sack, in which there were oats, and told me to put the overcoat on, and to use the sack as a saddle. I donned the coat, and with my black slouched hat I flattered myself that I looked very much like my captors, and the idea of making my escape took definite shape in my brain.

"We found General Torbert's picket line stretched across the valley, between Middletown and Newtown. After passing this, the vigilance which had been exercised all day was relaxed. Many of the men dismounted, that they might stretch their weary limbs, which had become cramped from having been in the saddle for over twenty-four hours. I also

dismounted, and mingling with the men on foot prepared to seize the first opportunity for escape which presented itself.

"About half-way through the village of Newtown I slipped behind a large tree, hoping to conceal myself until the command had passed, but one fellow spied me, and with a good-natured grin, he said, 'Come out of that, Johnnie. That is an old game which you can't play on us.' I laughed, and slipped back into the road. No other opportunity presented itself until we reached Kernstown. Here a small stream crosses the turnpike. On the right hand side of the road as we marched, is a stone fence, with a water gap, over which was a log for foot passengers. The dismounted men walked across this log. I modestly waited until they had all crossed, and then followed, but instead of getting down in the road, as the rest had done, I dropped upon the inside of the wall and lay still until the whole troop had passed.

"When the sound of the horses' feet had died away, I took the back track. The night was intensely dark, and as I evaded the main road I had no fears of being overtaken, even should my escape be discovered. My chief concern was how to pass the cordon of pickets stretched across the valley. Fortunately the fires, which the men at the reserve posts had kindled, pointed out their locality. I crept softly by in the darkness, as I could hear the voices of the men in conversation, and discovered that a sergeant was about to start with his men to relieve the guard on the outpost.

"Keeping within hearing of these until they were challenged, and the picket relieved, I ascertained the exact locality of the guard, and very quietly passed between two of their posts. Increasing my speed, my intention was to proceed in the direction of Front Royal, and strike the base of the Massanutten Mountain, and to keep under its friendly shade until I should reach home, but without even a star to guide me, I turned out of my way.

"Somewhere, in that gloomy night, I struck a neglected nursery; the little apple trees were growing very thickly, and I thought I should never find my way out. The limbs of the

trees scratched my face and hands and tore my clothing; I lost my hat, and had considerable difficulty in recovering it. I really began to wish that I had gone on to Winchester with the rest of my party.

"At last I emerged from the thickets, but so bewildered that I could not form the least idea of the proper direction for me to take. I proceeded slowly for a while, and on coming up to a farmhouse, with some out-buildings near it, I crawled into a cornerib and determined to lie down to sleep, but in a short time, two or three dogs from the house having discovered my whereabouts, raised such a terrible din by their barking and growling around my temporary resting place; that I concluded I could do better on the road than remaining in the cornerib.

"By this time the rain had ceased, and the morning dawn began to streak the east. I walked slowly on until it became light enough for me to take my bearings, when I found, that at some time during the night, I had crossed the Valley turnpike, and was now on the road to Cedar Creek Valley. Just as the sun arose I came to a nice looking country residence. An old gentleman, evidently the owner of the place, came out to the stile as I approached. After saluting him, I asked, in a respectful manner, whether he would furnish me with something with which to break my fast.

"He answered by saying: 'We have been eaten out; the soldiers, of one side or the other, have been here constantly for the last two years, and we have nothing left.' All this time he was eyeing my blue overcoat. At length he asked abruptly: 'When did you leave the Northern Army?'

"'Last night about nine o'clock,' I replied.

"'Where were they at that time?' again he inquired.

"'Near Kernstown, and going in the direction of Winchester.' 'Where are you going?' was the next question.

"'I am trying to make my way home,' was my reply.

"'I reckon you are tired of fighting,' said he. I responded by saying, 'I never was very fond of it,' and then thinking I had carried the joke far enough, I said, 'I suppose you take

me for a deserter from the Federal army, do you not?" "Yes, I do," was the answer. I hastened to inform him that he was mistaken, and told him who I was, and how I came to be there; meanwhile I had unbuttoned my blue coat, and showed him my gray jacket.

"At once his manner changed, and with the utmost cordiality he invited me into the house, brought me some dry clothing, and in a little while called me to sit down to such a breakfast as no Confederate soldier who had any regard for the reputation of his country would ever turn his back upon. After breakfast he sent a servant with a horse to carry me across Cedar Creek, which had been swollen by the recent rain. I continued my journey, and at sunset I arrived at the home of my boyhood, having traveled about sixty miles since my capture. A few weeks after Lee's surrender I had the privilege of seeing the boys from whom I had slipped away, and we had a hearty laugh over my adventure. Captain Riddleberger was carried to Fort McHenry, and not released until some time in July."

THE BULL AND THE DUTCH REGIMENT.

The following extract from one of the officers of Blenker's command is too good to be lost.

"We were all sitting together, watching the operations of the troops, and telling stories, and laughing heartily with mirth. . . . All was bustle around us. Some of the soldiers were carrying boxes of bread, others were cleaning out rifles, and others arranging their knapsacks.

"Directly in front of us a Dutch sutler wagon had halted, and its proprietor was dealing out the lager beer in foaming glasses, and the precious Limburg cheese, whose stifling and offensive odor would have put a skunk to flight. While we were watching the amusing antics of the queer-looking Dutchmen, as they skipped about, or clambered up the sides of the wagon, vociferating for their beverage, a herd of cattle was driven up, and halted near by, while the regimental commissary sergeants selected the animals by turn. Among them

was an enormous black bull, who had evidently seen many summers pass over his broad and massive head. He had probably been captured by our foragers in the surrounding country, and had been turned in among the common stock of the commissary. He was evidently a patriarch in years, and certainly as tough as a 'biled owl.'

"We were a little curious to see how the lots were drawn, and what regiment would have to munch the bull, when, to our utter surprise, a Dutch sergeant, who had drawn the first choice, stepped up and claimed the bull, and led him off to his regiment, encamped within a few paces of us, on the left.

"After the others were selected, arrangements were made to kill them on the spot, and a famous scout, from the Eighth Virginia (Union) regiment, was called upon to shoot them as they stood. This soldier was a mountaineer from Western Virginia, and was one of the best shots in the army. His form was tall and sinewy; his features were regular and calm, and indicated the most resolute courage; but his eye was the most remarkable point about him, and its steady, penetrating, and overpowering look had the glance of the eye of the eagle. Quietly he took the loaded rifles from his two comrades who stood behind him, and raising the deadly weapon to his shoulder, he stood as firmly as a statue of marble, waiting for the selected animal to look up and expose its eye. At the flash of the rifle the ox fell instantly upon the earth, and almost without a shudder, so quickly had the spark of life been extinguished.

"The surviving animals stood quietly, looking in mute astonishment at the motionless soldier, and at their prostrate comrades, as they sank to the ground as though reclining to sleep.

"In a few moments the last of the herd had fallen—all shot in the eye by this splendid marksman. So sure was his aim that he never missed, and his comrades were so confident of his skill that they passed in the rear of the living animals with a feeling of perfect security.

"Look there, General,' said one of the aids, 'those Dutchmen are going to kill the bull with an ax.'

"Yes, about a dozen of them had got a rope fastened to his stout horns, and were trying to hold him still for a moment, while a stalwart German, with puffy face, and a fat red nose, was swinging an ax to strike him between the eyes. Now he lets the ax drive; but the bull suddenly drew back, and the descending iron struck the monster fairly on the nose. Quicker than chain lightning the scene changed.

"The bull was no longer a bull, but a demon; his eyes flashed like living coals of fire, and leaping into the air like a panther, he broke away from the soldiers as though they were men of straw, and catching on his horns the big Dutchman in the rear, as he turned to run, he tossed him slam-bang into the sutler's wagon. The lager beer drinkers took to their heels, right and left, while the infuriated bull made a magnificent charge, struck the wagon amidships, and overturned the whole concern in one grand crash—beer keg, Limburg cheese, squash pies, cases of sauer kraut, proprietor and all,

'In one red burial blent.'

"Leaping back for a few feet, he again plunged his massive front into the fragment heap of debris; but this time he struck and broke the spile of the lager beer barrel, which squirted a foaming and creamy torrent into the bull's eyes, ears and nostrils.

"Here was a new and unknown foe to our bovine hero, and he gathered his limbs for a decisive rush. Lowering his horns again, on one of which was impaled a decayed cheese, and on the other a Westphalia ham, he rammed again and again the wagon and its contents, which had now become somewhat mixed and pulpy. Just then a great, fat fellow, with a paunch as big as a camel's, and more drunk than discreet, broke through the crowd of surrounding soldiers, and actually seized the bull by the tail. The enraged animal no sooner felt the grasp of the hand than he turned, as nimbly as a cat, and whirled the unlucky Teuton as easily as a boy whips a top.

"'Dunder and blitzen, vat a bull,' yelled the crowd.

"Still Dutchy held on with the energy of despair; but at last he lost his hold, for the hair gave way, and away he went off in a tangent into the crowd, and was not seen again.

"The sharp click of rifles caused us to look up again, and to our horror we beheld a dozen men pointing their guns directly at the bull, who was in front of us. The General sprang to his feet, and yelled, with a voice of thunder:

"'Stop, you infernal rascals! If you fire this way I'll have'—

"The bull hearing the sound of the General's voice turned and charged for us, only a few paces distant. . . .

"Just then the brave Virginia scout stepped forward, with his fatal rifle in hand, and held himself in readiness to fire.

"'Stop!' called out the General, hurrying up. 'You will kill some of the men if you fire.'

"'Never fear,' calmly responded the soldier; and lifting his rifle to his shoulder, he quietly awaited his opportunity to shoot.

"In a few moments the panting and maddened animal turned his blood-shot eye upon the hunter standing calmly before him. But that look was his last, for the rifle-ball entered the eye, traversed the brain, and buried itself in the strong and massive bones at the base of the skull.

"This German regiment, which was from Pennsylvania, never again selected a bull, to the best of our knowledge and belief."

IN CAMP AND ON THE MARCH.

Numberless anecdotes and incidents of soldier life have been published, and yet the half has not been told. Get a group of old soldiers together on some winter evening, around a blazing fire, and as one after another relates his experience of army life, you will be surprised to discover how swiftly the hours have sped away, and to find what a rich mine of amusement and instruction remains to be developed in the unwritten history of the war.

As we look into the faces of our old comrades, we note the

fact that time has left his traces there. Wrinkles have taken the place of youthful bloom; silver threads streak the raven locks, or a vacant spot on the summit of the cranium tells that the owner of the aforesaid caput is in the condition of "Old Uncle Ned," whom the plantation song describes as not having any

"Hair on the top of his head,
In the place where the wool ought to grow."

By these tokens we are reminded that unless some of us who participated in these scenes commit to paper our recollections of the incidents which have occurred, we shall pass off the stage, and many things of interest will be lost to posterity.

But who will tell of our fun and frolic? Who will relate to our children and our children's children, that inner history which made camp life endurable, and helped to soften the asperities of cruel war?

When they read of battles, of long marches, of the wearisome miles traversed by footsore men, when they are told of short rations and scanty pay, they will be apt to form the opinion that the men who constituted the armies were a stern and solemn band, whose breasts continually burned for conflict, and whose eyes constantly gleamed with hatred for their foes, men whose sufferings and hardships had made them gloomy and morose, when, in point of fact, a jollier set of dogs never lived than the soldiers of 1861-5.

These same men who faced death on the plains of Manassas and the hills of Gettysburg with unflinching eye and unblanched cheek, who passed uncomplainingly through untold hardships, were as blithe and merry as a set of schoolboys. To-day, at the call of duty, they would storm the "imminent deadly breach"; to-morrow, the danger passed, they might be found in sportive mood, planning a practical joke on the comrades who had fought by their side.

Once in camp, the harness off, and the sternness of the veteran relaxed into the playfulness of the boy, and the merry jest and ringing laugh, told of anything but gloom.

There must have been a considerable difference between the camp life of the soldiers in the two armies.

On the Southern side the discipline was not so strict as in the Federal army. Greater license was allowed the men, and one is constrained to believe that there was more familiarity between the officers and privates. All of the Confederates fared alike, the only difference being that when on duty, the officers commanded, and the men obeyed. The methods of cooking were also dissimilar. Hard-tack was seldom seen except when "Old Jack" made a requisition on "Commissary Banks," or some fortunate raid of Jeb Stuart brought in a train of United States wagons.

Flour and corn-meal were issued to the boys, and they baked their own bread or biscuit or "hoeecake," using three-legged iron skillets, which the North Carolina troops called spiders. A vision rises of a long lank specimen of the genus tar-heel, clad in a ragged suit of butternut brown, his unkempt hair peeping out of the holes in his greasy, old slouched hat, a hungry look in his small bullet eyes, a cadaverous expression on his sallow face, with his empty haversack hanging idly by his side, as with a long drawl and a peculiar intonation, he puts the query: "Mister, kin you uns tell me whar the Forty-seventh North Carolina pot and spider wagon is? I haint had nothing to eat for nigh onto four days, and I 'low if I ever ketch up with the wagon, I'll git a squar meal."

See the men as they go into camp after a hard day's march. The place is selected with a view to convenience, as to wood and water; the arms are stacked; the ranks are broken, and as the wagons are drawn into position in the rear a rush is made for axes, "spiders," and camp-kettles. Soon the axes are being used, and quickly thereafter long rows of fire are blazing, and each mess in the company is busy preparing supper. Some gather wood, others bring water; one from each mess goes to draw rations, while others do the cooking.

If the mess were fortunate enough to own a tin pan, the biscuit dough was kneaded in that, but if the pan was missing, a hole was scraped in the ground, a rubber cloth was laid

over it, and in the tray, thus improvised, biscuit were mixed and worked out. The scanty ration of bacon was fried to cracknels, the lard used for "shortening," and the crisp, dry, pieces of meat, were crushed with as much zest as any dainty morsel that ever graced the tables at home.

In winter quarters, or permanent camp, the style of cooking was more pretentious. "Soup," "floating battery," "pies," dumplings, and even light rolls were made, together with many other dishes of the soldiers' concoction.

Sometimes a successful forager would bring in a ham or a turkey, or perhaps an antique rooster who had strayed too far from home. Once some of the men captured a ground hog. That was a red letter day in the history of the war. His hogship was hung out overnight and frosted. Next day he was parboiled, and then put in an oven and roasted. Company was invited to dinner who considered it a feast fit for a king.

Vegetables could be had in their season; berries were to be had for the picking, and in such seasons of plenty the men "waxed fat." Sugar and coffee were articles of great luxury, which were seldom seen, except after a capture. Coffee was especially scarce, and many were the substitutes for this delicious berry, which were tried, proved, and found wanting. Roasted wheat, rye and corn were experimented with; chestnuts, acorns, and even persimmon seeds were pressed into service, roasted, ground, boiled, and drank out of dingy tin cups, under the names of Rio, Mocha, Java, etc.

The men tried to think the decoctions thus made tasted like coffee, but it was a terrible strain on the imagination. But if rations were light, hearts were not heavy, and when the task of cooking was performed the men rolled themselves in their blankets, and lay down on the hard ground, and slept as sweetly as though they were resting on beds of down.

One bane of a soldier's life was camp-guard; they never minded doing sentinel duty on the out-posts. The picket line was a place of horror, of danger, and responsibility, yet there was something inspiring and soldier-like in guarding the

front; but camp-guard, O, to be compelled to stand and watch over a pile of corn, or a lot of half-starved army mules, or some other equally uninteresting object, it was then that the iron entered one's soul, and many were the devices practiced by the "old soldiers" to be relieved of this duty. It was a custom to inspect the arms every morning at guard mounting, and the soldier having the cleanest gun was selected as supernumerary for that day. That is, he was not placed on post, but was kept around headquarters, within easy call, should his services be demanded.

Johnny Walters, a member of the Tenth Virginia, had a beautiful rifle, which was the pride of his heart. He always kept it as bright as a new penny; not a speck of dirt or dust was allowed to rest upon it. When any of his company mess were detailed for camp duty his rifle was borrowed, and it "always took the cake." This game was played successfully for a long time.

The army rules required that the sentry should walk his post, but often in the absence of the officer of the day, would the boys sit down and lean against a tree, with their muskets resting on the ground and take it easy.

In the month of August, 1861, the Tenth Virginia was camped at Fairfax Station. One night one of the men was placed on the side of the camp near the railroad on sentry duty. He knew that between him and the enemy there were watchful lines, and he could not see the necessity of his being so very careful. A convenient stump invited repose, the hours were long, his lids grew heavy with slumber, his chin dropped on his breast, his fingers relaxed their hold on his rifle, it slipped to the ground, and he slept the sleep of the just. He heeded not the approach of the officer of the guard, who in the discharge of his duty was making his rounds. A heavy hand fell upon the shoulder of the peaceful sleeper, and a harsh voice asked, "What are you doing here perched on this stump?" Without a moment's hesitation the answer came: "I am viewing the landscape." As it was nearly pitch dark, the lieutenant was struck with the ludicrous reply, and

controlling his laughter as best he could, he administered a mild rebuke and passed on.

General Edward Johnson once came suddenly upon one of his men seated on the ground, cleaning his musket, which he had taken to pieces for that purpose.

"Who are you?" growled the General. "What are you doing here?" "I am a kinder sorter sentinel," answered the soldier. "Who are you?" "I am a kinder sorter general," mimicked old Ed. "Wal," said the man, not the least disconcerted, "if you will wait until I can put my gun together, I'll get up and give you a kinder sorter salute." The General's mouth twitched, his eyes snapped, and he rode rapidly away.

While at Fairfax Station two of the boys from Company C went out on a foraging expedition, near Burke's Station; they encountered a good-looking cow, and at once resolved to have some milk. After no little trouble the cow was brought to a standstill on a little bridge, over a small stream of water, and the milking operation began. The only vessel they had with them was a canteen, the neck of which was narrow, and it required pretty straight shooting to send the lacteal fluid into it. The cow was restless, while neither of the boys were expert milkers; they were also in constant dread lest the owner of the cow should come and interfere. More of the milk found its way into the faces and over the clothing of the enterprising foragers than into the canteen. After having worried for nearly an hour, and getting about half a pint of milk, they concluded to abandon the enterprise, as the cow lost her temper, and planting her big foot in the stomach of her tormentor, she sprawled him, almost breathless, on the ground.

The boys made a solemn covenant never to speak of the transaction, but the fallen hero had cause to suspect the faithfulness of his comrade when applications for milk began to pour in upon him, something after this order: "Say, can't you let us have a little milk?" "Say, old fellow, have you any milk to spare?" "How is the cow?" "Does your

stomach ache?" Such were the questions he was obliged to hear and bear, for be it known that he who betrayed the smallest sign of impatience, caught it without mercy.

One thing gave the officers a good deal of trouble at this camp, and that was the sale of liquor to the soldiers by the citizens living in the neighborhood. There were many men in the regiment who would go any length to get their fill of "apple jack" or old rye. A strong guard was placed around the camp, and strict orders were given to examine every canteen or other vessel brought into it.

One day a man came in bearing in his hand a very innocent looking coffee pot. He was halted by the sentry and asked what he had in the coffee pot. "Nothing but buttermilk," was the reply, and gently tilting the coffee pot a stream of milk poured from the spout. "Pass on," said the guard, fully satisfied. In a little while it was plain to be seen that something stronger than buttermilk had found its way down the throats of some of the men. It was found out afterward that the artful fellow had stopped the lower part of the spout with wax, and then filled the spout with the buttermilk, while the body of the vessel was used to carry the contraband *spiritus frumenti*.

On another occasion a soldier had succeeded in "flanking the guard," and returning after night, attempted to steal into camp. The argus-eyed sentry espied him, and cried "Halt! Who comes there?" Recognizing the voice of a chum, the forager whispered, "A friend with a canteen full of apple jack." "Advance friend, and let's take something," said the stern guardian of the camp.

General Joseph E. Johnston came down to review the brigade on one occasion. The regiments composing it all acquitted themselves creditably in the various maneuvers, except the Third Tennessee. These gallant mountaineers had a most profound ignorance of, and a supreme contempt for, Hardee's Tactics. The colonel looked like a cattle drover, and the other regimental officers presented an appearance entirely in harmony with their chief. In attempting to

execute a movement, this regiment became hopelessly entangled, and the colonel, after a few futile efforts to bring order out of confusion, cried out despairingly: "Tennesseans, for God's sake, sort yourselves." General Johnston kept his countenance, but some of the younger members of his staff laughed aloud. The regiment was ordered off the field, and as they marched away, some rather uncomplimentary remark was made, when the major, whose face was red with mortification and anger, rode up to General Johnston, and stammeringly said: "G-g-g-general, w-we d-d-didn't c-c-come h-here to d-d-drill; w-we c-c-came h-h-here t-to f-f-fight." It was no idle boast; no braver body of troops ever faced a foe, and on many a hard-fought field did these gallant men make good the words of their irate major.

One endless source of amusement with the soldiers was that of chaffing. Woe betide the luckless civilian, who in his appearance or manner presented anything odd or striking. His dress, his deportment, his good looks, all came in for a share of merciless and mirth-provoking criticism.

One day an elderly looking gentleman came into camp, wearing a high silk hat. At once he became the target for every one in the command. Assuming the most innocent look, and affecting an ignorance of the king's English, one after another began to fire remarks. "Mister, I am sorry to learn you have lost your cow." "Cow, sir! cow, I've not lost a cow!" "Oh, beg pardon, thought you had, as you have got your churn on your head." "Sir, you are impertinent," said the gallant, as he quickened his pace.

Presently another called out, "O Bill, come here and help me make an arrest; here's the fellow what stole our camp-kettle, he's got it on his head." The gentleman scowled, and walked rapidly away. Then another yelled, "Come out of that hat; I know you are in there; I see your legs working." By this time the face of the victim was scarlet, and turning, he shook his clenched fist at them as he cried, "You are a set of low blackguards, and ought to be whipped." A loud, derisive laugh from the crowd showed him the impotency of his wrath, and he beat a hasty retreat.

A good story is told of a quartermaster who rode through the camp of a North Carolina regiment. His new and splendid uniform, fine horse, and his equipments, struck the attention of the valiant tar-heels, and at once they spotted him as a representative of the bomb-proof department, and began their unmerciful sport. "Look there, boys; see that big general?" "Whoop, sir; hold your hoss down to the airth." "Lord, boys, see how he spreads his tail; see how he is going to fly!" "Mister, what'll you uns take for that hoss?"

The high mettled animal, excited by the yells and jeers of the men, began to rear and plunge. At this the shouts of the unfeeling tar-heels grew louder, while, nearly bursting with rage, the luckless rider tugged at his reins, vainly endeavoring to quiet his steed. Finally he succeeded in passing nearly out of the camp, and had got control of his horse, when some distance away he saw a solemn visaged old reb beckoning with his hand. He at once turned his horse, and in a very condescending manner, said: "Well, my man, what will you have?" "I just wanted to say, Mister, you must not mind them thar boys, they're always a holleren at some fool or other."

On one occasion while a regiment was passing through the streets of a town, a man was seen standing on the sidewalk, who, in girth of waist, would have rivalled old Jack Falstaff. "I say, Bob," cried a soldier to his comrade, "I have found out what has become of our big bass drum. That fellow has swallowed it." At this sally, that part of the fat man's anatomy, supposed to contain the drum, shook with laughter, which proved him to be a jolly soul, and secured him from any further quizzing.

General Imboden commanded an independent brigade. For some reason the soldiers in the regular organizations seemed to have a spite against this command. It might have been that they were envious of the good fortune of Imboden's men, who being in a small command, and often separated from the larger body of the army by long distance, had greener pastures and better opportunities for foraging. Be

that as it may, they were never passed without some sharp speech on the part of the boys, who felt that they bore the heat and burden of the day. "O, mamma," cried one, mimicking the tone of a lackadaisical young lady, "do come and look at the soldiers; they are too nice for anything." "Hush, child," would be the answer, "these are not soldiers, they are nobody but Imboden's men." Then if you had been there, you would have heard something that sounded very much like swearing. Once, while the Tenth Virginia regiment was passing Imboden's camp, the following dialogue ensued: "Say, boys, have you heard the news?" "No, what is it?" "Why, they say General Lee has determined to put Imboden's brigade in the army."

The infantry soldiers would also take a fling at the cavalry, whenever they met the latter. Often you would hear something like this: "We are going to have a fight soon, the cavalry are going to the rear." It was no use to get mad, there was no redress. The boys did not mean to be cruel, they were only bent on having their fun, and did not stop to think how their rudeness might wound the feelings of others; and in view of their cheerful endurance of hardships and privations, and their well-known gallantry in the field, these minor offences were condoned.

When no outside victim presented himself, they did not scruple to play their pranks on one another. Many a poor fellow, who has lain in bed until the last moment, and only turned out at the tap of the drum for roll-call in the morning, has found the legs of his pants tied in hard knots, or his rough army shoes filled with sand, by some joke-loving comrade.

A fleshy, good-natured fellow was a great sleeper. One warm summer morning he turned up the ends of his tent to let the cooling breeze pass through, shook up his pallet, and lay down to pleasant dreams. Soon his deep, regular breathing caught the attention of the boys. Softly and silently blanket after blanket was spread upon the form of the sleeper; the ends of the tent were lowered, and securely

fastened; a roaring fire was built in a sheet iron stove just outside the tent door, and the boys sat down to await developments. After awhile a movement was heard inside, and then a growl of impatience, and presently "fatty" emerged from the tent, puffing like a porpoise, while streaming with perspiration. A roar of laughter greeted his appearance, in which he soon joined, but the twinkle of his eye boded no good to the perpetrators of the joke.

Thus many an hour was passed, free as children entering on any enterprise which promised a little diversion, and yet ready to undertake the work of heroes, and dare the dangers of the high places of the field.

"SOWING BESIDE ALL WATERS."

It was a beautiful Sabbath morning at the Camp of Distribution, near Alexandria, Va., in the early autumn of 1863. Twenty-five hundred soldiers from the army hospitals were there assembled, waiting for orders to be forwarded to their regiments, in the Army of the Potomac. There was no employment to consume the time, and no christian influences to restrain the evil passions of men thus thrown together. The church spires in Washington, Georgetown and Alexandria were visible from this rendezvous, but no christian workers came to scatter the seeds of gospel truth upon the barren soil of so hopeless a field. In the camp there was much profanity, drinking, gambling, and desecration of the Sabbath. On a Sabbath morning, five hundred men were out in one street; some were pitching quoits, others playing cards, and all were talking, laughing, and shouting. A gentleman and lady both plainly attired, drew near the crowd, and, without heeding the many loud and coarse exclamations that greeted them, began to sing a sweet christian melody. The noise of the rough voices died away as hymn after hymn was sung. The cards and other amusements were thrown aside, and with eager, hungry looks the soldiers crowded around the singers. An hour passed quickly away. "We will come again next Sabbath if you would like to have us," pleasantly remarked the

gentleman as they were preparing to depart. "Yes, yes; come, come; please do so;" cried fifty voices from the crowd of fifteen hundred men who were now standing around them. When those christian laborers came the following Sabbath they beheld a different scene. A large pile of boards designed for tent floors to be used the coming winter, had been borrowed from the quartermaster of the camp, and had been arranged in rows of seats capable of seating one thousand men; a rude platform and stand had been constructed beneath a clump of oak trees. A sergeant, selected for that purpose, escorted the singers to the platform, from which they looked down upon a thousand upturned faces. There was singing, prayers, exhortations, invitations, tears, repentance, and conversions. The meetings were continued at stated intervals for weeks, and a great change was wrought. Scores of brave soldiers there found the Saviour, under the faithful labors performed by these humble servants of God. When many of these veterans died upon the bloody battlefields of 1864, heaven gathered a rich harvest from the seed planted upon an unpromising field.

RICK'S RIDE.

Captain A. J. Ricks, Cleveland, Ohio, gives the following spirited account of his carrying the news of Lee's surrender to Sherman's army:

An incident of peculiar interest to me happened near the close of the war, which is relevant to the subject assigned to me, and may prove of interest to you. On a bright day in April, 1865, Major-General J. D. Cox, commanding the Twenty-third Army Corps, with his staff and escort, was riding leisurely at the head of the marching column on the road to Raleigh. The latest news we had from Grant was of the fierce struggle about Richmond, its evacuation, and Lee's flight toward Central Virginia. We were passing on toward Raleigh to prevent a consolidation of Johnston's and Lee's armies, and though hourly expecting news of important movements, we had no expectation of any decided victory. As I

was riding by the General's side speculating as to Johnston's probable movements, an orderly from General Sherman's headquarters rode slowly toward us, bearing a message. General Cox opened it in the usual manner and read it over as he would have done an ordinary official communication. There was nothing in the manner of the messenger to indicate that he was the bearer of any unusual or important news, and he sat listlessly on his horse while a receipt was being written for the message. Happening then to cast my eyes toward the General, I noticed his face to suddenly brighten, and in great excitement he turned and directed that the escort and staff be drawn up in line that he might read to them a message from General Sherman. It was done in a hurry, and with his head uncovered he read a brief dispatch that said that General Lee, with his entire army, had surrendered to Grant at Appomattox.

It was a message long looked for, long fought for, and though it came to us on the roadside so unexpectedly, its full significance was at once appreciated. It meant home and wife and children and happy meetings throughout the land. Such cheers as rang through that North Carolina pine thicket from the headquarters' staff and escort of a battalion of cavalry, were never heard before nor since. Before the message was read, General Cox ordered all hats off, and throats cleared for three rousing cheers. Our horses' reins were loosened and thrown on their necks, and hats were off as quickly as ready hands could catch them. As the cheers rang out quick and sharp, my horse became frightened, and quick as a flash he whirled around, and before I could gather up my reins to check him, he was at full speed, headed toward the approaching column. I had hardly checked his rapid strides when the thought flashed upon me that it would be a glorious thing to carry the news to the twenty thousand men of the Twenty-fifth Army corps who were marching on the broad road before me, all unconscious of the glad tidings that awaited them. It needed no second thought. Spurring up, and giving free rein to the excited horse, he flew over the ground like a bird, seeming to know that a ride of unus-

ual significance was before him. Soon I came in sight of the first column, Major-General Couch and staff heading the Second division. They heard our cheers, and as they saw me coming down the road at full speed, with hat off, waving for a clear road by which to pass to the rear, they opened ranks to the right and left, and opened a clear passage in the center of the road. As soon as I was within shouting distance I cried out, "Lee, with his whole army, has surrendered to Grant; make way for the bearer of the glorious news." Then their wild cheers rang out to swell those of the headquarters, which could still be heard at my rear.

But a few rods back of General Couch and his staff was the head of the infantry column, the One Hundred and Eleventh Ohio regiment. The men saw how the right of way had been quickly given to the horse and rider by the General and his escort in front of them, and as I waved to them to open ranks and give me the roadway, they responded with a will, and spreading to the right and left gave me a straight, open road to the rear. At the head of the column, and as often and as fast as I could repeat it to the anxious listeners, with horse at full speed, I cried out, with the waving of my hat, "Lee has surrendered with his whole army to Grant."

Onward I pressed my way through the surging ranks, — before me an open road, lined on each side with anxious men, leaning forward to catch the first sound of the good news they were all so impatient to hear; behind me a wild, exultant, indescribable set of men suddenly transformed into lunatics, if they were to be judged by their actions, pounding each other with knapsacks, waving blankets on the points of their bayonets, pounding canteens with belt buckles, and making a pandemonium of sounds and a circus of tumbling and vaulting. It was news that needed no explanation. It carried a world of joy and relief to those brave men upon whom the long suspense of weary marches and indecisive battles was wearing. It meant a speedy end of marching under a hot southern sun, with heavy knapsacks, and a happy reunion at home. It meant but few more, if any, bloody bat-

bles, with the chances of war leaving them crippled or dead upon the field, and the wild plaudits of a grateful people released from the throes of war. It meant good by to tent and camp, and the wild exultation of the homeward march, with streets filled with joyous friends, and banners flaunting from every house-top and window in the dear old home town where messages of love, and prayers for safe return, had followed them from the first day of enlistment. It meant no more nights on picket duty, but a final happy reunion around the old hearthstone, where home and all its blessings awaited them.

Such was the meaning of those brief words that I cried out with such wild excitement to twenty thousand men, and for eight miles, through ranks of infantry regiments, through batteries of artillery, by the ambulance and hospital trains, rode the one man to whom every ear was turned, the one bearer of tidings, whose voice filled every heart with joy and gratitude.

And do you wonder, comrades, when I say to you that I look back upon that experience as the happiest and most eventful one of my army life? I wish I had the gift to tell you of all its striking points; of how differently strong men gave expression to their joy. Some were too much overcome to speak; some shouted themselves hoarse, while others cried; some were wild with their demonstration, while some were calm and thoughtful, and secretly breathing a prayer for their safe deliverance from the long series of dangers to which they had been exposed. I must further trespass upon your time to tell a few incidents that occurred which are worthy of preservation.

All Northern Ohio soldiers know General Jack Casement of Painesville. At the top of a hill, as I neared the end of my long ride, I saw the little General anxiously looking for the bearer of the good news, for long before I could be seen, the men could hear the wild cheering from the head of the column gradually growing louder and nearer, so that they knew some news of unusual importance was coming by the hands of some bearer. As I came within hailing distance he

recognized me, and cried out: "Ricks, what is it? For God's sake, what is it?" I had grown so hoarse from constant repetition of the message in the midst of such great noise and confusion that I could scarcely speak aloud, but when I got near enough, I again repeated: "Lee has surrendered with his whole army to Grant." Quick as a flash he clapped his heels together, and with a wild yell turned a complete somersault in the road and ran back to his command, a part of the Third division, which had just drawn off from the road for dinner. The assembly was immediately sounded, and beginning with the officers and band of the First regiment, and followed by the field officers and color bearers, we marched down the regiment front, and so along each succeeding regiment, the men cheering and the colors waving.

The quick wit of the soldier is proverbial, but I never heard a more striking proof of it, than on the occasion which I am describing. In one of the regiments, as I was sweeping through the ranks, I caught the bright face of a soldier leaning out from the lines as far as possible into the road, to catch the message that fell from my lips. "What is it? What is it?" he anxiously shouted. "Lee has surrendered with his whole army to Grant," was the reply. Clear and loud, above all the voices, and quick as the message fell upon his ears, was his answer: "Great God! you're the man I've been looking for for the last four years." What a world of meaning there was in that prompt answer! True enough, that was the news a whole nation of wearied people were waiting for, that was the message the whole army had been looking for through long campaigns of hard marches and desperate battles; but it took the quick wit of a bright soldier to express it tersely and aptly.

Near the rear of the corps I found the One Hundred and Fourth Ohio regiment on the roadside. The wild cheering of the soldiers had attracted the attention of some ladies who lived near by. Some children had run out among the men, and their mothers, in great excitement, came out to hear the news, and to rescue their children from the Yankee soldiers.

When they heard it they were as much overcome as the "Yankees" themselves, and one of them, with her long hair streaming in the wind, knelt down in the road, and clasping her children, thanked God again and again that the dreadful war was over, and their father would soon be home. I asked her where her husband was, and she said, "Oh, with Lee, with Lee." The touching incident so impressed me that I took the trouble to inquire afterward about the father, only to learn that he had been killed in one of the last battles about Richmond. Her expressions of gratitude at the news of the close of the war hardly died on the ear until it gave way to the grief and despair of a home desolated by the ravages of war, and robbed of a husband's and father's care and love.

WHERE MAN SHOULD DIE.

ANONYMOUS.

How little reck's it where men die, when once the moment's past
In which the dim and glazing eye has looked on earth its last;
Whether beneath the sculptured urn the coffin'd form shall rest,
Or, in its nakedness, return back to its mother's breast!

Death is a common friend or foe, as different men may hold,
And at its summons each must go—the timid and the bold;
But when the spirit, free and warm, deserts it, as it must,
What matter where the lifeless form dissolves again to dust?

'Twere sweet, indeed, to close our eyes with those we cherish near,
And, wafted upward by their sighs, soar to some calmer sphere;
But whether on the scaffold high, or in the battle's van,
The fittest place where man can die is where he dies for man!

CHAPTER XXX.

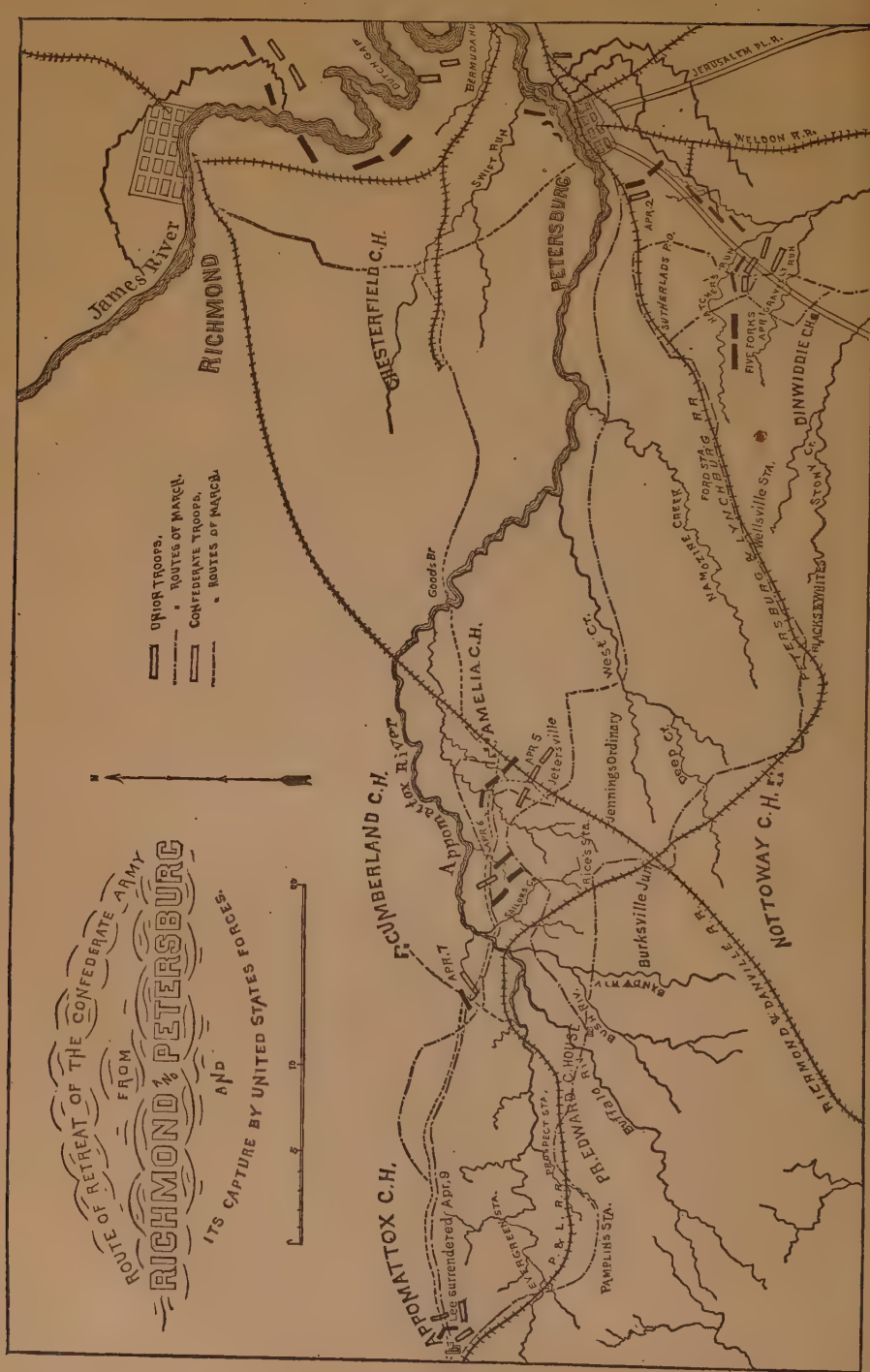
THE LAST CAMPAIGN. BOMBARDMENT OF PETERSBURG. THE INFANTRY ASSAULT. FEDERALS IN REAR OF CONFEDERATE INTRENCHMENTS. CAPTURE OF FORTS GREGG AND ALEXANDER. CONFEDERATE FORCE REDUCED TO THIRTY-THREE THOUSAND MEN. DEATH OF GENERAL A. P. HILL. LEE'S MESSAGE TO PRESIDENT DAVIS. PAINFUL EXCITEMENT OF RICHMOND CITIZENS. FLIGHT OF PRESIDENT DAVIS. THE VIRGINIA LEGISLATURE. DESTRUCTION OF PUBLIC PROPERTY. MOB-OCRACY. RICHMOND IN FLAMES. EVACUATED. DREADFUL EXPLOSIONS. BURNING OF MAYO'S BRIDGE. LEE'S HOPE OF ESCAPE. FEDERALS OCCUPY RICHMOND WITH NEGRO TROOPS. FEDERALS WELCOMED BY MANY OF THE INHABITANTS. EVACUATION OF PETERSBURG. LEE'S POINT OF CONCENTRATION OF HIS TROOPS. HIS DISAPPOINTMENT. PLANS ABANDONED. ACTIVITY OF FEDERALS. PETERSBURG IN HANDS OF FEDERAL TROOPS. SHERIDAN IN PURSUIT OF CONFEDERATES. INTERCEPTED BY FEDERALS. LEE'S EMBARRASSMENT. HIS ONLY HOPE. BATTLE OF FARMVILLE. FEDERALS REPULSED. DEATH OF GENERAL READ. BATTLE OF SAILOR'S CREEK. CAPTURE OF CONFEDERATE WAGON TRAIN, SIXTEEN GUNS AND SIX THOUSAND PRISONERS. EWELL CAPTURED. CONFEDERATE HEROISM. COUNCIL OF CONFEDERATE GENERALS. LEE DECLINES TO HEED THEIR SUGGESTIONS. RETREAT CONTINUED. FEDERALS IN PURSUIT. BATTLE OF HIGH BRIDGE. BATTLE ON THE ROAD. FEDERALS REPULSED. DEATH OF GENERAL SMYTHE, GENERALS MOTT, MADILL, AND MCDUGALL WOUNDED. GRANT'S NOTE TO LEE. HIS REPLY. SURRENDER OF ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA SUGGESTED BY GRANT. SHERIDAN'S LAST STROKE. CONFEDERATES DESPERATE. BATTLE OF APPOMATTOX STATION. DETERMINED VALOR OF CONFEDERATE ARTILLERIST. SERGEANT UNDERWOOD. CAPTURE OF ARTILLERY. LEE'S ORDERS TO GENERAL GORDON. THE LAST EFFORT. THE WHITE FLAG. CONFERENCE OF LEE AND GRANT. ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA SURRENDERED. MAGNANIMITY OF FEDERAL CHIEFTAIN. CONDITIONS OF SURRENDER. THEIR ACCEPTANCE. SOLDIERS REJOICED. ANIMOSITY FORGOTTEN. IMPOSING FORMULA OF SURRENDER. CONFEDERATES SALUTED BY THEIR CAPTORS. RECEIVING PAROLES. LEE'S FAREWELL ADDRESS. CIRCULATED AMONG HIS SOLDIERS. THE NUMBER OF MEN SURRENDERED. OF ARMS. GOING HOME. COMMENDABLE CONDUCT OF CONFEDERATES. WITHDRAWAL OF FEDERAL ARMY TO WASHINGTON. THE BLUE AND THE GRAY. ROSTER. VALEDICTORY.

ROUTE OF RETREAT OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY FROM **RICHMOND TO PETERSBURG**

AND
ITS CAPTURE BY UNITED STATES FORCES.



- PRIOR TROOPS.
- - - ROUTES OF MARCH.
- ▬ CONFEDERATE TROOPS.
- - - ROUTES OF MARCH.



WITH the battle of Five Forks, nearly four years had elapsed since the memorable signal gun of war boomed from the ramparts on James Island in Charleston Harbor, filling the people of that fair city with the wildest excitement, and announcing the impending national calamity which was so soon to follow.

Four campaigns had been inaugurated and fought by as valiant men as ever wore the warrior's uniform, and thousands of the choicest sons of the republic had chanted the song of death on a hundred fields of battle.

Untold millions of treasure had been expended in the unsuccessful effort to hammer to death the terribly hideous and destructive monster-pestilence sweeping over the land, while boundless anguish had racked the bosoms, and tortured the hearts of mourning widows and orphan children, made desolate by the relentless hand of fratricidal strife.

The garden spot of the proud and happy land had been laid bare and waste, while the people within its borders had been humiliated and humbled by the long duration of the common scourge. The resting places of the great lights of the past, who had rocked the cradle of the American Union, had been ruthlessly disturbed by the hand of the despoiler and the sacred tabernacles of the Most High had been desecrated by the uncompromising tread of hostile bands.

Throughout the length and breadth of the wretchedly divided country, living evidences of the curse of war bewailed the cruel fate that decreed their despoliation.

The brooks and larger streams ran blood, while the once blooming fields lay barren and deserted. The crying moan of the innocent, mingling with the dying throes of the mangled, filled the realm with pity, and scalding tears traced their course over the fair faces of the women of the unhappy country, and yet the woful tide of hostilities rolled on. On like a never ending sea of horrors. How long, O, how long, must this curse remain upon the heads of those who have already been so severely chastised? How long before the sign of returning peace shall stay the strides of this mournful tragedy?

Still, amid the flaming smoke of battle, the serried ranks of the Confederate army bravely faced the overwhelming legions of the Federal host. Ragged and torn, hungry and footsore, their decimated columns defiantly trod the line of battle and heroically stood before the splendidly equipped battalions in blue, although harassed and tortured by the decrees of a stern and bitter fate.

BOMBARDMENT OF PETERSBURG.

Early on the morning following the battle of Five Forks General Grant ordered all of the Federal batteries before Petersburg, from Hatcher's Run to the Appomattox river, to be opened on the works surrounding the doomed city.

General Sheridan ordered General Griffin, then in command of the Fifth corps, to move two divisions in the direction of Petersburg, and to send his old division, now under the command of General Bartlett, up the Ford road to Hatcher's Run to support McKenzie's cavalry.

The bombardment which had been ordered by General Grant was to be followed by an assault by the troops of Generals Wright, Parke, and Ord, then holding the intrenchments in front of the city. Meanwhile, for fear that Sheridan might be surprised by the Confederates, General Miles' division of the Second corps was ordered to support his isolated position.

THE INFANTRY ASSAULT.

From the fulfillment of the order of the Federal commander-in-chief until four o'clock in the morning of April second the fearful bombardment incessantly continued, and at the break of day the various commands of infantry moved out to the assault. The works which had so often before been the impregnable barrier between the hostile forces and their coveted prize were soon to be once more the theater of bloody conflict; and the men who had so defiantly faced each other for so many months were once more to grapple in the fiercest combat.

The impetuous assault of the Ninth corps, under General Parke, carried the Confederate outer line of works, but could go no further; but the Sixth corps, supported by two divisions of General Ord's troops, assaulted the Confederates in their front at the same hour, and drove them back upon the Boydton plank road, when they moved toward Hatcher's Run in rear of the Confederate intrenchments, capturing many guns and several thousand prisoners. Other portions of Ord's troops having broken the Confederate line near them, the entire force moved in a southwesterly direction toward Petersburg. Several minor movements were successfully made by the troops of Generals Mott and Hays, who then took position on the left of the Sixth corps. Meanwhile a remnant of the Confederate force had made a stand at Claiborne's road, west of Hatcher's Run, and this was attacked by General Miles, who had come up the White Oak road.

In this movement his troops were supported by the divisions of Bartlett and Crawford, under the immediate command of General Sheridan. The attack was vigorously executed, and the demoralized Confederates were driven across Hatcher's Run to Sutherland's Station, well up toward Petersburg. On the second of April the South Side railroad was struck in three places, and the last line of communications of the Confederates cut off.

At the same hour Gibbon's division of Ord's troops had carried Forts Gregg and Alexander, at the south of Petersburg, greatly weakening the defences of the city. These works were defended by Mississippians, and of two hundred and fifty in number, only thirty effective men survived the conflict. The assaulting column lost five hundred men.

Lossing says: "The Confederates were now confined to the inner line, close around Petersburg. They were strong, because more concentrated; and Longstreet, who had crossed the James from the defences of Richmond on the north side, with some brigades, had pushed forward with Benning's of Field's division, and joined Lee at ten o'clock that morning. So strong did Lee feel, that he ordered a charge on the be-

siegers, to regain some of the works on his left, carried by the Ninth corps. Heth commanded the charging party, which consisted of his own division of A. P. Hill's corps. So heavily did the Confederates press, that the troops holding City Point were ordered up to the support of the Ninth corps. Heth was repulsed, and so ended the really last blow struck for the defence of Richmond by Lee's army."

In consequence of the enormous loss which it had sustained during the preceding few days, the Confederate army had been reduced to thirty-three thousand men, and General Lee now felt that he could no longer hold Petersburg or Richmond, and determined to evacuate the two cities during the coming night. His aim was to maintain his position until dark, and then retreat by way of the Danville railroad and join General Johnston. Chief among the losses sustained by the Confederate army, during the morning of April second, had been the gallant General A. P. Hill, who had been shot dead from his horse while reconnoitering. Being one of Lee's ablest officers, his death was irreparable, and added one more pang to the perplexed mind of the great southern chieftain. Than General Hill there were few men who died in the army who were more generally lamented. For four years he had been one of the most conspicuous figures in the defence of the Confederate capital, and laid down his life in this, the last movement made in its behalf.

At about half-past ten o'clock General Lee telegraphed Mr. Davis of the condition of affairs, and said that Richmond must be evacuated that night, April second. At the time this dispatch reached the Confederate President, he was attending St. Paul's Episcopal church. He immediately left the church, which movement created the most intense, yet suppressed excitement. The services were brought to an abrupt ending, and before closing them, the pastor gave notice that General Ewell desired the local forces to assemble at three o'clock that afternoon.

It was now noon, and a rumor of the immediate evacuation of the city having become current, the wildest excitement

prevailed, and the people were kept in the most painful suspense. Not one word was said by those in authority, and toward evening a panic took the place of better judgment. At the various State Departments wagons were being loaded with boxes, and driven from thence to the Danville depot, and this added fresh fuel to the flame of excitement then gathering in every section of the city.

During the forenoon of the day the various officers had been in attendance on the different churches, but now none of them were to be seen. At all of the private residences the balconies were filled with ladies; they were mute, terror-stricken and helpless. The hour of their abandonment had come like a thunder-bolt, although it had been long expected.

It was painful to witness their forlorn sadness, as first one and then another bade farewell to some soldier friend as he would march by.

Thousands were preparing to fly, and yet had no definite point in view. At eight o'clock in the evening Mr. Davis, accompanied by his family, left the city. At nine o'clock the Virginia Legislature fled, and when midnight came every vestige of the Government had gone, except Major Melton, representing the war department. The city council was assembled in the evening, and ordered the destruction of all liquors that might be accessible to the lawless. This was done, but the very precaution had the most dreaded effect. The gutters of the city were filled with the fluid from hundreds of barrels, and the straggling Confederate soldiers and the rougher class of citizens thus came into possession of the liquor, and the great calamity was thereby hastened.

Lossing says: "Ewell had been directed, in spite of his own remonstrances, and that of private and public citizens, to issue an order for the firing of the warehouses at three o'clock in the morning."

There was a fresh breeze from the south, and such fires might endanger the whole city.

The common council appealed to Major Melton to rescind the order, as the representative of the War Department, but

this he refused to do, and the torch was applied. About day-break the tobacco warehouses, at the head of the basin, situated near the Petersburg depot, Shockoe warehouse, near the center of the city, and that of Mayo and Dibbrell on Cary street, one square below Libby prison, were in flames.

The city meantime was on fire in many places, and the intoxicated soldiery, and many of the dangerous class of both sexes, formed a marauding mob of dangerous proportions who broke open and plundered stores, and committed other excesses equally as heinous. Pandemonium reigned supreme from midnight to dawn. The prison doors of the city jail were beaten down, and the prisoners let loose to swell the ranks of the infuriated inhabitants, and the jail was burned. The arsenal was next set on fire in hopes of destroying the Tredegar works. Now the large flour mill was set on fire, and the conflagration spread rapidly, as the fire department was powerless to check it.

Before noon the greater portion of the business part of the city was in flames, and the furies of hell seemed to revel in uncontrolled delight. General Ewell declares that he left the city at seven o'clock Monday morning, and that nothing had been set on fire by his orders, although the fire was raging in many places.

While this dreadful state of affairs was raging in the beautiful "city of the hills," the Confederate troops from the north side of the James river were making their way through the city, and crossing the bridges to the south bank by way of Manchester. This was before the dawn of April the third. At about three o'clock the magazine was blown up with a concussion that shook the city to its foundation, and sent terror to the despondent hearts of the helpless inhabitants. Other explosions followed; the ram Virginia, lying below the city, being the second victim. Then followed a like destruction of the iron-clads, Fredericksburg and Richmond, and the scuttling of the receiving ship Patrick Henry.

At seven o'clock all of the troops having crossed, the torch was applied to Mayo's bridge and the Railroad High bridge,

both of which were burned behind the retreating Confederates. Before noon, nearly seven hundred buildings in different sections of the city were in flames, among them being the Presbyterian church.

It is said by those who were in position to know, that after General Lee had succeeded in withdrawing his army from Richmond, his spirits were momentarily lightened, and during the day of the third of April, he said, "I have got my army out of its breastworks, and in order to follow me my enemy must abandon his lines and derive no future benefit from his railroads or the James river." General Lee thus evidently hoped to escape with his army and unite with that of Johnston, yet not expecting to establish the independence of the Confederacy. He hoped to prolong the contest for an indefinite period of time, but these hopes were dashed to the ground by the prodigious valor with which Grant pressed the pursuit.

In the gray light of early morning on the third of April, the Federal troops on the north bank of the James river, under the command of General Weitzel, were surprised by hearing fearful explosions in Richmond, and by seeing the morning skies made glaring red by a frightful conflagration. Surmising the cause of the explosion and fire, preparations were made to enter the doomed capital of the Confederacy. At six o'clock, General Weitzel accompanied by his staff and the Second brigade of the Third division of the Twenty-fourth Army corps, under the command of General Ripley, moved forward to the suburbs of the town.

At eight o'clock, he, at the head of Ripley's brigade of negro troops, rode into the city, and thus these had the honor of first entering the streets of the Confederate capital, for which privilege so many thousands of white men had laid down their lives in vain.

The city was immediately placed under military rule, and the work of extinguishing the flames begun, which by superhuman exertions was accomplished, although not until at least one-third of beautiful Richmond had been laid in ashes.

Thus it fell; its defence for the past year had been one of the most marvelous events of modern warfare, and its fall was equally strange. After men by scores of thousands had fallen in the attempt to capture it, it was not thus taken, but, as a prize of war, occupied by a party of horsemen.

The hour has arrived in the epoch of American history when the unvarnished truth can be spoken without the fear of being contradicted by any, and it shall be here plainly recorded. With the exception of perhaps a few, the inhabitants of Richmond were glad to see the end so near, and famished thousands welcomed the advance of the Federal troops. The hopelessly helpless had long before seen the end of this struggle, and patiently looked forward to their deliverance.

Let us now turn our attention toward the city of Petersburg and the troops under General Lee. From early dawn of April second, the fierce assault upon the works immediately surrounding the city had been kept up, and about noon it became generally known that the Confederates would soon either abandon the city or fall into the hands of the Federals as prisoners of war.

The long besieged inhabitants were remarkably quiet under the prevailing commotion, and seemed resigned to any fate which might await them.

From Old Blanford cemetery to the Weldon railroad a continuous sheet of flame and smoke burst from the throats of the Federal cannon, and this tremendous uproar was accompanied by the rattle of small arms in many directions. Hundreds were being borne to the rear and placed in the hospitals. The streets of the city were deserted, and all were still save the straggling soldiers. Despair and ruin alone impressed the people.

At dark of April second the firing ceased, and death held high carnival over a thousand victims. Before midnight of that eventful day, the slow tread of soldiers, and the low rumble of artillery, told but too plainly that the city was being evacuated. This was conducted so silently that Monday morning the Confederates had nearly all gone, and the fact had not been communicated to the Federal lines.

General Lee had determined to concentrate his troops at Amelia Court-house, and ordered his commissary stores to be sent to that place. These were never received, but instead were destroyed in the conflagration at Richmond. Upon the arrival of General Lee at Amelia he found his stores were not there. This was a great disappointment, and he almost gave up in despair.

It was his intention, with a bountifully supplied force kept well in hand, to attack in detail the Federals, whom he felt certain General Grant would break up in detachments while in pursuit of him, but when this last disappointment had fallen upon him, all idea of such a thing was abandoned, and he was compelled to wait for supplies.

While General Lee and the heroic remnant of his gallant army were so bravely fighting their last battles around Petersburg, and were so skillfully making their escape from the intrenchments of both this city and Richmond, scenes of marked ability were being enacted in the Federal army. The North was wild with excitement over the intelligence that these cities had been captured, but General Grant cared nothing for Richmond or Petersburg, his object was to crush the Army of Northern Virginia, and to this end the most untiring energy was displayed. His trusted lieutenants at the head of their troops pressed forward, and long lines of blue were seen marching along almost every road leading in the direction which General Lee had retreated.

While the Confederates were concentrating at Amelia Court-house the Federals had occupied Petersburg and were hurrying on as above stated.

The cavalry and the Fifth corps, both under General Sheridan, struck the Danville railroad at Jetersville, seven miles southwest of Amelia, on the afternoon of the fourth, and some of his cavalry moved on almost to Burkeville Station, at the junction of that road with the South Side road.

Lee now found the Federal general square across his line of retreat, with his infantry well intrenched, and supported by a sufficient force of cavalry. The Confederate line of sup-

plies was now cut off, and he was left to choose between two courses. He must either fight Sheridan, or take a course to the west and left of Jetersville, recross the Appomattox at Farmville, thirty-five miles from Amelia Court-house, where the South Side touches the river, and flee to the mountains beyond Lynchburg.

Many circumstances had taken place up to this time which were direful in their results, and calculated to bring despair to the great leader who was thus being brought to bay. His ranks, so battered and weary, became thinner and thinner as he tarried. Hundreds were hourly falling out by the way as the report gained credence that they were to leave the borders of the state, if need be. Many more were deserting through the gnawings of hunger, while many more had lost all heart, and sought the lines of the triumphantly advancing Federals as an asylum from further strife.

All of this had to be taken into consideration, and no definite plan of retreat could be inaugurated, or dependence placed in the troops who were panic-stricken and dispirited. Time was more than precious with General Lee, it was invaluable, and yet he was constrained to tarry throughout the day, and evening brought the disconsolate tidings of General Meade having joined Sheridan at Jetersville, with the Second and Sixth corps, late in the afternoon.

LEE'S ONLY HOPE.

The only hope of the Confederate chief now, was to escape by way of Farmville, and this was greatly marred by the threatening attitude of General Sheridan, nevertheless he made the attempt. Davies with his cavalry was sent by General Sheridan to reconnoiter to the left and in front of Jetersville. At this hour a portion of Lee's army was moving from Amelia Court-house in a westerly direction, his cavalry escorting a train of one hundred and eighty wagons in front of his infantry.

Davies fell upon these at Fame's Cross-roads, destroyed the wagons, and captured many prisoners and five guns. The

Confederate infantry was then attacked, but the determined resistance which they had evinced upon so many hard-fought battlefields had not forsaken them, and the Federal horseman found himself in a most embarrassing situation. Fortunately for him, the timely arrival of reinforcements under Generals Gregg and Smith came to his rescue, and he was thus enabled to extricate his command from its perilous position, and fell back upon Jetersville.

Nearly the entire Army of the Potomac had arrived at Jetersville on the morning of the sixth, and moved upon Amelia Court-house to attack the Confederates.

Sheridan had returned the Fifth corps to Meade, and now operated with the cavalry alone.

BATTLE OF FARMVILLE.

During the night Lee had left Amelia Court-house, passed the left flank of the Union army, and was moving westwardly toward Deatonville. This movement General Sheridan had discovered, and made a rapid pursuit in three columns. General Ord, with the Army of the James, meanwhile had reached Burkeville Station on the South Side railroad, and was directed to move on to Farmville. He sent both cavalry and infantry forward to destroy the bridges near that place, the troops being under the immediate command of General Read.

Here the Federals met the van of the retreating Confederates, and made a vigorous attack on it, with the hope of arresting its further advance until reinforcements might be sent the Federal General. The conflict was short, sharp, and decisive. The Federals were repulsed with dreadful loss of life, among the number being the commanding General Read. The Confederates saved the bridge, but at the sacrifice of the most precious time, and this gave General Ord an opportunity to arrive on the field with the remainder of his army.

BATTLE OF SAILOR'S CREEK.

Meantime Sheridan had ordered General Crook to strike another of the Confederate wagon trains then being escorted on his left, by a heavy force of cavalry. In this attack the Federals were repulsed, but General Custer, who had pressed far in advance of Crook, had arrived at Sailor's Creek, a tributary to the Appomattox, and was intrenched across the path of the Confederates. Two divisions, those of Crook and Devens, now pressed up to his support, and the Confederate line was pierced, and four hundred wagons, sixteen guns, and many prisoners were captured.

Ewell's corps was thus cut off from the main body of the Confederates, and being attacked by overwhelming forces, after the most desperate fighting, fell back to Sailor's Creek.

From this position so determinedly did his troops resist the attack of the Federals that they halted until the arrival of Wheaton's division, which also came to their support. Again the Federals advanced, and though Ewell's veterans resisted with great determination, they were surrounded by cavalry and infantry, assaulted in both front and rear; and finally throw their arms down and surrendered.

CAPTURE OF GENERAL EWELL.

General Ewell and four other generals were among the six thousand men thus captured.

The dreadfully shattered remnant of Lee's army succeeded in crossing the Appomattox over the bridges at Farmville that night and on the morning of the seventh. He attempted to burn the bridges behind him, but in this he was unsuccessful, as the van of the Federals, under General Humphreys, saved the one over which the wagons passed, and only the railway bridge was destroyed.

At this point the Federals came into possession of eighteen guns which had been abandoned by the Confederates, as the starving horses could not longer draw them. Thousands of the Confederate soldiers here threw away their muskets.

being unable, from the effects of hunger, to longer carry them. When Petersburg was abandoned four days before, only one ration had been dealt out to the men, nor had they received any since. The country through which they were retreating furnished no supplies, and the suffering of Lee's soldiers, after the first day of that ever to be remembered retreat, can never be forgotten by those who underwent the trying ordeal.

It would be folly to attempt to picture it here. Forced on without sleep, without food, weary and harassed; attacked in front, in rear, and on both flanks, they were compelled to halt and face a victorious and well disciplined army of four times their number; men whose spirits were sustained by favorable events. Indeed, their heroism cannot find an equal, nor can a similar instance of mental and physical suffering be found recorded.

During the night of the sixth, in the absence of the Confederate chieftain, a council of his generals was convened, at which time all of them agreed that further resistance would be suicidal, and that capture was inevitable. Famine had deprived them of over one-half of their men; while the greater part of the other half were unfitted to continue the contest. The artillery horses were too weak to draw the guns, and if a rapid flight was attempted, all of the cannon would assuredly be lost.

In consideration of the surrounding adversity, General Pendleton was delegated to present to General Lee the result of their council, and suggest a capitulation on the easiest terms attainable. This interview with the Confederate commander-in-chief resulted adversely to the conclusions arrived at by his lieutenants, and the retreat was continued.

The soldiers of both armies were early upon their feet on the morning of the seventh, and the immediate pursuit was resumed by the Second corps, which came up with the rear of the Confederate army, under General Mahone, at High Bridge, as the first point where the railroad bridge crosses the Appomattox, below Farnville, is called. This bridge ex-

tended from hill to hill over the narrow, but unfordable river and interval, and rested upon piers, rising sixty feet in height, and just below or almost beneath it was a small wagon-road bridge.

General Barlow, whose division was in advance, sent his leading regiment, the Nineteenth Maine, rapidly forward, as a skirmish line, to the brow of the hill, upon the south side of the river, and there discovered the northerly end of the railroad bridge and the wagon-road bridge in flames, and General Mahone's forces in view upon the opposite range of hills. The small regiment on the double-quick rushed down the hill to the travel bridge, and with dippers, hats and canteens as fire buckets, eagerly commenced making efforts to extinguish the flames.

BATTLE OF HIGH BRIDGE.

Their enemy discovered their exertions, sent back a superior force to drive them away and to complete the destruction of the bridge. Then ensued one of the most spirited little engagements of the war, over the bridge. Its preservation on the one hand, and its destruction on the other, was of vital importance to the pursuers and pursued. The Nineteenth Maine, as well as the attacking force, fought with great determination and spirit, and were enabled to hold the bridge and keep the flames in check until the timely arrival of General Smythe, one of the most gallant brigade commanders in the Northern Army, with his brigade to the support of the Maine boys. The bridge was saved.

This enabled General Humphreys' corps to cross to the north bank without delay, and continue the pursuit with such vigor as to compel a halt of the Confederate forces upon Farmville Heights, a few miles above, and thus detained the Confederates until darkness set in. This was a loss of invaluable time to the Confederates, occasioning the loss of their supplies at Appomattox Station, and enabled the Union troops to reach Appomattox Court-house in advance of them on the morning of the ninth.

On the road leading to Lynchburg, a few miles north of Farmville, the remainder of Lee's army was huddled together in one mass. This was heavily intrenched, and many pieces of artillery commanded the roads by which the Federals must advance from the Appomattox river. The Second corps, under General Humphreys, had already crossed the river in pursuit, also the divisions of Generals Miles and De Trobriand.

THE BATTLE IN THE ROAD.

The intrenched army of General Lee confronted him, and he resolved to bring on an attack. The troops under General Miles assailed the Confederate left, while those under General Barlow assaulted them in front.

By some misunderstanding and delay, the Federals under Barlow did not act simultaneously with those of General Miles, and this battle resulted in a bloody repulse of the Federal troops, who lost over six hundred men in the affray. Among the number killed was the gallant General Smythe and Major Mills, Generals Mott, Madill and McDougall severely wounded, as also Colonel Starbird of the Nineteenth Maine.

Meanwhile General Crook's cavalry was badly defeated near Farmville by the Confederate infantry, who were guarding a wagon train. In this fight the Federal General Gregg, commanding a brigade, was captured.

GRANT'S NOTE TO LEE.

Soon after the repulse of General Miles General Lee received a note from General Grant, in which he said: "The result of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate states' army known as the Army of Northern Virginia." General Lee made the following reply to the above note: "Though not entertaining the

opinion you express on the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia, I reciprocate your desire to avoid useless effusion of blood, and therefore, before considering your proposition, ask the terms you will offer on condition of its surrender." These negotiations did not cause the Confederates to halt, and during the night of the seventh they continued the retreat.

The response of Lee to Grant's note was received on the morning of the eighth, and immediately the following communication was sent to the Confederate chief:

"Peace being my great desire, there is but one condition that I would insist upon, namely, that the men and officers surrendered shall be disqualified for taking up arms again against the Government of the United States, until properly exchanged."

Accompanying this note was a proposition to meet General Lee in person, or to delegate officers to meet whomsoever Lee might name for arranging the terms of surrender.

At the same time Grant set his whole army in motion. General Sheridan by a rapid march had reached a point in advance of the retreating forces of Lee, and planted himself squarely across his line of further retreat toward Lynchburg, while the main body of the Federal army was slowly but surely pressing closely on in the rear of the Confederates.

General Meade, commanding the Second and Sixth corps, was accompanied by the Federal general-in-chief, and moved directly on the trail of the flying army of Lee, while other troops were pressing on either flank. It is thus that we find the two armies on the eighth of April.

About this time further correspondence was indulged in on the part of the two generals-in-chief, but which failed to procure the desired result.

SHERIDAN'S LAST STROKE.

The cause of the Confederacy was now utterly hopeless, however. Sheridan had closed the last avenue of escape, and General Lee saw that nothing but the most reckless daring could possibly accomplish anything.

Could he cut his way out? That was the only chance. With everything against the bare possibility he concluded to make the effort. At daybreak on the morning of the ninth the attempt was to be made, although the once splendid Army of Northern Virginia had been reduced to ten thousand effective men.

At about noon of April the eighth the remnant of the Confederate artillery force, under the command of General Walker, had passed Appomattox Court-house about two or three miles, and were then halted in a small field surrounded by a thick growth of shrubbery and oak.

Neither the men or horses had had either anything to eat, any rest, or sleep for three days, and they were halted and parked here simply because exhausted nature compelled them to stop. The horses were unharnessed and the men lay down upon the ground to rest. The only support which the battery-men had was a few regiments of jaded cavalymen under command of General Garey, of South Carolina.

BATTLE OF APPOMATTOX STATION.

About four o'clock in the afternoon the men were aroused by the cry of a cavalry scout of "Yankees! Sheridan!" Quickly they were on their feet, but before the guns could be placed in battery the familiar hum of the deadly minie-ball resounded about their ears, and the wildest excitement prevailed. In the general report of that struggle, as given by different historians, mention has only been made of it in general terms, but for fierceness, and a reckless display of courage, perhaps there cannot be found among the annals of the entire war a parallel.

Hampered in this little space of five or six acres, densely surrounded, as has already been stated, were about thirty pieces of artillery. There was not a vestige of earthworks to protect the artillerist. The guns, caissons, wagon trains, and horses, were all huddled promiscuously together. Surrounding these were the powerful squadrons of Sheridan, supported by a heavy body of infantry in line of battle.

As quickly as possible, the guns being unlimbered, the roar of artillery echoed far and near, although no definite range was obtained of the advancing Federals, as the wood, not fifty yards distant in advance of the muzzles of the guns, completely shielded the hostile force from view, and only the deadly cry of bullets and the rattle of small arms, gave warning of its coming.

This sudden attack, under such circumstances, beggars all description. Pieces were discharged immediately over each other, at point blank range, frequently the shells exploding in close proximity to their muzzles. Horses ran wildly in every direction, many being killed in their flight, before the guns, in the direction of the oncoming troops of Sheridan.

Minie-balls were making sad havoc among the cannoneers, and now so close was the Federal line that nothing but canister was being used, flying from the throats of every piece, all forming a semicircle, carrying death to the advance of the assailants. Now the advance line of the Federals rushed through the edge of the woods, across the short intervening space, right up to the guns at which were heroically standing the remnant of the gunners. Hand spikes were seized by the Confederates, while club muskets were freely used by the Federals.

Individual acts of daring were now performed worthy of an everlasting page in history. Deeds that should be held dear in the memory of every true American who takes pride in recounting the reminiscences of the past and telling of the valor of his dead countrymen.

The first gun seized by the assaulting column was that of Sergeant John Underwood, of Surry County, of Hankin's battery, of Lightfoot's battalion, of Virginia artillery. The section to which this gun belonged was on the extreme right of the semicircle, and the Sergeant's gun was the extreme gun on the line. Around this gun stood the brave officer and his detachment loading and firing in rapid succession, charge after charge of canister, when over fifty Federals crowded around his piece demanding its surrender. Between the edge

of the woods, from whence the advance had been made, to the position occupied by the gun, the dead of the valiant Federals lay in heaps.

As the foremost in the onset rushed up to the gun, demanding its surrender, a well-directed blow from a handspike felled him to the earth. So cool and determined did these desperate men behave that a rifle aimed at the heart of the Sergeant was prevented from doing its bloody work by the brave commander of the troops.

Soon every piece in the field was in the possession of the Federals, and the men were all made prisoners. The slaughter had been terrible, and when it is taken into mind that these men did not have a particle of support, the cavalry being engaged on their left, a more heroic and determined defence cannot be recalled.

The brave sergeant and his gunners have never become conspicuous in the annals of the rebellion, but no truer heart throbbed within the bosom of any who wore the blue or the gray, than that of this gallant son of Virginia, and though he is dead now, let his name be ever kept in honorable remembrance by the survivors among his former comrades, and every true admirer of unselfish bravery. Let his only child live on to honor the name of her father, nor blush to hear his deeds recounted.

The force which General Lee proposed to throw against the powerful legions of the Federal army, highly flushed with their continued successes, was two thin lines of battle, which consisted of the remains of Gordon's division, and the wreck of Longstreet's corps. Gordon, whose men were formerly commanded by A. P. Hill, was ordered to cut through the lines at all hazards, and so desperate was the attempt his men made, that Sheridan's troops were driven back in great confusion.

When General Sheridan, who was absent from the field attempting to bring up his infantry support, the Army of the James, heard of the result of the conflict, he ordered his troopers to gradually fall back, that the approaching infantry

might form a battle line under their cover. This was so adroitly done, that as the cavalry swiftly moved to the right, the astonished Confederates were confronted by a solid phalanx of Federal bayonets. From these they recoiled in utter dismay.

THE LAST EFFORT.

The valor of his troops could do no more, the begrimed faces of the Confederate veterans became stoical with despair; all hope was lost, and the stern reality of their bitter fate stared each man in the face. It was both foolish and suicidal to make further resistance. This splendid relic of southern chivalry and southern pride, humiliated and overpowered by weight of numbers, grimly looked upon their assailants and calmly awaited whatever lot was in store for them; and General Lee determined to reluctantly bow to the inevitable, and with this determination, sent a white flag, in token of surrender, to the vanguard of General Custer.

General Sheridan galloped up to the Court-house of Appomattox, where he was informed by General Gordon that Grant and Lee were making arrangements for the surrender of the Confederates under the latter. This negotiation was being held at the especial request of General Lee. The conqueror and the victim were holding their interview in the parlors of Wilmer McLean, at Appomattox Court-house. There the two commanders met, with courteous recognition, at two o'clock on Sunday, April the ninth, 1865.

The formula of the surrender was reduced to writing in the presence of Colonel Parker, the chief Aid of General Grant, and Colonel Marshall, Lee's Adjutant-General.

The magnanimous terms of the Federal chieftain stipulated simply that Lee and his men should give their parole of honor not to take up arms against the United States Government, until they had been regularly exchanged, allowed all officers to retain their side arms, baggage and private horses, and guaranteed them protection so long as they kept their parole inviolate.

That every one who reads of this great rebellion may have an opportunity to learn of the extraordinary leniency exhibited by General Grant toward the southern troops comprising the Army of Northern Virginia, and that the personal and political opponents of the Federal chief may ever remember his unselfish magnanimity, the full text of the conditions of the surrender are transcribed verbatim.

CONDITIONS OF THE SURRENDER.

APPOMATTOX COURT-HOUSE, }
VIRGINIA, April 9, 1865. }

GENERAL—In accordance with the substance of my letter to you, of the eighth instant, I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia on the following terms, to wit: Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate; one copy to be given to an officer to be designated by me, the other to be retained by such other officer or officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged, and each company or regimental commander to sign a like parole for the men of their commands. The arms, artillery and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to his home, not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they observe their paroles, and the laws in force where they reside.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant-General*.

GENERAL R. E. LEE.

To this proposition General Lee sent the following reply:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN }
VIRGINIA, April 9, 1865. }

GENERAL—I received your letter of this date containing the terms of the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia as proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the eighth instant, they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect.

R. E. LEE, *General*.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL U. S. GRANT.

When it became generally known by the advanced lines of the Federal troops and the soldiers of General Lee that signs of returning peace hovered about them, their long pent up feelings gave way in the loudest tumult of rejoicing.

Enthusiastic yell upon yell resounded from thousands of throats, and shout upon shout filled the surrounding region. New life was instilled into the hopeless recesses of the weary souls of all, and a united throb of mutual sympathy and thankfulness commingled freely among the many thousands wearing the blue and the gray.

Old veterans wept upon the shoulders of their comrades, and the lofty peaks of the distant range of hills re-echoed the loud acclamations of joy borne upward to the God of the universe in one continuous hosanna over the return of the long looked for dawn of peace.

All animosity between the troops seemed to have been forgotten; and the men who had so often faced death, in attendance with its countless miseries, engulfed all memory of the past in the consoling truths of the present; the war was over and peace would smile upon the sorely afflicted land.

All preliminaries being arranged, upon the morning of the twelfth the troops of General Lee were marched in divisions to an appointed place near Appomattox Court-house. A similar number of the Federals had been drawn up in line, under the command of General Chamberlain, to receive them.

As a division of the Confederates would come up they would be saluted by the Federals, stack their arms, and then march silently away to their former positions. Thus matters continued until the remnant of the Army of Northern Virginia had laid down their arms, and the once mighty host, that had challenged the admiration of Christendom, became a thing of the past, and the civilized world breathed easier. The Confederates were immediately fed by their captors, and more than one man ate the first full ration he had seen for months.

The officers and men rapidly received their paroles, and as quickly bade farewell to that obscure mountain spot in Virginia, made ever historically famous by the fall of the rebel lion. Before leaving Appomattox the Army of Northern Virginia was the recipient of a tenderly expressed farewell address by General Lee, which is given in full.

LEE'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA, }
APPOMATTOX COURT-HOUSE, April 10, 1865. }

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 9.

After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources.

I need not tell the brave survivors of so many hard-fought battlefields, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them, but feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing to compensate for the loss that must have attended a continuation of the contest, I determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen.

By the terms of agreement, officers and men can return to their homes, and remain until exchanged. You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed, and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you his blessing and protection. With an unceasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration for myself, I bid you all an affectionate farewell.

This address was printed, and circulated profusely among the Confederates, and a copy of it was then, and doubtless until this day, is kept in fond remembrance of the great southern leader by those who so greatly admired him.

During the movements of his army, from the twenty-sixth of March to the ninth of April, Lee lost about fourteen thousand men killed and wounded, and twenty-five thousand made prisoners. The remainder, who were not present at the surrender, had deserted on the retreat.

The number of men paroled was about twenty-six thousand, of whom not more than nine thousand had arms in their hands. About sixteen thousand small arms were surrendered, one hundred and fifty cannon, seventy-one colors, eleven hundred wagons and caissons, and four thousand horses and mules.

The Confederate troops immediately upon receiving their paroles, separated and returned to their homes. It required more moral courage for them to face the situation at the close of the war, than it had for them to face their old foe upon the field of battle.

They had lost everything but honor by the war. Their homes and farms had been ruined, their fortunes had disappeared during the prolonged strife, as the mists of morning are dispelled by the rising of the sun, but suppressing their bitter disappointment, and resolving to repair their fortunes by honest toil, and by becoming peaceful, patriotic citizens, their efforts have been crowned with success, and as a result the whole country admires the patient, unceasing zeal with which they have thus toiled. All bitterness of the past is forgotten amidst the fraternal relations of the present.

After the surrender of General Lee the Army of the Potomac, that splendid creation of patriotism and unwavering courage, marched back to Washington to take part in the great review at that city, after which the troops were rapidly mustered out of the service and returned to their homes.

Soon the survivors, Federal and Confederate, had disappeared from view, being transformed from warriors, grim and brave, to civilians in every department of honorable labor, all absorbed in developing the resources of the country which had been so happily preserved amid the storms of war.

Nearly a score of years have passed since the echo of the last gun was heard at Appomattox, and a period has been reached in our history when those who once wore the blue and the gray meet as brothers upon the old fields of strife, and exchange their reminiscences of those eventful days, and as they turn to the cemeteries, where side by side repose their former comrades, they all adopt the sentiment of the following beautiful poem, written by the Hon. Francis M. Finch, Ithica, New York, one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of that State:

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—

Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch, impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
'Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.

Our task is done; carefully have we attempted to depict the scenes of that eventful period in which the country was so mournfully divided. Our aim has been to truthfully and plainly tell the story of the war, without any prejudice, maledictions, or uncalled for bitterness. If within our endeavor anything is found which wounds the sensibility of any, let them remember that where bitterness is not intended it should be overlooked.

To-day the country, which is inhabited by the "Blue and the Gray," amid all of its magnificent splendors, can boast of nothing so beautiful as the fraternal regard with which its honor and integrity are maintained by its reunited citizen soldiers. Let the mantle of charity and forgetfulness cover from our view the trials of the past, as we press onward to a better and more enlightened future, surrounded by natural advantages, which none other can boast.

ROSTER.

COMMANDERS IN THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC UNDER MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE G. MEADE, ON MARCH 31, 1865.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS AND UNATTACHED COMMANDS.

PROVOST GUARD—Colonel George N. Macy.
ENGINEER BRIGADE—Brigadier-General Henry W. Benham.
BATTALION U. S. ENGINEERS—Captain Franklin Harwood.
ARTILLERY—Brigadier-General Henry J. Hunt.
SIEGE TRAIN—Colonel Henry L. Abbot.
HEADQUARTERS GUARD—Captain Richard G. Lay.
QUARTERMASTER'S GUARD—Colonel R. N. Batchelder.
SIGNAL CORPS—Captain Charles L. Davis.
INDEPENDENT BRIGADE—Colonel Charles H. T. Collis.

SECOND ARMY CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL ANDREW A. HUMPHREYS.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES.

First Brigade—Colonel George W. Scott; *Second Brigade*—Colonel Robert Nugent;
Third Brigade—Colonel Henry J. Madill; *Fourth Brigade*—Colonel John Ramsey.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM HAYS.

First Brigade—Colonel Wm. A. Olmstead; *Second Brigade*—Colonel James P. McIvor;
Third Brigade—Brigadier-General Thomas A. Smyth.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GERSHOM MOTT.

First Brigade—Brigadier-General Regis De Trobriand; *Second Brigade*—Brigadier-General Byron R. Pierce; *Third Brigade*—Colonel Robert McAllister.

ARTILLERY BRIGADE—Major John G. Hazard.

FIFTH ARMY CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL GOUVERNEUR K. WARREN.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL CHARLES GRIFFIN.

First Brigade—Brigadier-General Joshua L. Chamberlain; *Second Brigade*—Colonel Edgar M. Gregory; *Third Brigade*—Brigadier-General Joseph J. Bartlett.

BLUE AND GRAY.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ROMEYN B. AYRES.

First Brigade—Colonel Frederick Winthrop; *Second Brigade*—Colonel Andrew W. Denison; *Third Brigade*—Colonel James Gwyn.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL SAMUEL W. CRAWFORD.

First Brigade—Colonel John A. Kellogg; *Second Brigade*—Brigadier-General Henry Baxter; *Third Brigade*—Colonel Richard Coulter.

ARTILLERY BRIGADE—Colonel Charles S. Wainwright.

SIXTH ARMY CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL HORATIO G. WRIGHT.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL FRANK WHEATON.

First Brigade—Colonel Wm. H. Penrose; *Second Brigade*—Colonel Joseph E. Hamblin; *Third Brigade*—Colonel Oliver Edwards.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE W. GETTY.

First Brigade—Colonel James N. Warner; *Second Brigade*—Brigadier-General Lewis A. Grant; *Third Brigade*—Colonel Thomas W. Hyde.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL TRUMAN SEYMOUR.

First Brigade—Colonel Wm. S. Truex; *Second Brigade*—Colonel J. Warren Keifer.

ARTILLERY BRIGADE—Captain Andrew Cowan.

NINTH ARMY CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN G. PARKE.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ORLANDO B. WILLCOX.

First Brigade—Colonel Samuel Harriman; *Second Brigade*—Lieut.-Colonel Ralph Ely; *Third Brigade*—Lieut.-Colonel Gilbert P. Robinson.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ROBERT B. POTTER.

First Brigade—Colonel John I. Curtin; *Second Brigade*—Brig.-Gen. Simon G. Griffin.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN F. HARTRANFT.

First Brigade—Lieut.-Colonel Wm. H. McCall; *Second Brigade*—Colonel Joseph A. Mathews.

ARTILLERY BRIGADE—Col. John C. Tidball.

SHERIDAN'S CAVALRY.

MAJOR-GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.

ARMY OF THE JAMES.

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ARMY OF THE SHENANDOAH.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL THOMAS C. DEVIN.

First Brigade—Colonel Peter Stagg; *Second Brigade*—Col. Chas. L. Fitzhugh; *Third Brigade*—Brig.-Gen. Alfred Gibbs.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE A. CUSTER.

First Brigade—Col. Alex. C. M. Pennington; *Second Brigade*—Col. Wm. Wells; *Third Brigade*—Col. Henry Capehart.

SECOND DIVISION (ARMY OF THE POTOMAC).

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE CROOK.

First Brigade—Brig.-Gen. H. E. Davies; *Second Brigade*—Col. J. Irwin Gregg; *Third Brigade*—Col. Chas. H. Smith.

ARMY OF THE JAMES.

MAJOR-GENERAL EDWARD O. C. ORD.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS AND UNATTACHED COMMANDS.

SIGNAL CORPS—Captain L. B. Norton.

ENGINEERS—Colonel James F. Hall.

CAVALRY.

Colonel Francis Washburn, Colonel Edwin V. Sumner, Colonel Charles F. Adams, Jr.

DEFENCES OF BERMUDA HUNDRED.

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE L. HARTSUFF.

PONTONIERS—Lieutenant-Colonel Peter S. Michie.

SEPARATE BRIGADE—Brigadier-General Joseph B. Carr.

TWENTY-FOURTH ARMY CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN GIBBON.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ROBERT S. FOSTER.

First Brigade—Col. Thomas O. Osborn; *Third Brigade*—Col. Geo. B. Dandy; *Fourth Brigade*—Col. Harrison S. Fairchild.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL CHARLES DEVENS.

First Brigade—Col. Edward H. Ripley; *Second Brigade*—Col. Michael T. Donohue; *Third Brigade*—Col. Samuel H. Roberts.

INDEPENDENT DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN W. TURNER.

First Brigade—Lieut.-Col. Andrew Potter; *Second Brigade*—Col. William B. Curtis;
Third Brigade—Col. Thomas M. Harris.

ARTILLERY.

CAPTAIN JAMES R. ANGEL.

TWENTY-FIFTH ARMY CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL GODFREY WEITZEL.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL AUGUST V. KAUTZ.

First Brigade—Col. Alonzo G. Draper; *Second Brigade*—Brig.-Gen. Edward A. Wildt;
Attached Brigade—Col. Charles S. Russell.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM BIRNEY.

First Brigade—Col. James Shaw, Jr.; *Second Brigade*—Col. Ulysses Doublebay; *Third Brigade*—Col. W. W. Woodward.

ARTILLERY BRIGADE.

CAPTAIN LOOMIS L. LANGDON.

CAVALRY DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL RANALD S. MCKENZIE.

First Brigade—Col. Robert M. West; *Second Brigade*—Col. Samuel P. Spear.

APPENDIX.

STATISTICAL RECORD OF CALLS FOR TROOPS.

On April 15, 1861, President Lincoln issued his proclamation for 75,000 militia for three months.

On May 3, 1861, he issued another call for troops, which was confirmed by act of Congress, approved August 6, 1861. Under this call, and under acts approved July 22 and 25, 1861, 500,000 men were required; and there were furnished for six months, 2,715 men; for one year, 9,147 men; for two years, 30,950 men; and for three years, 657,868 men, making a total of 700,680 men.

Special authority was granted to the States of New York, Illinois, and Indiana in May and June, 1862, to furnish men for three months' service. Under this authority there were furnished by New York, 8,588; Indiana, 1,723; Illinois, 4,696.

Under the call of July 2, 1862, for 300,000 men, for three years, there were furnished by the States and Territories 421,465 men.

Under the call of August 4, 1862, for 300,000 militia, for nine months' service, there were furnished by the States 87,588 men.

Under the President's proclamation of June 15, 1863, for militia for six months' service, there were furnished by, and credited to, the States 16,361 men.

October 17, 1863, and February 1, 1864, calls were made for 500,000, in the aggregate, for three years. In these were embraced the men raised by draft in 1863.

Under the call of March, 1864, for 200,000 men for three years' service, there were credited to the states 292,193 men.

There were mustered into the United States service, between April 23 and July 18, 1864, for one hundred days' service, 83,612 militia.

On the 18th of July, 1864, 500,000 men were called for; this call was reduced by the excess of credits on previous calls, and under it the states were credited with 386,461 men.

Under the call of December 19, 1864, for 300,000 men, there were furnished 212,212 men. The necessity for more ceased to exist before most of the states had completed their quotas.

During the war there were also furnished volunteers and militia by sixteen states and territories, which, after the first call, had not been called upon for quotas when general calls for troops were made, 182,357 men.

Summary of the number of men called for by the President of the United States, and furnished by, and credited to, the States and Territories during the War of the Rebellion.

STATES AND TERRITORIES.	Quota.	MEN		Total.	Aggregate reduced to a three years' standard.
		Furnished.	Paid com-mutation.		
Maine.....	73,587	70,107	2,007	72,114	56,776
New Hampshire.....	85,897	33,937	692	34,629	30,349
Vermont.....	32,074	33,288	1,974	35,262	29,068
Massachusetts.....	139,095	146,730	5,318	152,048	124,104
Rhode Island.....	18,898	23,236	463	23,699	17,866
Connecticut.....	44,797	55,864	1,515	57,379	50,623
New York.....	507,148	448,850	18,197	467,047	392,270
New Jersey.....	92,820	76,814	4,196	81,010	57,908
Pennsylvania.....	385,369	337,936	28,171	366,107	265,517
Delaware.....	13,935	12,284	1,386	13,670	10,322
Maryland.....	70,965	46,638	3,678	50,316	41,275
West Virginia.....	34,463	32,068		32,068	27,714
District of Columbia.....	13,973	16,534	338	16,872	11,606
Ohio.....	306,322	313,180	6,479	319,659	240,514
Indiana.....	199,788	196,363	784	197,147	153,576
Illinois.....	244,496	259,092	55	259,147	214,183
Michigan.....	95,007	87,364	2,008	89,372	80,111
Wisconsin.....	109,080	91,827	5,097	96,924	79,260
Minnesota.....	26,326	24,020	1,032	25,052	19,693
Iowa.....	79,521	76,242	67	76,309	68,630
Missouri.....	122,496	109,111		109,111	86,530
Kentucky.....	100,782	75,760	3,265	79,025	70,832
Kansas.....	12,931	20,149	2	20,151	18,706
Tennessee.....	1,560	31,092		31,092	26,394
Arkansas.....	780	8,289		8,289	7,836
North Carolina.....	1,560	3,156		3,156	3,156
California.....		15,725		15,725	15,725
Nevada.....		1,080		1,080	1,080
Oregon.....		1,810		1,810	1,773
Washington Territory.....		964		964	964
Nebraska Territory.....		3,157		3,157	2,175
Colorado Territory.....		4,903		4,903	3,697
Dakota Territory.....		206		206	206
New Mexico Territory.....		6,561		6,561	4,432
Alabama.....		2,576		2,576	1,611
Florida.....		1,290		1,290	1,290
Louisiana.....		5,224		5,224	4,654
Mississippi.....		545		545	545
Texas.....		1,965		1,965	1,632
Indian Nation.....		3,530		3,530	3,530
Colored Troops.....		93,441		93,441	91,789
Total.....	2,763,670	2,772,408	86,724	2,859,132	2,320,272

TABULAR STATEMENT OF ORGANIZATIONS. 791

The total number of colored troops enlisted during the war was 186,097 men.

In the regular army there were enlisted during the war about 67,000 men, of these probably not more than two-thirds were credited to the states.

It is safe to say that the total number of men furnished by the states and territories for the armies of the United States, after deducting those credited for service in the navy, will exceed 2,850,000.

TABULAR STATEMENT OF ORGANIZATIONS IN THE SERVICE OF THE
UNITED STATES DURING THE REBELLION.

STATES AND TERRITORIES.	CAVALRY		ARTILLERY.			INFANTRY.		TOTAL.		
	Regiments.	Companies.	Regiments.	Companies.	Batteries.	Regiments.	Companies.	Regiments.	Companies.	Batteries.
Maine.....	2	..	1	3	7	80	22	33	25	7
New Hampshire.....	1	..	1	..	1	17	4	19	4	1
Vermont.....	1	..	1	1	3	17	..	19	1	3
Massachusetts.....	5	4	4	8	19	68	47	77	59	19
Rhode Island.....	3	2	3	..	1	8	1	14	3	1
Connecticut.....	1	..	2	..	3	21	..	30	..	3
New York.....	27	10	15	..	35	252	15	294	25	35
New Jersey.....	3	..	..	..	5	38	4	41	4	5
Pennsylvania.....	23	28	4	5	19	227	62	254	95	19
Delaware.....	..	8	..	1	1	9	4	9	13	1
Maryland.....	4	4	..	..	6	20	1	24	5	6
District of Columbia.....	1	1	..	..	..	2	33	5	34	..
West Virginia.....	7	2	..	..	8	17	2	24	4	8
Virginia.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	1	..
North Carolina.....	2	..	..	..	..	2	..	4	..	..
Georgia.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	2	..
Florida.....	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..
Alabama.....	1	5	..	..	..	..	..	1	5	..
Mississippi.....	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..
Louisiana.....	2	..	..	..	..	3	..	5	..	..
Texas.....	1	9	..	..	..	..	..	1	9	..
Arkansas.....	4	..	..	..	1	3	2	7	2	1
Tennessee.....	21	7	..	..	5	9	..	30	7	5
Kentucky.....	16	10	..	..	7	45	1	61	11	7
Ohio.....	13	18	3	..	27	218	11	234	29	27
Michigan.....	12	2	2	..	11	36	7	50	9	11
Indiana.....	13	1	1	..	26	123	16	137	17	26
Illinois.....	17	..	2	..	8	157	9	176	9	8
Missouri.....	30	26	..	..	6	64	20	94	46	6
Wisconsin.....	4	..	1	..	12	53	..	58	..	12
Iowa.....	9	..	..	..	4	46	..	55	..	4
Minnesota.....	2	10	1	..	3	11	..	14	10	3
California.....	2	4	..	..	..	9	..	11	4	..
Kansas.....	9	..	..	..	3	10	5	19	5	3
Oregon.....	1	..	..	..	..	1	..	2	9	..
Nevada.....	..	6	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..
Washington Territory.....	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	1	..	..
New Mexico Territory.....	2	5	..	..	..	6	11	8	16	..
Nebraska Territory.....	2	4	..	..	..	..	2	2	6	..
Colorado Territory.....	3	..	..	..	1	..	2	3	2	1
Dakota Territory.....	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..
U. S. Veteran Volunteer Infantry.....	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	10	..	..
U. S. Volunteer Infantry.....	..	..	..	..	..	6	1	6	1	..
United States Colored Troops.....	6	..	11	4	10	102	18	119	22	10
United States Army, Regulars.....	6	..	5	..	..	19	..	30	..	..
Total.....	258	170	57	22	232	1666	306	1981	498	232

Nine regiments of infantry of the regular army were organizations of 24 companies each; taking this into consideration and allowing for errors it may be said that during the war organizations equivalent to 2,050 regiments entered into the service of the United States; the regular army included and the veteran reserve corps excluded.

The Secretary of War, in his report dated November 22, 1865, makes the following remarks, which show more than anything else the spirit animating the people of the loyal States: "On several occasions, when troops were promptly needed to avert impending disaster, vigorous exertions brought them into the field from remote States with incredible speed. Official reports show that after the disasters on the Peninsula, in 1862, over 80,000 troops were enlisted, organized, armed, equipped, and sent into the field in less than a month. 60,000 troops have repeatedly gone to the field within four weeks. 90,000 infantry were sent to the armies from the five States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin, within twenty days. When Lee's army surrendered, thousands of recruits were pouring in, and men were discharged from recruiting stations and rendezvous in every State."

STRENGTH OF THE ARMY AT VARIOUS DATES.

This table, from the report of the Provost-Marshal-General, will give the reader an idea of the number of men in service, present and absent, at certain periods during the war.

DATES.	PRESENT.			ABSENT.			AGGREGATE.		GRAND TOTAL.
	Regulars.	Volunteers.	Total.	Regulars.	Volunteers.	Total.	Regulars.	Volunteers.	
January 1, 1861..	14,663		14,663	1,704		1,704	16,367		16,367
July 1, 1861..	14,108	169,480	183,588	2,314	849	3,163	16,422	170,329	186,751
January 1, 1862..	19,871	507,333	527,204	2,554	46,159	48,713	22,425	553,492	575,917
March 31, 1862..	19,585	514,399	533,984	3,723	99,419	103,142	23,308	613,818	637,125
January 1, 1863..	19,169	679,633	698,802	6,294	213,095	219,389	25,463	842,728	918,191
January 1, 1864..	17,237	594,013	611,250	7,399	242,088	249,487	24,636	836,101	860,737
January 1, 1865..	14,661	606,263	620,924	7,358	331,178	338,536	22,019	937,411	959,460
March 31, 1865..	13,880	643,867	657,747	7,789	314,550	322,339	21,669	958,417	980,086
May 1, 1865..			797,807			202,709			1,000,516

AVERAGE MEAN STRENGTH OF THE VARIOUS CLASSES OF TROOPS.

The following table, prepared by Lieut. Chas. A. L. Totten, U. S. Army, will show the average mean strength of the classes of troops serving during the rebellion. In this compilation, the regulars are considered as in service from January 1, 1861, to January 1, 1865—forty-eight months; the volunteers from July 1, 1861, to March 31, 1865—forty-five months; the colored troops from September, 1862, to December, 1867—sixty-three months.

Character of Troops.	Present.	Absent.	Aggregate.
Regulars.....	17,735	5,194	22,929
Volunteers.....	514,704	196,803	711,507
White Troops.....	582,439	204,997	787,436
Colored Troops.....	35,640	6,699	42,339
Mixed Troops.....	598,079	211,696	809,775

LOSSES BY DEATH.

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EFFECTIVE STRENGTH OF THE ARMY.

The following table, also prepared by Lieut. Chas. A. L. Totten, of the U. S. Army, and based on the preceding table, will assist to a conception of the number of men effective in every thousand of mean aggregate strength.

Troops.	Absent.	Sick in Hospital.	Total.	Consequent effective strength per 1,000 of troops concerned.
Regulars.....	226	64	290	710
Volunteers.....	265	89	354	646
White.....	264	86	350	650
Colored.....	158	46	204	796
Mixed.....	258	80	338	662

LOSSES BY DEATH—ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S REPORT.

The Adjutant-General of the United States Army, February 7, 1869, made a report to the Secretary of War, in which the total number of deaths is given as follows:

Among white officers and men.....	261,036
Among colored men.....	33,380
Total.....	294,416
Of these there were <i>killed in battle</i>	44,238
Regulars, officers and men.....	1,355
Volunteers, officers and men.....	41,369
Colored enlisted men.....	1,514
<i>Died of wounds</i>	33,993
Regulars, officers and men.....	850
White volunteers, officers and men.....	32,109
Colored enlisted men.....	1,037
<i>Died of Disease</i>	149,043
Regulars, officers and men.....	2,428
White volunteers, officers and men.....	120,404
Colored enlisted men.....	26,211
<i>Of other known causes</i>	11,845
<i>Of unknown causes</i>	55,297

Under date of October 25, 1870, the Adjutant-General furnished the following statement to the Surgeon-General of the army:

Total number of deaths.

Regular army.....	267	commissioned officers;	4,592	enlisted men.	Total,	4,859
Volunteer army.....	8,553	"	"	256,427	"	264,980
Colored troops.....	285	"	"	33,380	"	33,665
Total.....	9,105	"	"	294,399	"	Aggregate, 303,504

Or among white officers and men.....	270,124
" colored men.....	33,380
	303,504

LOSSES.

In Part VI. of the Final Report of the Provost-Marshall-General of the Army, General James B. Fry, to the Secretary of War, dated March 17, 1866, appears the following statement of casualties in the military forces.

CAUSES.	REGULARS.			WHITE VOLUNTEERS.			COLORED TROOPS.			AGGREGATE.		
	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Total.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Total.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Total.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Total.
Killed.....	157	1,800	2,047	3,345	54,056	57,401	124	1,790	1,914	3,626	55,735	61,362
Died of wounds.....	83	2,749	2,832	1,595	32,095	33,690	46	1,37	1,83	1,641	133,132	34,773
Accidentally killed.....	...	...	...	2,141	152,013	154,154	90	26,211	26,301	2,514	180,973	183,487
Executed by sentence.....	1	...	...	12	294	306	...	...	...	12	294	306
Missing in action.....	33	1,266	1,299	72	4,085	4,157	18	1,275	1,293	...	7	7
Honorably discharged.....	2	1,201	1,203	10,805	159,794	170,599	427	2,378	2,805	11,234	163,343	174,577
Discharged for disability.....	2	5,089	5,091	3,058	209,102	212,160	165	6,889	7,055	3,225	221,080	224,305
Dis honorably discharged.....	122	275	275	186	2,023	2,209	18	191	209	204	2,489	2,693
Dismissed.....	...	...	...	2,143	...	2,143	158	...	158	2,423	...	2,423
Cashiered.....	6	...	6	252	...	252	16	...	16	274	...	274
Resigned.....	390	...	390	21,097	...	21,097	801	...	801	22,281	...	22,281
Deserted.....	5	16,360	16,365	187	170,029	170,216	24	12,441	12,465	216	198,829	199,045
Total of casualties.....	800	28,831	29,631	44,886	783,467	828,353	1,888	52,211	54,099	47,574	894,509	912,083

In this table the men who were mustered out at expiration of their term of service or at the close of the war are not included.

The foregoing statement gives the loss by death among

White officers and men, in which are included the officers of the colored troops, as they were almost without exception white.

Colored men.....250,697
 Total.....24,068
 279,735

NATIONAL CEMETERIES.

September 9, 1861, the Secretary of War directed that the Quartermaster-General of the Army shall cause to be printed and to be placed in every hospital of the army, blank books and forms for the purpose of preserving accurate and permanent records of deceased soldiers and their place of

burial, and that he should also provide proper means for a registered head-board to be secured at the head of each soldier's grave.

Act of Congress, approved July 17, 1862, authorizes the President of the United States, whenever, in his opinion, it shall be deemed expedient, to purchase cemetery grounds, and to cause them to be securely enclosed, to be used as a national cemetery for the soldiers who shall die in the service of the country.

April 13, 1866, it was provided by Public Resolution No. 21, "that the Secretary of War be authorized to take immediate measures to preserve from desecration the graves of soldiers of the United States who fell in battle or died of disease during the War of the Rebellion, and to secure suitable burial-places, and to have these grounds enclosed, so that the resting-places of the honored dead may be kept sacred forever."

February 28, 1867, an act to establish and protect national cemeteries was approved, which provided in detail for the purchase of grounds, and the management and inspection of cemeteries; also for the punishment of any person who should mutilate monuments or injure the trees and plants.

In accordance with the foregoing and the orders issued by the War Department from time to time, every effort has been made to collect the remains of the dead, to inter them decently, and to record all the facts known in connection with each grave. After no war, whether of ancient or modern times, have any such systematic exertions been made to secure the collection of the dead and their interment in permanent resting-places, as have been made by the Quartermaster-Department of the United States Army under the above provisions of the law.

The latest report of the Quartermaster-General on the subject of the Nation's Dead, shows that the following National Cemeteries have been established:

NAME OF CEMETERY.	INTERMENTS.		
	Known.	Unknown.	Total.
Annapolis, Md.	2,285	204	2,489
Alexandria, La.	534	772	1,306
Alexandria, Va.	3,402	120	3,522
Andersonville, Ga.	12,793	921	13,714
Antietam, Md.	2,853	1,818	4,671
Arlington, Va.	11,915	4,949	16,264
Ball's Bluff, Va.	1	24	25
Barrancas, Fla.	798	657	1,455
Baton Rouge, La.	2,469	495	2,964
Battle Ground, D. C.	43		43
Beaufort, S. C.	4,748	4,493	9,241
Beverly, N. J.	145	7	152
Brownsville, Tex.	1,417	1,379	2,796
Camp Butler, Ill.	1,007	355	1,362
Camp Nelson, Ky.	2,477	1,165	3,642
Cave Hill, Ky.	3,344	583	3,927
Chalmette, La.	6,837	5,674	12,511
Chattanooga, Tenn.	7,999	4,963	12,962
City Point, Va.	3,778	1,374	5,152
Cold Harbor, Va.	673	1,281	1,954
Corinth, Miss.	1,789	3,927	5,716
Crown Hill, Ind.	681	32	713
Culpeper, Va.	456	911	1,367
Custer Battle Field, M. T.	262		262
Cypress Hills, N. Y.	3,710	76	3,786
Danville, Ky.	335	8	343

NAME OF CEMETERY.	INTERMENTS.		
	Known.	Unknown.	Total.
Danville, Va.....	1,172	155	1,327
Fayetteville, Ark.....	431	781	1,212
Finn's Point, N. J.....		2,644	2,644
Florence, S. C.....	199	2,799	2,998
Fort Donelson, Tenn.....	158	511	669
Fort Gibson, I. T.....	215	2,212	2,427
Fort Harrison, Va.....	239	575	814
Fort Leavenworth, Kan.....	835	928	1,763
Fort McPherson, Neb.....	152	291	443
Fort Smith, Ark.....	711	1,152	1,863
Fort Scott, Kan.....	390	161	551
Fredericksburg, Va.....	2,487	12,770	15,257
Gettysburg, Pa.....	1,947	1,608	3,575
Glendale, Va.....	234	961	1,195
Grafton, W. Va.....	684	620	1,254
Hampton, Va.....	4,930	494	5,424
Jefferson Barracks, Mo.....	8,584	2,906	11,490
Jefferson City, Mo.....	349	412	761
Keokuk, Iowa.....	612	33	645
Knoxville, Tenn.....	2,090	1,046	3,136
Laurel, Md.....	232	6	238
Lebanon, Ky.....	591	277	868
Lexington, Ky.....	805	108	913
Little Rock, Ark.....	3,265	2,337	5,602
Logan's Cross Roads, Ky.....	345	366	711
Loudon Park, Md.....	1,637	166	1,803
Marietta, Ga.....	7,188	2,963	10,151
Memphis, Tenn.....	5,160	8,817	13,977
Mexico City.....	284	750	1,034
Mobile, Ala.....	756	113	869
Mound City, Ill.....	2,505	2,721	5,226
Nashville, Tenn.....	11,825	4,701	16,526
Natchez, Miss.....	308	2,780	3,088
New Albany, Ind.....	2,139	676	2,815
New Berne, N. C.....	2,177	1,077	3,254
Philadelphia, Pa.....	1,881	28	1,909
Pittsburg Landing, Tenn.....	1,229	2,361	3,590
Poplar Grove, Va.....	2,198	4,001	6,199
Port Hudson, La.....	596	3,223	3,819
Raleigh, N. C.....	619	562	1,181
Richmond, Va.....	842	5,700	6,542
Rock Island, Ill.....	277	19	296
Salisbury, N. C.....	94	12,032	12,126
San Antonio, Tex.....	824	167	491
Seven Pines, Va.....	160	1,208	1,358
Soldiers' Home, D. C.....	5,314	288	5,602
Staunton, Va.....	233	520	753
Stone River, Tenn.....	3,821	2,324	6,145
Vicksburg, Miss.....	3,896	12,704	16,600
Wilmington, N. C.....	710	1,398	2,108
Winchester, Va.....	2,094	2,365	4,459
Woodlawn, Elmira, N. Y.....	3,074	16	3,090
Yorktown, Va.....	748	1,434	2,182
	171,302	147,568	318,870

Of the whole number of interments indicated above, there are about 6,900 known, and 1,500 unknown civilians, and 6,100 known, and 3,200 unknown Confederates. Of these latter, the greater portion are buried at Woodlawn Cemetery, Elmira, N. Y., and Finn's Point Cemetery, near Salem, N. J. The interments at Mexico City are mainly of those who were killed or died in that vicinity during the Mexican war, and include also such citizens of the United States as may have died in Mexico, and who, under treaty provision, have the right of burial therein. From the foregoing, it will appear that, after making all proper deductions for civilians and Confederates, there are gathered in the various places mentioned, the remains of nearly 300,000 men, who at one time wore the blue during the late war, and who yielded up their lives in defence of the government which now so graciously cares for their ashes.

LOSS IN ENGAGEMENTS, ETC.

WHERE THE TOTAL WAS FIVE HUNDRED OR MORE ON THE SIDE OF THE UNION TROOPS.

Although the losses here given are generally based on official medical returns, the figures must not be taken as perfectly reliable, for in many instances the returns were based on estimates, and the totals of losses were, by *later* and more reliable returns, sometimes considerably reduced. Confederate losses are generally based on estimates.

DATE.	NAME.	UNION LOSS.				CONFEDERATE Loss.—Total.
		Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.	
1861.						
July 21st.....	Bull Run, Va.....	481	1,011	1,460	2,952	1,752
Aug. 10th.....	Wilson's Creek, Mo.....	223	721	291	1,235	1,095
Sept. 12th to 20th.....	Lexington, Mo.....	42	108	1,624	1,774	100
Oct. 21st.....	Ball's Bluff, Va.....	223	226	445	894	302
Nov. 7th.....	Belmont, Mo.....	90	173	235	498	966
1862.						
Feb. 14th to 16th.....	Fort Donelson, Tenn.....	446	1,735	150	2,331	15,067
March 6th to 8th.....	Pea Ridge, Ark.....	203	972	174	1,349	5,200
March 14th.....	New Bern, N. C.....	91	466		557	583
March 23d.....	Winchester, Va.....	103	440	24	567	691
April 6th and 7th.....	Shiloh, Tenn.....	1,735	7,882	3,966	13,573	10,699
May 5th.....	Williamsburg, Va.....	456	1,400	372	2,228	1,000
May 23d.....	Front Royal, Va.....	32	122	750	904	
May 25th.....	Winchester, Va.....	38	155	711	904	
May 31st to June 1st.....	Seven Pines and Fair Oaks, Va.....	890	3,627	1,222	5,739	7,997
June 8th.....	Cross Keys, Va.....	125	500		625	287
June 9th.....	Fort Republic, Va.....	67	361	574	1,002	657
June 10th.....	Secessionville, James Island, S. C.....	85	472	128	685	204
June 25th.....	Oak Grove, Va.....	51	401	64	516	541
June 26th to July 1st.....	Seven days retreat, includes Mechanicsville, Gaines' Mills, Chickahominy, Peach Orchard, Savage Station, Charles City Cross Roads and Malvern Hill.....	1,532	7,709	5,958	15,249	17,583
July 13th.....	Murfreesboro', Tenn.....	33	62	800	895	150
Aug. 8th.....	Cedar Mountain, Va.....	450	660	290	1,400	1,307
July 20th to Sept. 20th.....	Guerrilla campaign in Missouri; includes Porter's and Poindexter's Guerrillas.....	77	156	347	580	2,866
Aug. 28th and 29th.....	Groveton and Gainesville, Va.....				7,000	7,000
Aug. 30th.....	Bull Run, Va. (2d).....	800	4,000	3,000	7,800	3,700
Aug. 30th.....	Richmond, Ky.....	200	700	4,000	4,900	750
Sept. 1st.....	Chantilly, Va.....				1,300	800
Sept. 12th to 15th.....	Harper's Ferry, Va.....	80	120	11,583	11,783	500
Sept. 14th.....	Turner's and Crampton's Gaps, South Mountain, Md.....	443	1,806	76	2,325	4,343
Sept 14th to 16th.....	Mumfordsville, Ky.....	50		3,566	3,616	714
Sept. 17th.....	Antietam, Md.....	2,010	9,416	1,043	12,469	25,899
Sept. 19th to 20th.....	I-u-ka, Miss.....	144	598	40	782	1,516
Oct. 3d and 4th.....	Corinth, Miss.....	315	1,812	232	2,359	14,221
Oct. 5th.....	Big Hatchie River, Miss.....				500	400
Oct. 8th.....	Perryville, Ky.....	916	2,943	489	4,348	7,000
Dec. 7th.....	Prairie Grove, Ark.....	167	798	183	1,148	1,500
Dec. 7th.....	Hartsville, Tenn.....	55		1,800	1,855	149
Dec. 12th to 18th.....	Foster's expedition to Goldsboro', N. C.....	90	478	9	577	739
Dec. 13th.....	Fredericksburg, Va.....	1,180	9,028	2,145	12,353	4,576
Dec. 20th.....	Holly Springs, Miss.....			1,000	1,000	
Dec. 27th.....	Elizabethtown, Ky.....			500	500	
Dec. 28th and 29th.....	Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg, Miss.....	191	982	756	1,929	207
Dec. 31, '62, to Jan. 2, '63.....	Stone's River, Tenn.....	1,533	7,245	2,800	11,578	25,560

LOSS IN ENGAGEMENTS, ETC.—(CONTINUED.)

DATE.	NAME.	UNION LOSS.				CONFEDERATE Loss.—Total.
		Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.	
1863.						
Jan. 1st.....	Galveston, Tex.....			600	600	50
Jan. 11th.....	Fort Hindman, Arkansas Post, Ark.	129	831	17	977	5,600
March 4th and 5th.....	Thompson's Station, Tenn.....	100	300	1,306	1,706	600
April 27th to May 3d....	Streight's raid from Tusculumbia, Ala., to Rome, Ga.....	12	69	1,466	1,547	
May 1st.....	Port Gibson, Miss.....	19	718	5	833	1,650
May 1st to 4th.....	Chancellorsville, Va.....	1,512	9,518	5,000	16,030	12,281
May 16th.....	Champion Mills, Miss.....	426	1,842	189	2,457	4,300
May 18th to July 4th.....	Siege of Vicksburg, Miss.....	545	3,688	303	4,536	31,277
May 27th to July 9th.....	Siege of Port Hudson, La.....	500	2,500		3,000	7,208
June 6th to 8th.....	Milliken's Bend, La.....	154	223	115	492	725
June 9th.....	Beverly Ford and Brandy Station, Va.....				500	700
June 13th to 15th.....	Winchester, Va.....			3,000	3,000	850
June 23d to 30th.....	Rosecrans' campaign from Mur- freesboro' to Tullahoma, Tenn.....	85	462	13	560	1,634
July 1st to 3d.....	Gettysburg, Pa.....	2,834	13,709	6,643	23,186	31,621
July 9th to 16th.....	Jackson, Miss.....	100	800	100	1,000	1,339
July 18th.....	Second assault on Fort Wagner, S. C.....				1,500	174
Sept. 19th and 20th.....	Chickamauga, Ga.....	1,644	9,262	4,945	15,851	17,804
Nov. 3d.....	Grand Coteau, La.....	26	124	576	726	445
Nov. 6th.....	Rogersville, Tenn.....	6	12	650	667	30
Nov. 23d to 25th.....	Chattanooga, Tenn.; includes Or- chard Knob, Lookout Mountain, and Missionary Ridge.....	757	4,529	330	5,616	8,684
Nov. 26th to 28th.....	Operations at Mine Run, Va.....	100	400		500	500
Dec. 14th.....	Bean's Station, Tenn.....				700	900
1864.						
Feb. 20th.....	Olustee, Fla.....	193	1,175	460	1,828	500
April 8th.....	Sabine Cross Roads, La.....	200	900	1,800	2,900	1,500
April 9th.....	Pleasant Hills, La.....	100	700	300	1,100	2,000
April 12th.....	Fort Pillow, Tenn.....	350	60	164	574	80
April 17th to 20th.....	Plymouth, N. C.....	20	80	1,500	1,600	500
April 30th.....	Jenkins' Ferry, Saline River, Ark.	200	955		1,155	1,100
May 5th to 7th.....	Wilderness, Va.....	5,597	21,463	10,677	37,737	11,400
May 5th to 9th.....	Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; includes Tunnell Hill, Mill Creek Gap, Buzzard Roost, Snake Creek Gap, and near Dalton.....	200	637		837	600
May 8th to 18th.....	Spottsylvania Court House, Va.; includes engagements on the Fredericksburg Road, Laurel Hill, and Nye River.....	4,177	19,687	2,577	26,461	9,000
May 9th and 10th.....	Swift Creek, Va.....	90	400		490	500
May 9th and 10th.....	Cloyd's Mountain and New River Bridge, Va.....	126	585	34	745	900
May 12th to 16th.....	Fort Darling, Drury's Bluff, Va.....	422	2,380	210	3,012	2,500
May 13th to 16th.....	Rossac, Ga.....	600	2,147		2,747	2,800
May 15th.....	New Market, Va.....	120	560	240	920	405
May 16th to 30th.....	Bermuda Hundred, Va.....	200	1,000		1,200	3,000
May 33d to 27th.....	North Anna River, Va.....	223	1,460	290	1,973	2,000
May 25th to June 4th.....	Dallas, Ga.....				2,400	3,000
June 1st to 12th.....	Cold Harbor, Va.....	1,905	10,570	2,456	14,931	1,700
June 5th.....	Piedmont, Va.....	130	650		780	2,970
June 9th to 30th.....	Kenesaw Mountain, Ga.; includes Pine Mountain, Pine Knob, Gol- gotha, Culp's House, general as- sault, June 27th; McAfee's Cross Roads, Lattemore's Mills, and Powder Springs.....	1,370	6,500	800	8,670	4,600
June 10th.....	Brice's Cross Roads, near Guntown, Miss.....	223	394	1,623	2,240	606

LOSS IN ENGAGEMENTS, ETC.

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DATE.	NAME.	UNION LOSS.				CONFEDERATE Loss.—Total.
		Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.	
June 10th.....	Kellar's Bridge, Licking River, Ky.	13	54	700	767	
June 11th and 12th.....	Trevellian Station, Central Railroad, Va.....	85	490	160	735	370
June 15th to 19th.....	Petersburg, Va.; includes Baylor's Farm, Walthal, and Weir Bottom Church.....	1,298	7,474	1,814	10,586	
June 17th and 18th.....	Lynchburg, Va.....	100	540	400	700	200
June 20th to 30th.....	Trenches in front of Petersburg, Va.....	112	506	800	1,418	
June 22d to 30th.....	Wilson's raid on the Weldon Railroad, Va.....	76	265	700	1,041	300
June 22nd and 23d.....	Weldon Railroad, Va.....	604	2,494	2,217	5,315	500
June 27th.....	Kenesaw Mountain, general assault. See June 9th to 30th, '64..				3,000	600
July 1st to 31st.....	Front of Petersburg, Va.; losses at the Crater and Deep Bottom not included.....	419	2,076	1,200	3,695	
July 6th to 10th.....	Chattahoochee River, Ga.....	80	450	200	730	600
July 9th.....	Monocacy, Md.....	90	579	1,290	1,959	400
July 13th to 15th.....	Tupelo, Miss.; includes Harrisburg and Old Town Creek.....	85	563		648	700
July 20th.....	Peach Tree Creek, Ga.....	300	1,410		1,710	4,796
July 22d.....	Atlanta, Ga.; Hood's first sortie..	500	2,141	1,000	3,641	8,499
July 24th.....	Winchester, Va.....				1,200	600
July 26th to 31st.....	Stoneman's raid to Macon, Ga.....		100	900	1,000	
July 26th to 31st.....	McCook's raid to Lovejoy Station, Ga.....		100	500	600	
July 28th.....	Ezra Chapel, Atlanta, Ga.; second sortie.....	100	600		700	4,642
July 30th.....	Mine explosion at Petersburg, Va..	419	1,679	1,910	4,008	1,200
Aug. 1st to 31st.....	Trenches before Petersburg, Va.....	87	484		571	
Aug. 14th to 15th.....	Strawberry Plains, Deep Bottom Run, Va.....	400	1,755	1,400	3,555	1,100
Aug. 18th, 19th & 21st..	Six Mile House, Weldon Railroad, Va.....	212	1,155	3,176	4,543	4,000
Aug. 21st.....	Summit Point, Va.....	170	822	812	1,804	1,000
Aug. 25th.....	Ream's Station, Va.....	127	546	1,769	2,442	1,500
Aug. 31st to Sept. 1st..	Jonesboro, Ga.....		1,149		1,149	2,000
May 5th to Sept. 8th..	Campaign in Northern Georgia, from Chattanooga, Tenn., to Atlanta, Ga.....	5,284	26,129	5,786	37,199	
Sept. 1st to Oct. 30th...	Trenches before Petersburg, Va...	170	822	812	1,804	1,000
Sept. 19th.....	Apequan, Winchester, Va.....	653	3,719	618	4,990	5,500
Sept. 23d.....	Athens, Ala.....			950	950	80
Sept. 24th to Oct. 28th..	Price's invasion of Missouri; includes a number of engagements.	170	836		506	
Sept. 28th to 30th.....	New Market Heights, Va.....	400	2,029		2,429	2,000
Sept. 30th and Oct. 1st..	Freble's Farm, Poplar Springs Church, Va.....	141	788	1,756	2,685	900
Oct. 5th.....	Allatoona, Ga.....	142	352	212	706	1,142
Oct. 19th.....	Cedar Creek, Va.....	588	3,516	1,891	5,995	4,200
Oct. 27th.....	Hatcher's Run, South Side Railroad, Va.....	156	1,047	699	1,902	1,000
Oct. 27th and 28th.....	Fair Oaks, near Richmond, Va.....	120	783	400	1,303	451
Nov. 23th.....	Fort Kelly, New Creek, West Va..			700	700	5
Nov. 30th.....	Franklin, Tenn.....	189	1,033	1,104	2,326	6,252
Nov. 30th.....	Honey Hill, Broad River, S. C.....	66	645		711	
Dec. 6th to 9th.....	Deveaux's Neck, S. C.....	39	390	200	629	400
Dec. 15th and 16th....	Nashville, Tenn.....	400	1,740		2,140	15,000
1865.						
Jan. 11th.....	Beverly, West Va.....	5	20	583	608	
Jan. 18th to 15th.....	Fort Fisher, N. C.....	184	749	22	955	2,483
Feb. 5th to 7th.....	Dabney's Mills, Hatcher's Run, Va.	232	1,062	186	1,480	1,200
March 8th to 10th.....	Wilcox's Bridge, Wise's Fork, N. C.	80	421	600	1,101	1,500
March 16th.....	Averysboro', N. C.....	77	477		554	865
March 19th to 21st....	Bentonville, N. C.....	191	1,168	287	1,646	2,825

LOSS IN ENGAGEMENTS, ETC.—(CONTINUED.)

DATE.	NAME.	UNION LOSS.				CONFEDERATE Loss.—Total.
		Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.	
March 25th.....	Fort Steadman, in front of Petersburg, Va.....	68	337	506	911	2,681
March 25th.....	Petersburg, Va.....	103	864	209	1,176	834
March 26th to Apr. 8th.	Spanish Fort, Ala.....	100	695		795	552
March 22d to Apr. 24th.	Wilson's raid from Chickasaw, Ala., to Macon, Ga.; includes a number of engagements.....	99	598	28	725	8,020
March 31st.....	Boydton and White Oak Roads, Va.....	177	1,134	556	1,867	1,235
April 1st.....	Five Forks, Va.....	124	706	54	884	8,000
April 2d.....	Fall of Petersburg, Va.....	296	2,565	500	3,361	3,000
April 6th.....	Sailor's Creek, Va.....	166	1,014		1,180	7,000
April 6th.....	High Bridge, Appomattox River, Va.....	10	31	1,000	1,041	
April 7th.....	Farmville, Va.....				655	
April 9th.....	Fort Blakely, Ala.....	113	516		629	2,900
April 9th.....	Surrender of Lee.....					26,000
April 26th.....	Johnston surrendered.....					20,000
May 4th.....	Taylor surrendered.....					10,000
May 10th.....	Sam Jones surrendered.....					8,000
May 11th.....	Jeff Thompson surrendered.....					7,454
May 26th.....	Kirby Smith surrendered.....					20,000

TABULAR STATEMENT OF THE NUMBER OF ENGAGEMENTS IN THE SEVERAL STATES AND TERRITORIES DURING EACH YEAR OF THE WAR.

STATES AND TERRITORIES.	1861	1862	1863	1864	1865	TOTAL.
New York.....			1			1
Pennsylvania.....			8	1		9
Maryland.....	3	9	10	8		80
District of Columbia.....				1		1
West Virginia.....	29	114	17	19	1	80
Virginia.....	30	40	116	205	28	519
North Carolina.....	2	27	18	10	28	85
South Carolina.....	2	10	17	9	22	60
Georgia.....		2	8	92	6	108
Florida.....	3	3	4	17	5	32
Alabama.....		10	12	32	24	78
Mississippi.....		42	76	67	1	186
Louisiana.....	1	11	54	50	2	113
Texas.....	1	2	8	1	2	14
Arkansas.....	1	42	40	78	6	167
Tennessee.....	2	82	124	89	1	298
Kentucky.....	14	59	30	31	4	138
Ohio.....			3			3
Indiana.....			4			4
Illinois.....				1		1
Missouri.....	65	95	43	41		244
Minnesota.....		5	1			6
California.....	1	4	4	1		6
Kansas.....			2	5		7
Oregon.....				3	1	4
Nevada.....				2		2
Washington Territory.....			1			1
Utah.....			1			1
New Mexico.....	3	5	7	4		19
Nebraska.....			2			2
Colorado.....				4		4
Indian Territory.....		2	9	3	3	17
Dakota.....		2	5	4		11
Arizona.....		1	1	1	1	4
Idaho.....			1			1
	156	564	627	779	135	2,261

LIST OF GENERAL OFFICERS, U. S. A.

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LIST OF GENERAL OFFICERS U. S. A., DECEASED.

Major-Generals.

Killed in action.....	6
Died of wounds received in action	5
Died of disease.....	6— 17

Brevet-Major-Generals.

Killed in action.....	5
Died of wounds received in action.....	1
Died of disease.....	4— 10

Brigadier-Generals.

Killed in action.....	13
Died of wounds received in action.....	9
Died of disease.....	16— 38

Brevet-Brigadier-Generals.

Killed in action.....	14
Died of wounds received in action.....	14
Died of disease.....	9— 37
Total.....	102

LIST OF GENERAL OFFICERS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY BEFORE, DURING, AND SINCE THE WAR.

Regular Army.

Generals, U. S. A., full rank.....	1
Lieut.-Generals, U. S. A., full rank.....	2
By Brevet, U. S. A.....	1
Major-Generals, U. S. A., full rank.....	11
By Brevet.....	152
Brigadier-Generals.....	36
By Brevet.....	187

Volunteer Army.

Major-Generals, full rank.....	128
By Brevet.....	228
Brigadier-Generals.....	561
By Brevet.....	1170

NAMES OF U. S. A. GENERALS KILLED IN ACTION.

Major-Generals.

Philip Kearney.....Sept. 1, 1862.....Chantilly, Va.
 Isaac I. Stevens....." " " " " "
 Hiram G. Berry.....May 2, 1863.....Chancellorsville, Va.
 John F. Reynolds.... July 1, 1863.....Gettysburg, Pa.
 John Sedgwick..... May 9, 1864.....Spottsylvania, Va.
 James B. McPherson.....July 22, 1864.....Atlanta, Ga.

Brigadier-Generals.

Thomas Williams.....Aug. 5, 1862.....Baton Rouge, La.
 Robert L. McCook....." 6, 1862.....Dechard, Tenn.
 Henry Bohlen....." 22, 1862.....Freeman's Ford, Va.
 Pleasant A. Hackelman.....Oct. 3, 1862.....Corinth, Miss.
 James S. Jackson....." 8, 1862.....Perryville, Ky.
 William R. Terrill.....Oct. 8, 1862.....Perryville, Ky.
 Conrad Feger Jackson.....Dec. 13, 1862.....Fredericksburg, Va.
 Joshua W. Sill....." 31, 1862.....Stone River, Tenn.
 Stephen W. Weed.....July 2, 1863.....Gettysburg, Penn.
 Thomas G. Stevens.....May 10, 1864.....Spottsylvania, Va.
 James C. Rice....." " " " " "
 Hiram Burnham.....Sept. 30, 1864.....Chapin's Farm, Va.
 Daniel W. Bidwell.....Oct. 19, 1864.....Cedar Creek, Va.

Brevet-Major-Generals.

S. K. Zook.....July 2, 1863.....Gettysburg, Penn.
 Alex. Hays.....May 5, 1864.....Wilderness, Va.
 James S. Wadsworth....." 6, 1864....." "
 David A. Russell.....Sept. 19, 1864.....Winchester, Va.
 Frederick Winthrop.....April 1, 1865.....Five Forks, Va.

Brevet-Brigadier-Generals.

A. Van Horn Ellis.....July 2, 1863.....Gettysburg, Penn.
 Lewis Benedict.....April 9, 1864.....Port Hudson, La.
 Henry H. Giesy.....May 28, 1864.....Dallas, Ga.
 John McConihe.....June 1, 1864.....Cool Arbor, Va.
 Thomas W. Humphrey....." 10, 1864.....Grentown, Mo.
 William Blaisdell....." 23, 1864.....Before Petersburg, Va.
 George A. Cobham.....July 20, 1864.....Peach Tree Creek, Ga.
 Griffin A. Steadman.....Aug. 6, 1864.....
 George E. Elstner....." 8, 1864.....Atlanta, Ga.
 Frank H. Peck.....Sept. 19, 1864.....Winchester, Va.
 George D. Wells.....Oct. 13, 1864.....Cedar Creek.
 Sylvester G. Hill.....Dec. 15, 1864.....Nashville, Tenn.
 George W. Gowan.....April 2, 1865.....Near Petersburg, Va.
 Theodore Read....." 6, 1865.....High Bridge, Va.

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